

THE
WORKS
OF
Dr Edward Young.

VOL. I.

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**T H E
W O R K S**

OF THE REVEREND

Dr Edward Young.

I N

FOUR VOLUMES.

Carefully Compared and Corrected by the Author's Edition.

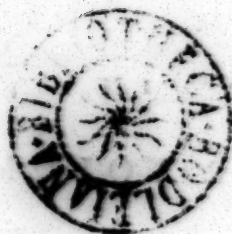
VOLUME the FIRST.

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V E R S E S

T O T H E

A U T H O R.

NOW let the Atheist tremble; thou alone
Canst bid his conscious heart the Godhead own.
Whom shalt thou not reform? O thou hast seen
How GOD descends to judge the souls of men!
Thou heardst the sentence, how the guilty mourn,
Driv'n out from GOD, and never to return!

Yet more, behold ten thousand thunders fall,
And sudden vengeance wrap the flaming ball:
When Nature sunk, when ev'ry bolt was hurl'd,
Thou sawst the boundless ruins of the world.

When guilty Sodom felt the burning rain,
And sulphur fell on the devoted plain;
The Patriarch thus, the fiery tempest past,
With pious horror view'd the desert waste;
The restless smoke still wav'd its curls around,
For ever rising from the glowing ground.

But tell me, oh! what heav'nly pleasure, tell,
To think so greatly, and describe so well!
How wast thou pleas'd the wond'rous theme to try,
And find the thought of man could rise so high!
Beyond this world the labour to pursue,
And open all ETERNITY to view!

6 T O T H E A U T H O R.

But thou art best delighted to rehearse
Heav'n's holy dictates in exalted verse :
O thou hast pow'r the harden'd heart to warm,
To grieve, to raise, to terrify, to charm !
To fix the soul on GOD ; to teach the mind
To know the dignity of human-kind ;
By stricter rules well-govern'd life to scan,
And practise o'er the angel in the man.

Magd. Coll.
Oxon.

T. WARTON.

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T O
A L A D Y,
WITH THE
L A S T D A Y.

MADAM,

HERE, sacred truths, in lofty numbers told,
The prospect of a future state unfold:
The realms of night to mortal view display,
And the glad regions of eternal day.
This daring author scorns, by vulgar ways
Of guilty wit, to merit worthless praise.
Full of her glorious theme, his tow'ring muse,
With gen'rous zeal a nobler flame pursues:
Religion's cause her ravish'd heart inspires,
And with a thousand bright ideas fires;
Transports her quick, impatient, piercing eye,
O'er the strait limits of mortality,
To boundless orbs, and bids her fearless soar
Where only MILTON gain'd renown before;
Where various scenes alternately excite
Amazement, pity, terror, and delight.

Thus did the muses sing in early times,
Ere skill'd to flatter vice, and varnish crimes:
Their lyres were tuned to virtuous songs alone,
And the chaste poet, and the priest were one.
But now, forgetful of their infant state,
They soothe the wanton pleasures of the great;
And from the press, and the licentious stage,
With luscious poison taint the thoughtless age:

Deceitful charms attract our wond'ring eyes,
 And specious ruin unsuspected lyes.
 So the rich soil of India's blooming shores,
 Adorn'd with lavish Nature's choicest stores,
 Where serpents lurk, by flow'rs conceal'd from sight,
 Hides fatal danger under gay delight.

These purer thoughts, from gross alloys refin'd,
 With heav'nly raptures elevate the mind:
 Not fram'd to raise a giddy short-liv'd joy,
 Whose false allurements, while they please, destroy;
 But bliss resembling that of saints above,
 Sprung from the vision of th' Almighty love:
 Firm, solid bliss, for ever great and new,
 The more 'tis known, the more admir'd, like you;
 Like you, fair nymph, in whom united meet
 Endearing sweetness, unaffected wit,
 And all the glories of your sparkling race,
 While inward virtues heighten ev'ry grace.
 By these secur'd, you will with pleasure read
 "Of future judgment, and the rising dead;
 "Of Time's grand period, heav'n and earth o'er-
 thrown;
 "And gasping Nature's last tremendous groan."
 These, when the stars and sun shall be no more,
 Shall beauty to your ravag'd form restore:
 Then shall you shine with an immortal ray,
 Improv'd by death, and brighten'd by decay.

Femb. Coll.
 Oxon.

T. TRISTRAM.

[9]

TO THE
AUTHOR,
ON HIS
LAST DAY
AND
UNIVERSAL PASSION.

AND must it be as thou hast sung,
Celestial bard, seraphic YOUNG?
Will there no trace, no point be found
Of all this spacious glorious round?
Yon lamps of night, must they decay?
On Nature's self destruction prey?
Then Fame, the most immortal thing
Ev'n thou canst hope, is on the wing.
Shall Newton's system be admir'd,
When Time and Motion are expir'd?
Shall souls be curious to explore
Who rul'd an orb that is no more?
Or shall they quote the pictur'd age,
From Pope's and thy corrective page,
When Vice and Virtue lose their name
In deathless joy, or endless shame?
While wears away the grand machine,
The works of genius shall be seen.
Beyond, what laurels can there be,
For Homer, Horace, Pope, or Thee?

Thro' life we chase, with fond pursuit,
What mocks our hope, like Sodom's fruit :
And, sure, thy plan was well design'd,
To cure this madness of the mind ;
First, beyond time our thoughts to raise ;
Then lash our love of transient praise.
In both, we own thy doctrine just ;
And Fame's a breath, and men are dust.

1736.

J. BANCKS.

A
P O E M
ON THE
LAST DAY.
IN THREE BOOKS.

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THE
LAST DAY.
BOOK FIRST.

*Ipsæ Pater, media nimborum in nocte corusca
Fulmina molitur destra; quo maxima motu
Terra tremit, fingere feræ, et mortalia corda
Per gentes humilis stravit pavor.*—

Virg.

WHILE others sing the fortune of the great;
Empire, and arms, and all the pomp of
state;

With Britain's hero * set their souls on fire,
And grow immortal as his deeds inspire;
I draw a deeper scene: a scene that yields
A louder trumpet, and more dreadful fields;
The world alarm'd, both earth and heav'n o'erthrown,
And gasping Nature's last tremendous groan;
Death's ancient sceptre broke, the teeming tomb,
The righteous Judge, and Man's eternal doom.

"Twixt joy and pain I view the bold design,
And ask my anxious heart, if it be mine.
Whatever great or dreadful has been done,
Within the sight of conscious stars or sun,
Is far beneath my daring: I look down
On all the splendors of the British crown.
This globe is for my verse a narrow bound;
Attend me, all ye glorious worlds around!
Oh! all ye angels, howsoe'er disjoin'd,
Of ev'ry various order, place, and kind,
Hear and assist a feeble mortal's lays,
'Tis your Eternal King I strive to praise.

* The Duke of Marlborough.

But chiefly Thou, great Ruler ! Lord of all !
 Before whose throne archangels prostrate fall ;
 If at thy nod, from Discord and from Night
 Sprang Beauty, and yon sparkling worlds of light,
 Exalt even me ; all inward tumults quell ;
 The clouds and darkness of my mind dispel ;
 To my great subject thou my-breast inspire,
 And raise my labouring soul with equal fire.

Man, bear thy brow aloft ; view ev'ry grace
 In GOD's great offspring, beauteous Nature's face :
 See Spring's gay bloom ; see golden Autumn's store ;
 See how Earth smiles, and hear old Ocean roar.
 Leviathans but heave their cumb'rous mail,
 It makes a tide, and wind-bound navies fail.
 Here, forests rise, the mountain's awful pride ;
 Here, rivers measure climes, and worlds divide :
 There, vallies fraught with gold's resplendent seeds,
 Hold kings and kingdoms fortunes in their beds ;
 There, to the skies aspiring hills ascend,
 And into distant lands their shades extend.
 View cities, armies, fleets ; of fleets the pride,
 See Europe's law, in Albion's channel ride.
 View the whole earth's vast landscape unconfin'd,
 Or view in Britain all her glories join'd.

Then let the firmament thy wonder raise ;
 'Twill raise thy wonder, but transcend thy praise.
 How far from east to west ! the labouring eye
 Can scarce the distant azure bounds descry :
 Wide theatre ! where tempests play at large,
 And GOD's right hand can all its wrath discharge.
 Mark how those radiant lamps inflame the pole,
 Call forth the seasons, and the year controul :
 They shine thro' time, with an unalter'd ray :
 See this grand period rise, and that decay :
 So vast, this world's a grain ; yet myriads grace
 With golden pomp the throng'd ethereal space ;

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So bright, with such a wealth of glory stor'd,
'Twere sin in Heathens not to have ador'd.

How great, how firm, how sacred all appears !
How worthy an immortal round of years !
Yet all must drop, as autumn's sickliest grain,
And earth and firmament be sought in vain :
The tract forgot where constellations shone,
Or where the STUARTS fill'd an awful throne :
Time shall be slain, all Nature be destroy'd,
Nor leave an atom in the mighty void.

Sooner, or later, in some future date,
(A dreadful secret in the book of Fate !)
This hour, for aught all human wisdom knows,
Or when ten thousand harvests more have rose ;
When scenes are chang'd on this revolving earth,
Old empires fall, and give new empires birth :
While other Bourbons rule in other lands,
And (if man's sin forbids not) other Annes :
While the still busy world is treading o'er
The paths they trod five thousand years before,
Thoughtless as those who now life's mazes run,
Of earth dissolv'd, or an extinguish'd sun :
(Ye sublunary worlds, awake, awake !

Ye rulers of the nations, hear and shake !)
Thick clouds of darkness shall arise on day,
In sudden night all earth's dominions lay ;
Impetuous winds the scatter'd forests rend,
Eternal mountains like their cedars bend ;
The valleys yawn, the troubled ocean roar,
And break the bondage of his wonted shore ;
A sanguine stream the silver moon o'erspread,
Darkness the circle of the sun invade ;
From inmost heaven incessant thunders roll,
And the strong echo bound from pole to pole.

When lo ! a mighty trump, one half conceal'd
In clouds, one half to mortal eye reveal'd,

Shall pour a dreadful note : the piercing call
 Shall rattle in the centre of the ball;
 'Th' extended circuit of creation shake,
 The living die with fear, the dead awake.

Oh powerful blast ! to which no equal sound
 Did e'er the frighted ear of Nature wound,
 Tho' rival clarions have been strain'd on high,
 And kindled wars immortal thro' the sky,
 Tho' God's whole enginery discharg'd, and all
 The rebel-angels bellow'd in their fall !

Have angels sinn'd ? and shall not man beware ?
 How shall a son of earth decline the snare ?
 Not folded arms, and slackness of the mind,
 Can promise for the safety of mankind.
 Nope are supinely good : thro' care and pain,
 And various arts, the steep ascent we gain.
 This is the scene of combat, not of rest,
 Man's is laborious happiness at best;
 On this side Death his dangers never cease,
 His joys are joys of conquest, not of peace.

If then, obsequious to the will of Fate,
 And bending to the terms of human state,
 When guilty joys invite us to their arms,
 When Beauty smiles, or Grandeur spreads her charms,
 The conscious soul would this great scene display,
 Call down th' immortal hosts in dread array,
 'The trumpet sound, the Christian banner spread,
 And raise from silent graves the trembling dead ;
 Such deep impression would the picture make,
 No pow'r on earth her firm resolve could shake ;
 Engag'd with angels, she would greatly stand,
 And look regardless down on sea and land :
 Not prosper'd worlds her ardour could restrain,
 And Death might shake his threat'ning lance in vain ;
 Her certain conquest would endear the fight,
 And danger serve but to supply delight.

Instructed thus to shun the fatal spring
Whence flow the terrors of that DAY I sing;
More boldly we our labours may pursue,
And all the dreadful image set to view.

The sparkling eye, the sleek and painted breast,
The burnish'd scale, curl'd train, and rising crest,
All that is lovely in the noxious snake,
Provokes our fear, and bids us fly the brake:
The sting once drawn, his guiltless beauties rise
In pleasing lustre, and detain our eyes;
We view with joy what once did horror move,
And strong aversion softens into love.

Say then, my muse, whom dismal scenes delight,
Frequent at tombs, and in the realms of night;
Say, melancholy maid, if bold to dare
The last extremes of horror and despair,
Oh say, what change on earth, what heart in man,
This blackest moment since the world began?

Ah mournful turn! the blissful earth, who late
At leisure on her axle-roll'd in state;
While thousand golden planets knew no rest,
Still onward in their circling journey press'd;
A grateful change of seasons some to bring,
And sweet vicissitude of fall and spring:
Some through vast oceans to conduct the keel,
And some those wat'ry worlds to sink, or swell:
Around her some their splendors to display,
And gild her globe with tributary day:
This world so great, of joy the bright abode,
Heaven's darling child, and fav'rite of her God,
Now looks an exile from her Father's care,
Deliver'd o'er to darkness and despair.
No sun in radiant glory shines on high;
No light, but from the terrors of the sky;
Fall'n are her mountains, her fam'd rivers lost;
And all into a second chaos toss'd:

One universal ruin spreads abroad;
Nothing is safe beneath the throne of GOD.

Such, Earth, thy fate : what then canst thou afford
To comfort and support thy guilty lord?
Man, haughty lord of all beneath the moon,
How must he bend his soul's ambition down?
Prostrate the reptile own, and disavow
His boasted stature, and assuming brow?
Claim kindred with the clay, and curse his form,
That speaks distinction from his sister-worm?
What dreadful pangs the trembling heart invade?
LORD, why dost thou forsake whom thou hast made?
Who can sustain thy anger? who can stand
Beneath the terrors of thy lifted hand?

It flies the reach of thought : oh save me, Pow'r
Of pow'r's supreme, in that tremendous hour!
Thou, who beneath the frown of Fate hast stood,
And in thy dreadful agony swate blood;
Thou, who for me thro' every throbbing vein
Hast felt the keenest edge of mortal pain;
Whom Death led captive thro' the realms below,
And taught those horrid mysteries of woe;
Defend me, O my GOD! Oh save me, Pow'r
Of pow'r's supreme, in that tremendous hour!

From east to west they fly, from pole to line,
Imploring shelter from the wrath divine;
Beg flames to wrap, or whelming seas to sweep,
Or rocks to yawn compassionately deep:
Seas cast the monster forth to meet his doom,
And rocks but prison up for wrath to come.

So fares a traitor to an earthly crown :
While Death sits threat'ning in his prince's frown,
His heart's dismay'd ; and now his fears command
To change his native for a distant land :
Swift orders fly, the king's severe decree
Stands in the channel, and locks up the sea;

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The port he seeks, obedient to her lord,
Hurls back the rebel to his lifted sword.

But why this idle toil to paint that DAY?
This time elaborately thrown away?
Words all in vain pant after the distress;
The height of eloquence would make it less:
Heav'n's! how the good man trembles——

And is there a LAST DAY? and must there come
A sure, a fix'd, inexorable doom.

Ambition swell, and, thy proud sails to show,
Take all the winds that vanity can blow:

Wealth, on a golden mountain blazing stand,
And reach an India forth in either hand;

Spread all thy purple clusters, tempting Vine;
And thou, more dreaded foe, bright Beauty, shine;

Shine all; in all your charms together rise;
That all, in all your charms, I may despise,

While I mount upward on a strong desire,
Borne, like Elijah, in a car of fire.

In hopes of glory to be quite involv'd!

To smile at death! to long to be dissolv'd!

From our decays a pleasure to receive!

And kindle into transport at a grave!

What equals this? and shall the victor now

Boast the proud laurels on his loaded brow?

Religion! oh thou Cherub, heav'nly bright!

Oh joys unmix'd, and fathomless delight!

Thou, thou art all; nor find I in the whole

Creation aught, but God and my own soul.

For ever then, my soul, thy God adore,

Nor let the brute creation praise him more.

Shall things inanimate my conduct blame,

And flush my conscious cheek with spreading shame?

They all for him pursue, or quit their end;

The mounting flames their burning pow'r suspend;

In solid heaps th' unfrozen billows stand,
 To rest and silence aw'd by his command :
 Nay, the dire monsters that infest the flood,
 By nature dreadful, and a thirst for blood,
 His will can calm, their savage tempers bind,
 And turn to mild protectors of mankind.
 Did not the prophet this great truth maintain
 In the deep chambers of the gloomy main ;
 When Darkness round him all her horrors spread,
 And the loud ocean bellow'd o'er his head ?

When now the thunder roars, the light'ning flies,
 And all the warring winds tumultuous rise ;
 When now the foaming surges tost on high,
 Disclose the sands beneath, and touch the sky ;
 When death draws near, the mariners aghast
 Look back with terror on their actions past ;
 Their courage sickens into deep dismay,
 Their hearts thro' fear and anguish melt away ;
 Nor tears, nor pray'rs, the tempest can appease ;
 Now they devote their treasure to the seas ;
 Unload their shatter'd barque, tho' richly fraught,
 And think the hopes of life are cheaply bought
 With gems and gold ; but oh, the storm so high !
 Nor gems nor gold the hopes of life can buy.

The trembling prophet then, themselves to save,
 They headlong plunge into the briny wave ;
 Down he descends, and booming o'er his head
 The billows close ; he's number'd with the dead.
 (Hear, O ye just ! attend ye virtuous few !
 And the bright paths of piety pursue.)
 Lo ! the great Ruler of the world from high
 Looks smiling down with a propitious eye,
 Covers his servant with his gracious hand,
 And bids tempestuous nature silent stand ;
 Commands the peaceful waters to give place,
 Or kindly fold him in a soft embrace :

He bridles in the monsters of the deep,
The bridled monsters awful distance keep;
Forget their hunger, while they view their prey,
And guiltless gaze, and round the stranger play.

But still arise new wonders; nature's Lord
Sends forth into the deep his powerful word,
And calls the great Leviathan: the great
Leviathan attends in all his state;
Exults for joy, and with a mighty bound
Makes the sea shake, and heaven and earth resound,
Blackens the waters with the rising sand,
And drives vast billows to the distant land.

As yawns an earthquake, when imprison'd air
Struggles for vent, and lays the centre bare,
The whale expands his jaws enormous size:
The prophet views the cavern with surprize;
Measures his monstrous teeth afar descry'd,
And rolls his wond'ring eyes from side to side:
Then takes possession of this spacious seat,
And sails secure within the dark retreat.

Now is he pleas'd the northern blast to hear,
And hangs on liquid mountains void of fear;
Or falls immers'd into the deeps below,
Where the dead silent waters never flow;
To the foundations of the hills convey'd,
Dwells in the shelving mountain's dreadful shade:
Where plummet never reach'd, he draws his breath,
And glides serenely thro' the paths of death.

Two wond'rous days and nights thro' coral groves,
Thro' labyrinths of rocks and sands he roves:
When the third morning with its level rays
The mountains gilds, and on the billows plays,
It sees the king of waters rise, and pour
His sacred guest uninjur'd on the shore:
A type of that great blessing which the Muse
In her next labour ardently pursues.

T H E
L A S T D A Y.

B O O K S E C O N D.

—'Εκ γαίης ἐλπίζομεν εἰς φάος ἰθὺν
 Λελυαν ἀποίχομενον: ὅπισω δὲ Θεοὶ τελεῖθονται.

PHOCYL.

i. e. —→ We hope that the departed will rise again from
 the dust:
 After which, like the gods, they will be immortal.

NOW man awakes, and from his silent bed,
 Where he has slept for ages, lifts his head;
 Shakes off the slumber of ten thousand years,
 And on the borders of new worlds appears.
 Whate'er the bold, the rash adventure cost,
 In wide Eternity I dare be lost.
 The muse is wont in narrow bounds to sing,
 To teach the swain, or celebrate the king;
 I grasp the whole, no more to parts confin'd;
 I lift my voice, and sing to human kind:
 I sing to men and angels; angels join,
 While such the theme, their sacred songs with mine.
 Again the trumpet's intermitted sound
 Rolls the wide circuit of creation round;
 An universal concourse to prepare
 Of all that ever breath'd the vital air;
 In some wide field, which active whirlwinds sweep,
 Drive cities, forests, mountains to the deep,
 To smooth and lengthen out th' unbounded space,
 And spread an area for all human race.

Book II. THE LAST DAY.

33

Now monuments prove faithful to their trust,
And render back their long committed dust.
Now charnels rattle; scatter'd limbs; and all
The various bones, obsequious to the call,
Self-mov'd advance; the neck perhaps to meet
The distant head, the distant legs the feet.
Dreadful to view, see through the dusky sky
Fragments of bodies in confusion fly,
To distant regions journeying, there to claim
Deserted members, and complete the frame.

When the world bow'd to Rome's almighty sword,
Rome bow'd to Pompey, and confess'd her lord.
Yet one day lost, this deity below
Became the scorn and pity of his foe.
His blood a traitor's sacrifice was made,
And smok'd indignant on a ruffian's blade.
No trumpet's sound, no gasping army's yell,
Bid with due horror his great soul-farewell.
Obscure his fall! all welt'ring in his gore,
His trunk was cast to perish on the shore!
While Julius frown'd the bloody monster dead,
Who brought the world in his great rival's head.
This sever'd head and trunk shall join once more,
Tho' realms now rise between, and oceans roar.
The trumpet's sound each vagrant mote shall hear,
Or fix'd in earth, or if afloat in air;
Obey the signal wafted in the wind,
And not one sleeping atom lag behind.

So swarming bees, that on a summer's day
In airy rings and wild meanders play,
Charm'd with the brazen sound, their wand'rings end,
And gently circling on a bough descend.

The body thus renew'd, the conscious soul,
Which has perhaps been flutt'ring near the pole,
Or 'midst the burning planets wond'ring stray'd,
Or hover'd o'er where her pale corpse was laid;

Or rather coasted on her final state,
 And fear'd, or wish'd for her appointed fate :
 This soul returning with a constant flame,
 Now weds for ever her immortal frame.
 Life, which ran down before, so high is wound,
 The springs maintain an universal round.

Thus a frail model of the work design'd
 First takes a copy of the builder's mind,
 Before the structure firm with lasting oak,
 And marble bowels of the solid rock,
 Turns the strong arch, and bids the columns rise,
 And bear the lofty palace to the skies ;
 The wrongs of time enabled to surpass,
 With bars of adamant, and ribs of brass.

That ancient, sacred, and illustrious * dome,
 Where soon or late fair Albion's heroes come,
 From camps, and courts, tho' great, or wise, or just,
 To feed the worm, and moulder into dust ;
 That solemn mansion of the royal dead,
 Where passing slaves o'er sleeping monarchs tread,
 Now populous o'erflows : a numerous race
 Of rising kings fills all th' extended space :
 A life well spent, not the victorious sword,
 Awards the crown, and stiles the greater lord.

Nor monuments alone, and burial earth,
 Labours with man to this his second birth ;
 But where gay palaces in pomp arise,
 And gilded theatres invade the skies,
 Nations shall wake, whose unrespected bones
 Support the pride of their luxurious sons.
 The most magnificent and costly dome,
 Is but an upper chamber to a tomb.
 No spot on earth but has supply'd a grave,
 And human skulls the spacious ocean pave.

* Westminster-Abbey.

All's full of man, and at this dreadful turn,
The swarm shall issue, and the hive shall burn.

Not all at once, nor in like manner rise :
Some lift with pain their slow unwilling eyes;
Shrink backward from the terror of the light,
And bless the grave, and call for lasting night.
Others, whose long-attempted virtue stood
Fix'd as a rock, and broke the rushing flood,
Whose firm resolve, nor beauty could melt down,
Nor raging tyrants from their posture frown;
Such in this day of horrors shall be seen
To face the thunder with a godlike mien;
The planets drop, their thoughts are fix'd above;
The centre shakes, their hearts disdain to move:
An earth dissolving, and a heav'n thrown wide,
A yawning gulph, and fiends on every side,
Serene they view, impatient of delay,
And bless the dawn of everlasting day.

Here, Greatness prostrate falls; there, Strength
gives place;

Here Lazars smile; there, Beauty hides her face.
Christians, and Jews, and Turks, and Pagans stand,
A blended throng, one undistinguish'd band.
Some who perhaps by mutual wounds expir'd,
With zeal for their distinct persuasions fir'd,
In mutual friendship their long slumber break,
And hand in hand their Saviour's love partake.

But none are flush'd with brighter joy, or warm
With juster confidence enjoy the storm,
Than those whose pious bounties unconfin'd
Have made them public fathers of mankind.
In that illustrious rank, what shining light
With such distinguish'd glory fills my sight?
Bend down, my grateful Muse; that homage shew,
Which to such worthies thou art proud to owe.

Wickham! Fox! Chicheley! hail, illustrious * names,
 Who to far-distant times dispense your beams;
 Beneath your shades, and near your chrystal springs,
 I first presum'd to touch the trembling strings:
 All hail, thrice-honour'd! 'twas your great renown
 To bless a people, and oblige a crown:
 And now you rise eternally to shine,
 Eternally to drink the rays divine.

Indulgent God! oh how shall mortal raise
 His soul to due returns of grateful praise,
 I or bounty so profuse to human-kind,
 Thy wond'rous gift of an eternal mind?
 Shall I, who some few years ago was less
 Than worm, or mite, or shadow can express,
 Was nothing; shall I live, when every fire,
 And ev'ry star shall languish or expire?
 When earth's no more, shall I survive above,
 And through the radiant files of angels move?
 Or, as before the throne of GOD I stand,
 See new worlds rolling from his spacious hand,
 Where our adventures shall perhaps be taught,
 As we now tell how MICHAEL fung or fought?
 All that has being in full concert join,
 And celebrate the depths of love divine!

But oh! before this blissful state, before
 Th' aspiring soul this wond'rous height can soar,
 The Judge, descending, thunders from afar,
 And all mankind is summon'd to the bar.

This mighty scene I next presume to draw:
 Attend, great ANNA, with religious awe.
 Expect not here the known successful arts
 To win attention, and command our hearts:
 Fiction be far away; let no machine
 Descending here, no fabled god be seen:

* Founders of New-College, Corpus Christi, and All-Souls
 in Oxford, of all which the Author was a member.

Behold the God of gods indeed descend,
And worlds unnumber'd his approach attend.

Lo! the wide theatre, whose ample space
Must entertain the whole of human-race,
At Heaven's all-powerful edict is prepar'd,
And fenc'd around with an immortal guard.
Tribes, provinces, dominions, worlds o'erflow
The mighty plain, and deluge all below:
And every age and nation pours along;
Nimrod and Bourbon mingle in the throng:
Adam salutes his youngest son; no sign
Of all those ages, which their births disjoin.

How empty learning, and how vain is art,
But as it mends the life, and guides the heart!
What volumes have been swell'd, what time been
To fix a hero's birth-day or descent? [spent,
What joy must it now yield, what raptures raise,
To see the glorious race of ancient days?
To greet those worthies, who perhaps have stood
Illustrious on record before the flood?
Alas! a nearer care your soul demands,
Cæsar un-noted in your presence stands.

How vast the concourse! not in number more
The waves that break on the resounding shore,
The leaves that tremble in the shady grove,
The lamps that gild the spangled vaults above.
Those overwhelming armies, whose command
Said to one empire, Fall; another, Stand:
Whose rear lay wrapt in night, while breaking dawn
Rous'd the broad front, and call'd the battle on:
Great XERXES' world in arms, proud Cannæ's field,
Where Carthage taught victorious Rome to yield;
(Another blow had broke the fate's decree,
And earth had wanted her fourth monarchy.)
Immortal Blenheim, fam'd Ramilia's host,
They all are here, and here they all are lost:

Their millions swell to be discern'd in vain,
Lost as a billow in th' unbounded main.

This echoing voice now rends the yielding air,
"For judgment, judgment, sons of men prepare!"
Earth shakes anew, I hear her groans profound,
And hell thro' all her trembling realms resound.

Whoe'er thou art, thou greatest power of earth,
Blest with most equal planets at thy birth;
Whose valour drew the most successful sword,
Most realms united in one common lord;
Who on the day of triumph saidst, Be thine
The skies, JEHOVAH, all this world is mine;
Dare not to lift thine eyes.—Alas! my muse,
How art thou lost! what numbers canst thou chuse?

A sudden blush inflames the waving sky,
And now the crimson curtains open fly;
Lo, far within, and far above all height,
Where Heav'n's great Sov'reign reigns in worlds of
light,

Whence nature he informs, and with one ray
Shot from his eye, does all her works survey,
Creates, supports, confounds! where Time and Place,
Matter and Form, and Fortune, Life and Grace,
Wait humbly at the footstool of their God,
And move obedient at his awful nod;
Whence he beholds us, vagrant emmets, crawl
At random on this air-suspended ball,
(Speck of creation); if he pour one breath,
The bubble breaks, and 'tis eternal death.

Thence issuing I behold (but mortal sight
Sustains not such a rushing sea of light!)
I see, on an empyreal flying throne
Sublimely rais'd, Heav'n's everlasting SON;
Crown'd with that majesty which form'd the world,
And the grand rebel flaming downward hurl'd.

Virtue, Dominion, Praise, Omnipotence,
Support the train of their triumphant prince.
A zone, beyond the thought of angels bright,
Around him, like the zodiac, winds its light.
Night shades the solemn arches of his brows,
And in his cheek the purple morning glows.
Where'er serene he turns propitious eyes,
Or we expect, or find a paradise:
But if resentment reddens their mild beams,
The Eden kindles, and the world's in flames.
On one hand Knowledge shines in purest light,
On one the sword of Justice fiercely bright.
Now bend the knee in sport, present the reed,
Now tell the scourg'd impostor he shall bleed!

Thus glorious thro' the courts of heav'n, the source
Of life and death eternal bends his course;
Loud thunders round him roll, and light'nings play,
Th' angelic host is rang'd in bright array:
Some touch the string, some strike the sounding shell,
And mingling voices in rich concert swell;
Voices seraphic, blest with such a strain,
Could Satan hear, he were a god again.

Triumphant King of glory! soul of bliss!
What a stupendous turn of fate is this?
Oh! whither art thou rais'd above the scorn:
And indigence of him in Bethlem born,
A needy, helpless, unaccounted guest,
And but a second to the fother'd beast?
How chang'd from him, who meekly prostrate laid,
Vouchsaf'd to wash the feet himself had made?
From him who was betray'd, forsook, deny'd,
Wept, languish'd, pray'd, bled, thirsted, groan'd and
Hung pierc'd and bare, insulted by the foe, [dy'd;
All heav'n in tears above, earth unconcern'd below.

And was 't enough to bid the sun retire?
Why did not nature at thy groan expire?

I see, I hear, I feel the pangs divine,
The world is vanish'd——I am wholly thine.

Mistaken Caiaphus! ah! which blasphem'd,
Thou or thy pris'ner? which shall be condemn'd?
Well might'st thou rend thy garments, well exclaim;
Deep are the horrors of eternal flame!

But GOD is good! 'tis wondrous all! ev'n he
Thou gav'st to death, shame, torture, dy'd for thee.

Now the descending triumph stops its flight
From earth full twice a planetary height;
There all the clouds, condens'd, two columns raise,
Distinct with orient veins and golden blaze.
One fix'd on earth, and one on sea, and round
Its ample foot the swelling billows sound.
These an unmeasurable arch support,
The grand tribunal of this awful court.
Sheets of bright azure, from the purest sky,
Stream from the crystal arch, and round the columns
Death wrapt in chains low at the basis lyes, [fly.
And on the point of his own arrow dies.

Here high enthron'd th' eternal Judge is plac'd,
With all the grandeur of his Godhead grac'd;
Stars on his robes in beauteous order meet,
And the sun burns beneath his awful feet.

Now an archangel, eminently bright
From off his silver staff of wondrous height,
Unfurls the Christian flag, which waving flies,
And shuts and opens more than half the skies:
The cross so strong a red, it sheds a stain,
Where'er it floats, on earth, and air, and main;
Flushes the hill, and sets on fire the wood,
And turns the deep-dy'd ocean into blood.

Oh formidable glory! dreadful bright!
Refulgent torture to the guilty sight!
Ah turn, unwary muse, nor dare reveal
What horrid thoughts with the polluted dwell.

Say not, (to make the sun shrink in his beam),
Dare not affirm, they wish it all a dream ;
Wish, or their souls may with their limbs decay,
Or God be spoil'd of his eternal sway.
But rather, if thou know'st the means, unfold
How they with transport might the scene behold.

Ah how ! but by repentance, by a mind
Quick and severe its own offence to find ?
By tears, and groans, and never-ceasing care,
And all the pious violence of pray'r ?
Thus then, with fervency till now unknown,
I cast my heart before th' eternal throne,
In this great temple, which the skies surround,
For homage to its Lord a narrow bound.

" O thou ! whose balance does the mountains weigh,
" Whose will the wild tumultuous seas obey,
" Whose breath can turn those wat'ry worlds to flame,
" That flame to tempest, and that tempest tame ;
" Earth's meanest son, all trembling, prostrate falls,
" And on the boundless of thy goodness calls.

" Ah ! give the winds all past offence to sweep,
" To scatter wide, or bury in the deep :
" Thy pow'r, my weakness, may I ever see,
" And wholly dedicate my soul to thee.
" Reign o'er my will ; my passions ebb and flow
" At thy command, nor human motive know !
" If anger boil, let anger be my praise,
" And sin the graceful indignation raise.
" My love be warm to succour the distress'd,
" And lift the burden from the soul oppress'd.
" Oh may my understanding ever read
" This glorious volume, which thy wisdom made !
" Who decks the maiden spring with flow'ry pride ?
" Who calls forth summer like a sparkling bride ?
" Who joys the mother autumn's bed to crown ?
" And bids old winter lay her honours down ?

" Not the great Ottoman, or greater Czar,
 " Not Europe's arbiters of peace and war :
 " May sea and land, and earth and heav'n be join'd,
 " To bring th' eternal Author to my mind !
 " When oceans roar; or awful thunders roll,
 " May thoughts of thy dread vengeance shake my
 soul ;
 " When earth's in bloom, or planets proudly shine,
 " Adore, my heart, the Majesty divine.
 " Thro' every scene of life, or peace, or war,
 " Plenty, or want, thy glory be my care !
 " Shine we in arms ? or sing beneath our vine ?
 " Thine is the vintage, and the conquest thine :
 " Thy pleasure points the shaft, and bends the bow ;
 " The cluster blasts, or bids it brightly glow ;
 " 'Tis thou that lead'st our powerful armies forth,
 " And gives great Anne thy sceptre o'er the north.
 " Grant I may ever, at the morning ray,
 " Open with pray'r the consecrated day ;
 " Tune thy great praise, and bid my soul arise,
 " And, with the mounting sun, ascend the skies ;
 " As that advances, let my zeal improve,
 " And glow with ardor of consummate love ;
 " Nor cease at eve, but with the setting sun
 " My endless worship shall be still begun.
 " And oh ! permit the gloom of solemn night
 " To sacred thought may forcibly invite,
 " When this world's shut, and awful planets rise,
 " Call on our minds, and raise them to the skies ;
 " Compose our souls with a less dazzling light,
 " And shew all nature in a milder light ;
 " How every boist'rous thought in calm subsides !
 " How the smooth spirit into goodness glides !
 " O how divine ! to tread the milky way,
 " To the bright palace of the Lord of day ;

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" His court admire, or for his favour sue,
" Or leagues of friendship with his saints renew;
" Pleas'd to look down, and see the world asleep,
" While I long vigils to its Founder keep.
" Canst thou not shake the centre? Oh controul,
" Subdue by force the rebel in my soul:
" Thou who canst still the raging of the flood,
" Restrain the various tumults of my blood;
" Teach me with equal firmness to sustain
" Alluring pleasure and assaulting pain.
" O may I pant for thee in each desire!
" And with strong faith foment the holy fire!
" Stretch out my soul in hope, and grasp the prize,
" Which in eternity's deep bosom lyes!
" At the great day of recompence behold,
" Devoid of fear, the fatal book unfold!
" Then, waded upward to the blissful seat,
" From age to age my grateful song repeat;
" My Light, my Life, my GOD, my Saviour see,
" And rival angels in the praise of thee."

T H E
L A S T D A Y.

B O O K T H I R D.

Esse quoque in fatis reminiscitur affore tempus,
Quo mare, quo tellus, correptaque regia coeli
Ardeat, et mundi moles operosa laboret.

Ovid. Met.

THE book unfolding, the resplendent seat
Of saints and angels, the tremendous fate
Of guilty souls, the gloomy realms of woe,
And all the horrors of the world below,
I next presume to sing: what yet remains
Demands my last, but most exalted strains.
And let the muse or now affect the sky,
Or in inglorious shades for ever ly.
She kindles, she's inflam'd so near the goal;
She mounts, she gains upon the starry pole;
The world grows less as she pursues her flight,
And the sun darkens to her distant sight.
Heav'n, opening all its sacred pomp, displays,
And overwhelms her with the rushing blaze!
The triumph rings! archangels shout around!
And echoing nature lengthens out the sound!
Ten thousand trumpets now at once advance;
Now deepest silence lulls the vast expanse;
So deep the silence, and so strong the blast,
As nature dy'd, when she had groan'd her last.
Nor man nor angel moves; the Judge on high
Looks round, and with his glory fills the sky:

Then on the fatal book his hand he lays,
Which high to view supporting seraphs raise :
In solemn form the rituals are prepar'd,
The seal is broken, and a groan is heard.
And thou, my soul, (oh fall to sudden pray'r,
And let the thought sink deep!) shalt thou be
there ?

See on the left, (for by the great command
The throng divided falls on either hand)
How weak, how pale, how haggard, how obscene!
What more than death in every face and mien!
With what distress, and glarings of affright,
They shock the heart, and turn away the sight!
In gloomy orbs their trembling eye-balls roll,
And tell the horrid secrets of the soul.
Each gesture mourns, each look is black with care,
And ev'ry groan is laden with despair.
Reader, if guilty, spare the muse, and find
A truer image pictur'd in thy mind.

Shouldst thou behold thy brother, father, wife,
And all the soft companions of thy life,
Whose blended int'rests levell'd at one aim,
Whose mix'd desires sent up one common flame,
Divided far ; thy wretched self alone
Cast on the left, of all whom thou hast known ;
How would it wound ? what millions would'st thou
give

For one more trial, one day more to live ?
Flung back in time an hour, a moment's space,
To grasp with eagerness the means of grace ;
Contend for mercy with a pious rage,
And in that moment to redeem an age ?
Drive back the tide, suspend a storm in air,
Arrest the sun ; but still of this despair.

Mark, on the right, how amiable a grace!
 Their Maker's image fresh in ev'ry face!
 What purple bloom my ravish'd soul admires,
 And their eyes sparkling with immortal fires!
 'Triumphant beauty! charms that rise above
 This world, and in blest angels kindle love!
 To the Great Judge with holy pride they turn,
 And dare behold th' Almighty's anger burn;
 Its flash sustain, against its terror rise,
 And on the dread tribunal fix their eyes.
 Are these the forms that moulder'd in the dust?
 Oh the transcendant glory of the just!
 Yet still some thin remains of fear and doubt
 Th' infected brightness of their joy pollute.

Thus the chaste bridegroom, when the priest
 draws nigh,
 Beholds his blessing with a trembling eye;
 Feels doubtful passions throb in every vein;
 And in his cheeks are mingled joy and pain;
 Lest still some intervening chance should rise,
 Leap forth at once, and snatch the golden prize,
 In flame his woe, by bringing it so late,
 And stab him in the crisis of his fate.

Since Adam's family from first to last,
 Now into one distinct survey is cast,
 Look round, vain-glorious muse, and you whoe'er
 Devote yourselves to fame, and think her fair,
 Look round, and seek the lights of human race,
 Whose shining acts Time's brightest annals grace;
 Who founded sects, crowns conquer'd, or resign'd,
 Gave names to nations, or fam'd empires join'd;
 Who rais'd the vale, and laid the mountain low,
 And taught obedient rivers where to flow;
 Who with vast fleets, as with a mighty chain,
 Could bind the madness of the roaring main;

All lost! all undistinguish'd! no where found!
How will this truth in Bourbon's palace sound?

That hour, on which th' Almighty King on high
From all eternity has fix'd his eye,
Whether his right hand favour'd, or annoy'd,
Continu'd, alter'd, threaten'd, or destroy'd,
Southern or eastern sceptre downward hurl'd,
Gave North or West dominion o'er the world;
The point of time for which the world was built,
For which the blood of GOD himself was spilt,
That dreadful moment is arriv'd.

Aloft the seats of bliss their pomp display,
Brighter than brightness, this distinguish'd day:
Less glorious, when of old th' eternal Son
From realms of night return'd with trophies won;
Through heav'n's high gates when he triumphant
rode,

And shouting angels hail'd the victor GOD.
Horrors beneath, darkness in darkness, hell
Of hell, where torments behind torments dwell;
A furnace formidable, deep and wide,
O'erboiling with a mad sulphureous tide,
Expands its jaws, most dreadful to survey,
And roars outrageous for the destin'd prey.
The sons of light scarce unappal'd look down,
And nearer press heav'n's everlasting throne.

Such is the scene, and one short moment's space
Concludes the hopes and fears of human race.
Proceed who dares—I tremble as I write;
The whole creation swims before my sight;
I see, I see the Judge's frowning brow;
Say not 'tis distant, I behold it now;
I faint, my tardy blood forgets to flow,
My soul recoils at the stupendous woe;

That woe, those pangs, which from the guilty breast,
In these, or words like these, shall be express.

“ Who burst the barriers of my peaceful grave?

“ Ah, cruel death, that wou’d no longer save,

“ But grudg’d me ev’n that narrow dark abode,

“ And cast me out into the wrath of God;

“ Where shrieks, the roaring flame, the rattling
chain,

“ And all the dreadful eloquence of pain,

“ Our only song; black Fire’s malignant light,

“ The sole refreshment of the blasted fight.

“ Must all those pow’rs Heav’n gave me to supply

“ My soul with pleasure, and bring in my joy,

“ Rise up in arms against me, join the foe,

“ Sense, Reason, Memory, increase my woe?

“ And shall my voice, ordain’d on hymns to dwell,

“ Corrupt to groans, and blow the fires of hell?

“ Oh, must I look with terror on my gain,

“ And with existence only measure pain!

“ What! no reprieve, no least indulgence giv’n,

“ No beam of hope from any point of heav’n!

“ Ah! mercy! mercy! art thou dead above?

“ Is love extinguish’d in the source of love?

“ Bold that I am, did heav’n stoop down to hell?

“ Th’ expiring Lord of life my ransom seal?

“ Have I not been industrious to provoke;

“ From his embraces obstinately broke;

“ Pursu’d and panted for his mortal hate;

“ Earn’d my destruction, labour’d out my fate?

“ And dare I on extinguish’d love exclaim?

“ Take, take full vengeance, rouse the slack’ning
flame;

“ Just is my lot—But, oh! must it transcend

“ The reach of time, despair a distant end?

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- " With dreadful growth shoot forward, and arise
 " Where thought can't follow, and bold fancy dies!
 " *Never!* where falls the soul at that dread
 sound?
 " Down an abyss how dark, and how profound!
 " Down, down (I still am falling, horrid pain!)
 " Ten thousand thousand fathoms still remain;
 " My plunge but still begun—And this for sin?
 " Could I offend, if I had never been,
 " But still increas'd the senseless happy mass,
 " Flow'd in the stream, or flourish'd in the grass?
 " Father of mercies! why from silent earth
 " Did'st thou awake, and curse me into birth?
 " Tear me from quiet, ravish me from night,
 " And make a thankless present of thy light?
 " Push into being a reverse of thee,
 " And animate a clod with misery?
 " The beasts are happy, they come forth and keep
 " Short watch on earth, and then ly down to sleep.
 " Pain is for man; and oh, how vast a pain
 " For crimes which made the Godhead bleed in
 vain?
 " Annul'd his groans, as far as in them lay,
 " And flung his agonies and death away?
 " As our dire punishment for ever strong,
 " Our constitution too for ever young,
 " Curs'd with returns of vigour still the same,
 " Powerful to bear, and satisfy the flame;
 " Still to be caught, and still to be pursu'd!
 " To perish still, and still to be renew'd?
 " And this, my help! my God! at thy decree?
 " Nature is chang'd, and hell should succour me.
 " And canst thou then look down from perfect bliss,
 " And see me plunging in the dark abyss,

" Calling thee father in a sea of fire,
 " Or pouring blasphemies at thy desire!
 " With mortals anguish wilt thou raise thy name,
 " And by my pangs Omnipotence proclaim?
 " Thou who canst toss the planets to and fro,
 " Contract not thy great vengeance to my woe:
 " Crush worlds; in hotter flames fall'n angels lay;
 " On me Almighty wrath is cast away.
 " Call back thy thunders, LORD, hold in thy rage,
 " Nor with a speck of wretchedness engage:
 " Forget me quite, nor stoop a worm to blame,
 " But lose me in the greatness of thy name.
 " Thou art all love, all mercy, all divine,
 " And shall I make those glories cease to shine?
 " Shall sinful man grow great by his offence,
 " And from its course turn back Omnipotence?
 " Forbid it! and oh! grant, great God, at least
 " This one, this slender, almost no request;
 " When I have wept a thousand lives away,
 " When torment is grown weary of its prey,
 " When I have rav'd ten thousand years in fire,
 " Ten thousand thousands, let me then expire."
 Deep anguish! but too late; the hopeless soul,
 Bound to the bottom of the burning pool,
 Though loth, and ever loud blaspheming, owns
 He's justly doom'd to pour eternal groans;
 Enclos'd with horrors, and transfix'd with pain,
 Rolling in vengeance, struggling with his chain:
 To talk to fiery tempests, to implore
 The raging flame to give its burnings o'er,
 To toss, to writhe, to pant beneath his load,
 And bear the weight of an offended God.
 The favour'd of their Judge in triumph move
 To take possession of their thrones above;

Satan's accurs'd desertion to supply,
And fill the vacant stations of the sky;
Again to kindle long-extinguish'd rays,
And with new lights dilate the heav'nly blaze;
To crop the roses of immortal youth,
And drink the fountain-head of sacred truth;
To swim in seas of bliss, to strike the string,
And lift the voice to their Almighty KING;
To lose eternity in grateful lays,
And fill heav'n's wide circumference with praise.

But I attempt the wondrous height in vain,
And leave unfinish'd the too lofty strain:
What boldly I begin, let others end;
My strength exhausted, fainting I descend,
And chuse a less, but no ignoble theme,
Dissolving elements, and worlds in flame.

The fatal period, the great hour is come,
And Nature shrinks at her approaching doom;
Loud peals of thunder give the sign, and all
Heav'n's terrors in array surround the ball;
Sharp lightnings with the meteor's blaze conspire,
And darted downwards set the world on fire;
Black rising clouds the thicken'd æther choke,
And spiry flames shoot thro' the rolling smoke,
With keen vibrations cut the fullen night,
And strike the darken'd sky with dreadful light;
From heav'n's four regions, with immortal force,
Angels drive on the winds impetuous course,
T' enrage the flame; it spreads, it scars on high,
Swells in the storm, and billows thro' the sky.
Here winding pyramids of fire ascend,
Cities and desarts in one ruin blend;
Here blazing volumes wasted overwhelm
The spacious face of a far-distant realm:

There, undermin'd, down rush eternal hills,
The neighb'ring vales the vast destruction fills.

Hear'st thou that dreadful crack, that sound which
broke

Like peals of thunder, and the centre shook ?
What wonders must that groan of Nature tell !
Olympus there, and mightier Atlas fell,
Which seem'd above the reach of Fate to stand,
A tow'ring monument of GOD's right hand ;
Now dust and smoke, whose brow so lately spread,
O'er shelter'd countries its diffusive shade.

Shew me that celebrated spot, where all
The various rulers of the sever'd ball
Have humbly sought wealth, honour, and redress,
That land which Heav'n seem'd diligent to bless,
Once call'd BRITANNIA ; can her glories end ?
And can't surrounding seas her realms defend :
Alas, in flames behold surrounding seas !
Like oil their waters but augment the blaze.

Some angel say, where ran proud Asia's bound,
Or where with fruits was fair Europa crown'd ?
Where stretch'd waste Lybia : where did India's store
Sparkle in diamonds, and her golden ore :
Each lost in each, their mingling kingdoms glow,
And all dissolv'd, one fiery deluge flow :
Thus earth's contending monarchies are join'd,
And a full period of ambition find.

And now whate'er or swims, or walks, or flies,
Inhabitants of sea, or earth, or skies ;
All on whom Adam's wisdom fix'd a name,
All plunge and perish in the conqu'ring flame.

This globe alone would but defraud the fire,
Starve its devouring rage : the flakes aspire,
And catch the clouds, and make the heavens their
The sun, the moon, the stars, all melt away, [prey ;

All, all is lost; no monument, no sign,
Where once so proudly blas'd the gay machine.
So bubbles on the foaming stream expire,
So sparks that scatter from the kindling fire;
The devastations of one dreadful hour,
The great Creator's six days work devour.
A mighty mighty ruin! yet one soul
Has more to boast, and far outweighs the whole;
Exalted in superior excellence,
Casts down to nothing such a vast expence.
Have ye not seen th' eternal mountains nod,
An earth dissolving, a descending God?
What strange surprises through all nature ran?
For whom these revolutions, but for man?
For him Omnipotence new measures takes;
For him through all eternity awakes;
Pours on him gifts sufficient to supply
Heav'n's loss, and with fresh glories fill the sky.

Think deeply then, O man, how great thou art,
Pay thyself homage with a trembling heart;
What angels guard, no longer dare neglect,
Slighting thyself, affront not God's respect:
Enter the sacred temple of thy breast,
And gaze, and wander there a ravish'd guest:
Gaze on those hidden treasures thou shalt find,
Wander thro' all the glories of thy mind.
Of perfect knowledge, see the dawning light
Foretells a noon most exquisitely bright!
Here springs of endless joy are breaking forth!
There buds the promise of celestial worth!
Worth which must ripen in a happier clime
And brighter sun, beyond the bounds of time.
Thou, Minor, can'st not guess thy vast estate,
What stores on foreign coasts thy landing wait.

46 THE LAST DAY. Book III.

Lose not thy claim, let Virtue's paths be trod;
Thus glad all heav'n, and please that bounteous God,
Who, to light thee to pleasures, hung on high
Yon radiant orb, proud regent of the sky:
That service done, its beams shall fade away,
And God shine forth in one eternal day.

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Grati

III.

God,

THE
FORCE OF RELIGION:
OR,
VANQUISH'D LOVE.
A
P O E M.
IN TWO BOOKS.

Gratior et pulchro veniens in corpore virtus.

Virg.

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T H E
FORCE OF RELIGION:
 O R,
VANQUISH'D LOVE.
BOOK FIRST.

—Ad coelum ardentis lumina tollens,
 Lumina; nam teneras arcebant vincula palmas. *Virg.*

FROM lofty themes, from thoughts that soar'd
 on high,

And open'd wond'rous scenes above the sky,
 My muse descend : indulge my fond desire,
 With softer thoughts my melting soul inspire,
 And smoothe my numbers to a female's praise :
 A partial world will listen to my lays,
 While ANNA reigns, and sets a female name
 Unrival'd in the glorious lists of fame.

Hear, ye fair daughters of this happy land,
 Whose radiant eyes the vanquish'd world command,
 Virtue is beauty : but when charms of mind
 With elegance of outward form are join'd ;
 When Youth makes such bright objects still more
 bright,

And Fortune sets them in the strongest light ;
 'Tis all of Heav'n that we below may view,
 And all, but adoration, is your due.

Fam'd female virtue did this isle adorn,
 Ere Ormond, or her glorious Queen was born.
 When now Maria's pow'rful arms prevail'd,
 And haughty Dudley's bold ambition fail'd,

43 THE FORCE OF RELIGION:

The beauteous daughter of great Suffolk's race,
In blooming youth adorn'd with ev'ry grace,
Who gain'd a crown by treason not her own,
And innocently fill'd another's throne;
Hurl'd from the summit of imperial state,
With equal mind sustain'd the stroke of Fate.

But how will Guilford, her far dearer part,
With manly reason fortify his heart?
At once she longs, and is afraid to know:
Now swift she moves, and now advances slow,
To find her lord; and finding, passes by,
Silent with fear, nor dares she meet his eye:
Lest that unask'd, in speechless grief, disclose
The mournful secret of his inward woes.
Thus after sickness, doubtful of her face,
The melancholy virgin shuns the glass.

At length, with troubled thought, but look serene,
And sorrow soften'd by her heav'nly mien,
She clasps her lord, brave, beautiful, and young;
While tender accents melt upon her tongue;
Gentle, and sweet, as vernal zephyr blows,
Fanning the lily, or the blooming rose.

" Grieve not, my Lord; a crown indeed is lost;
" What far outshines a crown, we still may boast;
" A mind compos'd; a mind that can disdain
" A fruitless sorrow for a loss so vain.
" Nothing is loss that Virtue can improve
" To wealth eternal, and return above;
" Above, where no distinction shall be known
" 'Twixt him whom storms have shaken from a throne,
" And him who, basking in the smiles of Fate,
" Shone forth in all the splendor of the great:
" Nor can I find the difference here below;
" I lately was a queen, I still am so,
" While Guilford's wife: thee rather I obey,
" Than o'er mankind extend imperial sway.

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" When we ly down in some obscure retreat,
" Incens'd Maria may her rage forget ;
" And I to death my duty will improve,
" And what you miss in empire, add in love—
" Your godlike soul is open'd in your look,
" And I have faintly your great meaning spoke.
" For this alone I'm pleas'd I wore the crown,
" To find with what content we lay it down.
" Heroes may win, but 'tis a heav'nly race
" Can quit a throne with a becoming grace."

Thus spoke the fairest of her sex, and chear'd
Her drooping lord, whose boding bosom fear'd
A darker cloud of ills would burst, and shed
Severer vengeance on her guiltless head :
Too just, alas, the terrors which he felt !
For, lo, a guard !—Forgive him if he melt—
How sharp her pangs, when sever'd from his side,
The most sincerely lov'd, and loving bride,
In space confin'd, the muse forbears to tell ;
Deep was her anguish, but she bore it well.
His pain was equal, but his virtue less,
He thought in grief there could be no excess.
Pensive he sat, o'ercast with gloomy care,
And often fondly clasp'd his absent fair ;
Now silent, wander'd through his rooms of state,
And sicken'd at the pomp, and tax'd his fate ;
Which thus adorn'd in all her shining store,
A splendid wretch, magnificently poor.
Now on the bridal-bed his eyes were cast,
And Anguish fed on his enjoyments past ;
Each recollected pleasure made him smart,
And ev'ry transport stabb'd him to the heart.

That happy moon, which summon'd to delight,
That moon which shone on his dear nuptial night,
Which saw him fold her yet untasted charms
(Deny'd to princes) in his longing arms ;

30 THE FORCE OF RELIGION:

Now sees the transient blessing fleet away,
Empire and love! the vision of a day.

Thus in the British clime a summer storm
Will oft the smiling face of heav'n deform;
The winds with violence at once descend,
Sweep flowers and fruits, and make the forest bend:
A sudden winter, while the sun is near,
O'ercomes the season, and inverts the year.

But whither is the captive borne away,
The beauteous captive from the chearful day?
The scene is chang'd indeed; before her eyes
Ill-boding looks, and unknown horrors rise:
For pomp and splendor, for her guard and crown,
A gloomy dungeon and a keeper's frown;
Black thoughts, each morn, invade the Lover's breast,
Each night a ruffian locks the Queen to rest.

Ah mournful change, if judg'd by vulgar minds!
But Suffolk's daughter its advantage finds.
Religion's force divine is best display'd
In deep desertion of all human aid:
To succour in extremes is her delight,
And cheer the heart when terror strikes the fight.
We, disbelieving our own senses, gaze,
And wonder what a mortal's heart can raise
To triumph o'er misfortunes, smile in grief,
And comfort those who come to bring relief:
We gaze; and as we gaze, wealth, fame decay,
And all the world's vain glories fade away.

Against her cares she rais'd a dauntless mind,
And with an ardent heart, but most resign'd,
Deep in the dreadful gloom, with pious heat,
Amid the silence of her dark retreat,
Address'd her God—"Almighty Pow'r divine!
" 'Tis thine to raise, and to depress is thine;
" With honour to light up the name unknown,
" Or to put out the lustre of a throne.

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OR, VANQUISH'D LOVE.

"In my short span both fortunes I have prov'd,
 "And though with ill frail nature will be mov'd
 "I'll bear it well : (O strengthen me to bear!)
 "And if my piety may claim thy care;
 "If I remember'd in youth's giddy heat,
 "And tumult of a court, a future state;
 "O! favour, when thy mercy I implore
 "For one who never guilty sceptre bore!
 "'Twas I receiv'd the crown; my Lord is free;
 "If it must fall, let vengeance fall on me.
 "Let him survive, his country's name to raise,
 "And in a guilty land to speak thy praise!
 "O may th' indulgence of a father's love,
 "Pour'd forth on me, be doubled from above!
 "If *these* are safe, I'll thin: my pray'rs succeed,
 "And bless thy tender mercies whilst I bleed."

'Twas now the mournful eve before that day
 In which the Queen to her full wrath gave way;
 Through rigid justice rush'd into offence,
 And drank in zeal the blood of innocence.
 The sun went down in clouds, and seem'd to mourn
 The sad necessity of his return :
 The hollow wind, and melancholy rain,
 Or did, or was imagin'd to complain;
 The tapers cast an inauspicious light;
 Stars there were none, and doubly dark the night.

Sweet Innocence in chains can take her rest :
 Soft slumber gently creeping thro' her breast,
 She sinks ; and in her sleep is re-inthron'd,
 Mock'd by a gaudy dream, and vainly crown'd,
 She views her fleets and armies, seas and land,
 And stretches wide her shadow of command :
 With royal purple is her vision hung;
 By phantom hosts are shouts of conquest rung;
 Low at her feet the suppliant rival lies;
 Our prisoner mourns her fate, and bids her rise.

50 THE FORCE OF RELIGION:

Now level beams upon the waters play'd,
 Glanc'd on the hills, and westward cast the shade:
 The busy trades in cities had began
 To sound, and speak the painful life of man.
 In tyrants breasts the thoughts of vengeance rouse,
 And the fond bridegroom turns him to his spouse.
 At this first birth of light, while morning breaks,
 Our spouseless bride, our widow'd wife awakes;
 Awakes, and smiles; nor night's imposture blames;
 Her real pomps were little more than dreams;
 A short-liv'd blaze, a light'ning quickly o'er,
 That dy'd in birth, that shone, and were no more:
 She turns her side, and soon resumes a state
 Of mind well suited to her alter'd fate,
 Serene, tho' serious; when dread tidings come
 (Ah wretched Guilford!) of her instant doom.
 Sun, hide thy beams; in clouds as black as night
 Thy face involve; be guiltless of the sight;
 Or haste more swiftly to the western main;
 Nor let her blood the conscious day-light stain.

Oh how severe! to fall so new a bride,
 Yet blushing from the priest, in youthful pride;
 When time had just matur'd each perfect grace,
 And open'd all the wonders of her face!
 To leave her Guilford dead to all relief,
 Fond of his woe, and obstinate in grief.
 Unhappy fair! whatever fancy drew,
 (Vain promis'd blessings!) vanish from her view;
 No train of chearful days, endearing nights,
 No sweet domestic joys, and chaste delights;
 Pleasures that blossom ev'n from doubts and fears,
 And bliss and rapture rising out of cares:
 No little Guilford, with paternal grace,
 Lull'd on her knee, or smiling in her face;
 Who, when her dearest father shall return
 From pouring tears on her untimely urn,

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Might comfort to his silver hairs impart,
And fill her place in his indulgent heart :
As where fruits fall quick-rising blossoms smile,
And the blest'd Indian of his care beguile.

In vain these various reasons jointly press,
To blacken death, and heighten her distress ;
She thro' th' encircling terrors darts her light,
To the blest'd regions of eternal light,
And fills her soul with peace : to weeping friends
Her father and her lord she recommends ;
Unmov'd herself : her foes her air survey,
And rage to see their malice thrown away.
She soars ; now nought on earth detains her care —
But Guilford, who still struggles for his share.
Still will his form importunately rise,
Clog, and retard her transport to the skies.
As trembling flames now take a feeble flight,
Now catch the brand with a returning light :
Thus her soul onward, from the seats above,
Falls fondly back, and kindles into love.
At length she conquers in the doubtful field ;
That heav'n she seeks will be her Guilford's shield.
Now death is welcome ; his approach is slow ;
'Tis tedious longer to expect the blow.

Oh! mortals, short of sight, who think the past
O'erblown misfortune still shall prove the last :
Alas! misfortunes travel in a train,
And oft in life form one perpetual chain ;
Fear buries fear, and ills on ills attend,
'Till life and sorrow meet one common end.

She thinks that she has nought but death to fear,
And death is conquer'd. Worse than death is near :
Her rigid trials are not yet complete,
The news arrives of her great father's fate.
She sees his hoary head, all white with age,
A victim to th' offended monarch's rage.

34 THE FORCE OF RELIGION:

How great the mercy! had she breath'd her last,
Ere the dire sentence on her father past.

A fonder parent nature never knew;
And as his age encreas'd, his fondness grew.
A parent's love ne'er better was bestow'd,
The pious daughter in her heart o'erflow'd.
And can she from all weakness still refrain?
And still the firmness of her soul maintain?
Impossible! a sigh will force its way;
One patient tear her mortal birth betray;
She sighs and weeps, but so she weeps and sighs,
As silent dews descend, and vapours rise.

Celestial patience! how dost thou defeat
The foe's proud menace, and elude his hate!
While Passion takes his part, betrays our peace;
To death and torture swells each slight disgrace!
By not opposing, thou dost ills destroy,
And wear thy conquer'd sorrows into joy.

Now she revolves within her anxious mind,
What woe still lingers in reserve behind.
Griefs rise on griefs, and she can see no bound,
While nature lasts, and can receive a wound.
The sword is drawn; the Queen to rage inclin'd,
By mercy, nor by piety confin'd.
What mercy can the zealot's heart assuage,
Whose piety itself converts to rage?
She thought, and sigh'd: and now the blood began
To leave her beauteous cheek all cold and wan.
Now sorrow dimm'd the lustre of her eye,
And on her cheek the fading roses die.
Alas! should Guilford too—When now she's brought
To that dire view, that precipice of thought;
While there she trembling stands, nor dares look
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Nor can recede, 'till heav'n's decrees are known,

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Cure of all ills till now, her lord appears,
But not to cheer her heart, and dry her tears :
Not now, as usual, like the rising day,
To chase the shadows and the damps away :
But, like a gloomy storm, at once to sweep,
And plunge her to the bottom of the deep.
Black were his robes, dejected was his air,
His voice was frozen by his cold despair ;
Slow, like a ghost, he mov'd, with solemn pace ;
A dying paleness sat upon his face.
Back she recoil'd ; she smote her lovely breast,
Her eyes the anguish of her heart confess'd ;
Struck to the soul, she stagger'd with the wound,
And sunk a breathless image to the ground.

Thus the fair lily, when the sky's o'ercast,
At first but shudders in the feeble blast ;
But when the winds, and weighty rains descend,
The fair and upright stem is forc'd to bend ;
Till broke at length, its snowy leaves are shed,
And strew with dying sweets their native bed.

THE
FORCE OF RELIGION:

O R,

VANQUISH'D LOVE.

BOOK SECOND.

Hic pietatis honos? sic nos in sceptris reponis?

Virg.

HER Guilford clasps her, beautiful in death,
And with a kiss recalls her fleeting breath.
To tapers thus, which by a blast expire,
A lighted taper touch'd, restores the fire.
She rear'd her swimming eye, and saw the light,
And Guilford too, or she had loath'd the sight:
Her father's death she bore, despis'd her own,
But now she must, she will have leave to groan.
"Ah, Guilford!" she began, and would have spoke,
But sobs rush'd in, and ev'ry accent broke;
Reason itself, as gusts of passion blew,
Was ruffled in the tempest, and withdrew.

So the youth lost his image in the well,
When tears upon the yielding surface fell:
The scatter'd features slid into decay,
And spreading circles drove his face away.

To touch the soft affections, and controul
The manly temper of the bravest soul,
What with afflicted beauty can compare,
And drops of love distilling from the fair?
It melts us down; our pains delight bestow,
And we with fondness languish o'er our woe.

This Guilford prov'd, and with excess of pain,
 And pleasure too, did to his bosom strain
 The weeping fair : sunk deep in soft desire,
 Indulg'd his love, and nurs'd the raging fire :
 Then tore himself away, and standing wide,
 As fearing a relapse of fondness, cry'd,
 With ill-dissembled grief, " My life, forbear,
 " You wound your Guilford with each cruel tear.
 " Did you not chide my grief ? Repress your own ;
 " Nor want compassion for yourself alone.
 " Have you beheld how from the distant main,
 " The thronging waves roll on, a num'rous train,
 " And foam and bellow, till they reach the shore,
 " There burst their noisy pride, and are no more ?
 " Thus the successive flows of human race,
 " Chac'd by the coming, the preceeding chase ;
 " They sound, and swell, their haughty heads they
 rear,
 " Then fall, and flatten, break, and disappear.
 " Life is a forfeit we must shortly pay,
 " And where's the mighty lucre of a day ?
 " Why should you mourn my fate ? 'tis most unkind ;
 " Your own you bore with an unshaken mind :
 " And which can you imagine was the dart
 " That drank most blood, sunk deepest in my heart ?
 " I cannot live without you, and my doom
 " I meet with joy, to share one common tomb.—
 " And are again your tears profusely spilt !
 " Oh, then my kindness blackens to my guilt :
 " It soils itself, if it recal your pain ;
 " Life of my life, I beg you to refrain ;
 " The load which Fate imposes, you increase,
 " And help Maria to destroy my peace."
 But, oh, against himself his labour turn'd ;
 The more he comforted, the more she mourn'd.

58 THE FORCE OF RELIGION:

Compassion swells our grief, words soft and kind,
But soothe our weakness, and dissolve the mind.
Her sorrow flow'd in streams, nor her's alone,
While that he blam'd, he yielded to his own.
Where are the smiles she wore, when she so late
Hail'd him, great partner of the regal state;
When orient gems around her temples blaz'd,
And bending nations on the glory gaz'd?

'Tis now the Queen's command, they both retreat:
To weep with dignity, and mourn in state:
She forms the decent misery with joy,
And loads with pomp the wretch she would destroy.
A spacious hall is hung with black, all light
Shut out, and noon-day darken'd into night.
From the mid-roof a lamp depends on high,
Like a dim crescent in a clouded sky;
It sheds a quiv'ring melancholy gloom,
Which only shews the darkness of the room.
A shining ax is on the table laid,
A dreadful sight, and glitters through the shade.

In this sad scene the lovers are confin'd;
A scene of terrors to a guilty mind!
A scene that would have damp'd with rising cares,
And quite extinguish'd ev'ry love but theirs.
What can they do? they fix their mournful eyes,
Then Guilford thus abruptly; "I despise
"An empire lost, I sling away the crown;
"Numbers have laid that bright delusion down:
"But where's the Charles, or Dioclesian where,
"Could quit the blooming, wedded, weeping fair!
"Oh, to dwell ever on thy lip! to stand
"In full possession of thy snowy hand!
"And thro' th' unclouded crystal of thy eye,
"The heav'nly treasures of thy mind to spy!
"Till rapture reason happily destroys,
"And my soul wanders through immortal joys!

"Give me the world, and ask me where's my bliss,
"I clasp thee to my breast, and answer, This.
"And shall the grave"—He groans, and can no more,
But all her charms in silence traces o'er;
Her lip, her cheek, and eye, to wonder wrought,
And wond'ring sees in sad presaging thought
From that fair neck, that world of beauty fall,
And rowl along the dust, a ghastly ball.

Oh, let those tremble who are greatly blest!
For who but Guilford could be thus distressed?
Come hither, all you happy, all you great,
From flow'ry meadows, and from rooms of state;
Nor think I call, your pleasures to destroy,
But to refine, and to exalt your joy;
Weep not, but smiling fix your ardent care
On nobler titles than the brave and fair.

Was ever such a mournful moving sight?
See if you can, by that dim, trembling light;
Now they embrace; and mix'd in bitter woe,
Like Isis and her Thames, one stream they flow.
Now they start wide; fix'd in benumbing care,
They stiffen into statues of despair:
Now, tenderly severe, and fiercely kind,
They rush at once, they sling their cares behind,
And clasp, as if to death; new vows repeat,
And quite wrapt up in love, forget their fate.
A short delusion! for the raging pain
Returns, and their poor hearts must bleed again.

Mean time the Queen new cruelty decreed;
But ill content that they should only bleed.
A priest is sent, who, with insidious art,
Instills his poison into Suffolk's heart;
And Guilford drank it, hanging on the breast;
He from his childhood was with Rome possess'd.
When now the ministers of death draw nigh,
And in her dearest lord the first must die,

60 THE FORCE OF RELIGION:

The subtle priest, who long had watch'd to find
The most unguarded passes of her mind,
Bespoke her thus; "Grieve not; 'tis in your pow'r
"Your lord to rescue from this fatal hour."

Her bosom pants; she draws her breath with pain;
A sudden horror thrills thro' every vein;
Life seems suspended, on his words intent,
And her soul trembles for the great event.

The priest proceeds: "Embrace the faith of Rome,
"And ward your own, your lord's and father's
Ye blessed spirits! now your charge sustain, [doom."
The past was ease; now first she suffers pain.

Must she pronounce her father's death? must she
Bid Guilford bleed? it must not, cannot be.
It cannot be! but 'tis the Christian's praise,
Above impossibilities to raise

The weakness of our nature, and deride
Of vain philosophy the boasted pride.

What tho' our feeble sinews scarce impart
A moment's swiftness to the feather'd dart;
Though tainted air our vigorous youth can break,
And a chill blast the hardy warrior shake,
Yet are we strong: hear the loud tempest roar
From east to west, and call us weak no more;
The light'ning's unresisted force proclaims
Our might; and thunders raise our humble names.

'Tis our JEHOVAH fills the heav'ns; as long
As he shall reign ALMIGHTY, we are strong:
We, by devotion, borrow from his throne,
And almost make Omnipotence our own:
We force the gates of heav'n by fervent pray'r,
And call forth triumphs out of man's despair.

Our lovely mourner, kneeling, lifts her eyes
And bleeding heart in silence to the skies,
Devoutly sad.—Then bright'ning like the day,
When sudden winds sweep scatter'd clouds away,

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Shining in majesty till now unknown,
 And breathing life and spirit scarce her own ;
 She, rising, speaks : " If these the terms"—
 Here Guilford, cruel Guilford, (barb'rous man !
 Is this thy love ?) as swift as lightning ran ;
 O'erwhelm'd her, with tempestuous sorrow fraught,
 And stifled in its birth the mighty thought :
 Then, bursting forth into a flood of tears,
 Fiercer, resolute, delirious with his fears,
 His fears for her alone, he beat his breast,
 And thus the fervour of his soul express :
 " Oh ! let thy thought o'er our past converse rove,
 " And shew one moment uninflam'd with love !
 " Oh ! if thy kindness can no longer last,
 " In pity to thyself, forget the past !
 " Else wilt thou never, void of shame and fear,
 " Pronounce his doom, whom thou hast held so dear.
 " Thou, who hast took me to thy arms, and swore
 " Empires were vile, and fate could give no more ;
 " That to continue, was its utmost pow'r,
 " And make the future like the present hour ;
 " Now call a ruffian ; bid his cruel sword
 " Lay wide the bosom of thy worthless lord ;
 " Transfix his heart, (since you its love disclaim),
 " And stain his honour with a traitor's name.
 " This might perhaps be borne without remorse ;
 " But sure a father's pangs will have their force.
 " Shall his good age, so near its journey's end,
 " Through cruel torment to the grave descend ?
 " His shallow blood all issue at a wound,
 " Wash a slave's feet, and smoke upon the ground ?
 " But he to you has ever been severe ;
 " Then take your vengeance."—Suffolk now drew
 Bending beneath the burden of his care ; [near ;
 His robes neglected, and his head was bare.

THE FORCE OF RELIGION:

Decrepid winter, in the yearly ring,
Thus slowly creeps to meet the blooming spring,
Downward he cast a melancholy look,
Thrice turn'd to hide his grief; then faintly spoke.
"Now deep in years, and forward in decay,
"That axe can only rob me of a day:
"For thee, my soul's desire, I can't refrain;
"And shall my tears, my last tears, flow in vain?
"When you shall know a mother's tender name,
"My heart's distress no longer will you blame."
At this, afar his bursting groans were heard;
The tears ran trickling down his silver beard:
He snatch'd her hand, which to his lips he prest,
And bid her plant a dagger in his breast;
Then, sinking, call'd her piety unjust,
And soild his hoary temples in the dust.

Hard-hearted men! will you no mercy know?
Has the Queen brib'd you to distress her foe?
O weak deserters to misfortune's part,
By false affection thus to pierce her heart!
When she had soar'd, to let your arrows fly,
And fetch her bleeding from the middle sky?
And can her virtue, springing from the ground,
Her flight recover, and disdain the wound,
When cleaving love, and human int'rest, bind
The broken force of her aspiring mind?
As round the gen'rous eagle, which in vain
Exerts her strength, the serpent wreaths his train,
Her struggling wings entangles, curling plies
His pois'nous tail, and stings her as she flies.

While yet the blow's first dreadful weight she feels,
And with its force her resolution reels;
Large doors, unfolding with a mournful sound,
To view discover, weltring on the ground,
Three headless trunks of those whose arms maintain'd,
And in her wars immortal glory gain'd.

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The lifted axe assur'd her ready doom,
 And silent mourners sadden'd all the room.
 Shall I proceed, or here break off my tale,
 Nor truths, to stagger human faith, reveal?

She met this utmost malice of her fate
 With Christian dignity, and pious state.
 The beating storm's propitious rage she blest,
 And all the martyr triumph'd in her breast.
 Her lord and father, for a moment's space,
 She strictly folded in her soft embrace;
 Then thus she spoke, while angels heard on high,
 And sudden gladness smil'd along the sky.

"Your over-fondness has not mov'd my hate:
 "I am well pleas'd you make my death so great.
 "I joy I cannot save you, and have giv'n
 "Two lives, much dearer than my own, to heav'n,
 "If so the Queen decrees*:—But I have cause
 "To hope my blood will satisfy the laws;
 "And there is mercy still for you in store:
 "With me the bitterness of death is o'er.
 "He shot his sting in that farewell embrace;
 "And all, that is to come, is joy and peace.
 "Then let mistaken sorrow be suppress'd,
 "Nor seem to envy my approaching rest."

Then, turning to the ministers of fate,
 She, smiling, says, "My victory's complete:
 "And tell your Queen, I thank her for the blow,
 "And grieve my gratitude I cannot show:
 "A poor return I leave, in England's crown,
 "For everlasting pleasure and renown.
 "Her guilt alone allays this happy hour;
 "Her guilt, the only vengeance in her pow'r."
 Not Rome, untouch'd with sorrow, heard her fate;
 And fierce Maria pity'd her too late.

* Here she embraces them.

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LOVE OF FAME,

T H E

UNIVERSAL PASSION.

In Seven Characteristical

S A T I R E S.

—Fulgente trahit constrictos gloria curru
Non minus ignotos, generosis.

Hor.

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P R E F A C E.

THESE Satires have been favourably received at home and abroad. I am not conscious of the least malevolence to any particular person through all the characters; though some persons may be so selfish, as to engross a general application to themselves. A writer in polite letters should be content with reputation, the private amusement he finds in his compositions, the good influence they have on his severer studies, that admission they give him to his superiors, and the possible good effect they may have on the public; or else he should join to his politeness some more lucrative qualification.

But it is possible that satire may not do much good. Men may rise in their affections to their follies, as they do to their friends, when they are abused by others. It is much to be feared that misconduct will never be chased out of the world by satire; all therefore that is to be said for it, is, that misconduct will certainly be never chased out of the world by satire, if no satires are written: nor is that term unapplicable to graver compositions. Ethics, Heathen and Christian, and the scriptures themselves, are, in a great measure, a satire on the weakness and iniquity of men; and some part of that satire is in verse too. Nay, in the first ages, philosophy and poetry were the same thing; Wisdom wore no other dress. So that, I hope, these satires will be the more easily pardoned that misfortune by the severe. Nay, historians themselves may be considered as satirists, and satirists most severe; since such are most human actions, that to relate, is to expose them.

No man can converse much in the world, but, at what he meets with, he must either be insensible, or grieve, or be angry, or smile. Some passion (if we are not impassive) must be moved; for the general conduct of mankind is, by no means, a thing indifferent to a reasonable and virtuous man.

Now to smile at it, and turn it into ridicule, I think most eligible; as it hurts ourselves least, and gives vice and folly the greatest offence: and that for this reason; because what men aim at by them is, generally, public opinion and esteem. Which truth is the subject of the following satires; and joins them together, as several branches from the same root. An unity of design, which has not, I think, in a set of satires, been attempted before.

Laughing at the misconduct of the world, will, in a great measure, ease us of any more disagreeable passion about it. One passion is more effectually driven out by another, than by reason; whatever some may teach. For to reason we owe our passions: had we not reason, we should not be offended at what we find amiss. And the cause seems not to be the natural cure of any effect.

Moreover, laughing satire bids the fairest for success. The world is too proud to be fond of a serious tutor: and when an author is in a passion, the laugh, generally, as in conversation, turns against him. This kind of satire only has any delicacy in it. Of this delicacy Horace is the best master: he appears in good humour while he censures; and therefore his censure has the more weight, as supposed to proceed from judgment, not from passion. Juvenal is ever in a passion; he has little valuable but his eloquence and morality: the last of which I have had in my eye, but rather for emulation, than imitation, thro' my whole work.

But though I, comparatively, condemn Juvenal, in part of the sixth satire (where the occasion most required it) I endeavoured to touch on his manner; but was forced to quit it soon, as disagreeable to the writer, and reader too. Boileau has joined both the Roman satirists with great success: but has too much of Juvenal in his very serious Satire on Woman, which should have been the gayest of all. An excellent critic of our own com-

include Bolingbroke's closeness, or, as he calls it, press-ure, particularly : whereas it appears to me, that negligence is his fault, if any fault should be imputed to him.

There are some gross satirists of the greatest delicacy and wit ; the last of which can never, or should never succeed, without the former. An author, without it, betrays too great a contempt of mankind, and opinion of himself ; which are bad advocates for reputation and success. What a difference is there between the merit, if not the wit, of Cervantes and Rabelais ! the last has a particular art of throwing a great deal of genius and learning into frolic and jest ; but the genius and the scholar is all you can admire ; you want the gentleman to converse with in him. He is like a criminal who receives his life for some services : you commend, but you pardon too. Indecency offends our pride, as men ; and our unaffected taste, as judges of composition. Nature has wisely formed us with an aversion to it : and he that succeeds in spite of it, is, "*Aliena venia, quam sua providentia tutior* *."

Such wits, like false oracles of old, (which were wits and cheats), should set up for reputation among the weak, in some Bæotia, which was the land of oracles ; for the wise will hold them in contempt. Some wits too, like oracles, deal in ambiguities ; but not with equal success ; for though ambiguities are the first excellence of an impostor, they are the last of a wit.

Some satirical wits and humourists, like their father Lucian, laugh at every thing indiscriminately : which betrays such a poverty of wit as cannot afford to part with any thing, and such a want of virtue as to postpone it to a jest. Such writers encourage vice and folly, which they pretend to combat, by setting them on an equal foot with better things : and while they labour to bring every thing into contempt, how can they expect their own parts should escape ? Some French writers, parti-

* Val. Max.

calously, are guilty of this in matters of the highest consequence, and some of our own. They that are so lessening the true dignity of mankind, are not sure of being successful, but wish regard to one individual in it. It is this conduct that justly makes a wit a term of reproach.

Which puts me in mind of Plato's fable of the birth of Love; out of the poetical fables of all antiquity; which will hold likewise with regard to modern Poetry. Love, says he, is the son of the goddess Poverty, and the god of Riches: he has from his father his daring genius; his elevation of thought; his building castles in the air; his prodigality; his neglect of things serious and useful; his vain opinion of his own merit, and his affectation of preference and distinction. From his mother he inherits his indigence, which makes him a constant beggar of favours; that importunity with which he begs; his flattery; his servility; his fear of being despised, which is inseparable from him. This addition may be made, viz. That Poetry, like Love, is a little subject to blindness, which makes her mistake her way to preferments and honour; that she has her satirical quiver; and lastly, that she retains a dutiful admiration of her father's family; but divides her favours, and generally lives with her mother's relations.

However, this is not necessity, but choice: were Wisdom her governess, she might have much more of the father than the mother; especially in such an age as this, which shews a due passion for her charms.

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S A T I R E I.

To his Grace

The DUKE of DORSET.

—Tanto major famae sitis est, quam
Virtutis.

Juv. Sat. x.

MY verse is satire: Dorset, lend your ear,
And patronise a muse you cannot fear.
To poets sacred is a Dorset's name,
Their wonted passport through the gates of Fame;
It bribes the partial reader into praise,
And throws a glory round the shelter'd lays;
The dangled judgment fewer faults can see,
And gives applause to B——e, or to me.
But you decline the mistress we pursue:
Others are fond of Fame, but Fame of you.
Instructive Satire, true to Virtue's cause!
Thou shining supplement of public laws!
When flatter'd crimes of a licentious age
Reproach our silence, and demand our rage;
When purchas'd follies, from each distant land,
Like arts, improve in Britain's skilful hand;
When the Law shews her teeth, but dares not bite,
And South-sea treasures are not brought to light;
When churchmen Scripture for the classics quit,
Polite apostates from GOD's grace to wit;
When men grow great from their revenue spent,
And fly from bailiffs into parliament;
When dying sinners, to blot out their score,
Bequeath the church the leavings of a whore;

To chase our spleen when themes like these encrease,
Shall Panegyric reign, and Censure cease?

Shall Poesy, like Law, turn wrong to right,
And dedications wash an Æthiop white,
Set up each senseless wretch for Nature's boast,
On whom praise shines, as trophies on a post?
Shall sun'ral eloquence her colours spread,
And scatter roses on the wealthy dead?
Shall authors smile on such illustrious days,
And satirise with nothing—but their praise?

Why slumbers Pope, who leads the tuneful train,
Nor hears that virtue, which he loves, complain?
Donne, Dorset, Dryden, Rochester are dead,
And guilt's chief foe in Addison is fled:
Congreve, who, crown'd with laurels fairly won,
Sits smiling at the goal while others run,
He will not write; and (more provoking still!)
Ye gods! he will not write, and Marvius will.

Doubly distress'd, what author shall we find
Discreetly daring, and severely kind,
The courtly Roman's * shining path to tread,
And sharply smile prevailing folly dead?
Will no superior genius snatch the quill,
And save me, on the brink, from writing ill?
Tho' vain the strife, I'll strive my voice to raise.
What will not men attempt for sacred praise?

The love of praise, howe'er conceal'd by art,
Reigns more or less, and glows in ev'ry heart:
The proud to gain it toils on toils endure;
The modest shun it, but to make it sure.
O'er globes, and sceptres, now on thrones it swells;
Now trims the midnight lamp in college-cells.
'Tis Tory, Whig; it plots, prays, preaches, pleads,
Harangues in senates, squeaks in masquerades.

* Horace.

Here, to S——c's humour makes a bold pretence;
There, bolder aims at P——y's eloquence.
It aids the dancer's heel, the writer's head,
And heaps the plain with mountains of the dead:
Nor ends with life; but nods in sable plumes,
Adorns our hearse, and flatters on our tombs.

What is not proud? the pimp is proud to see
So many like himself in high degree:
The whore is proud, her beauties are the dread
Of peevish virtue, and the marriage-bed;
And the brib'd cuckold, like crown'd victims born
To slaughter, glories in his gilded horn.

Some go to church, proud humbly to repent,
And come back much more guilty than they went:
One way they look, another way they steer,
Pray to the gods, but would have mortals hear;
And when their sins they set sincerely down,
They'll find that their religion has been one.

Others, with wishful eyes, on glory look,
When they have got their picture tow'rd's a book,
Or pompous title, like a gaudy sign
Meant to betray dull sots to wretched wine.
If at his title T—— had drop'd his quill,
T—— might have pass'd for a great genius still;
But T——, alas! (excuse him, if you can)
Is now a scribbler, who was once a man.

Imperious some a classic fame demand,
For heaping up with a laborious hand
A waggon-load of meanings for one word,
While A's depos'd, and B with pomp restor'd.

Some for renown on scraps of learning doat,
And think they grow immortal as they quote.
To patch-work learn'd quotations are ally'd,
Both strive to make our poverty our pride.

On glass how witty is a noble peer!
Did ever diamond cost a man so dear?

Polite diseases make some ideots vain,
Which, if unfortunately well, they feign.

Of folly, vice, disease, men proud we see;
And (stranger still!) of blockheads' flattery,
Whose praise defames; as if a fool should mean
By spitting on your face to make it clean.

Nor is't enough all hearts are swoln with pride;
Her power is mighty, as her realm is wide.
What can she not perform? the love of fame
Made bold Alphonfus his Creator blame,
Empedocles hurl'd down the burning steep,
And (stronger still!) made Alexander weep.
Nay, it holds Delia from a second bed,
Tho' her lov'd lord has four half months been dead.

This passion with a pimple have I seen
Retard a cause, and give a judge the spleen.
By this inspir'd (O ne'er to be forgot)
Some lords have learn'd to spell, and some to knot.
It makes Globose a speaker in the house;
He hems, and is deliver'd of his mouse.
It makes dear Self on well-bred tongues prevail,
And I the little hero of each tale.

Sick with the love of Fame, what throngs pour in,
Unpeople court, and leave the senate thin?
My growing subject seems but just begun,
And, chariot-like, I kindle as I run.
Aid me, great Homer! with thy epic rules
To take a catalogue of British fools.
Satire! had I thy Dorset's force divine,
A knave or fool shou'd perish in each line;
Tho' for the first all Westminster should plead,
And for the last all Gresham intercede.

Begin. Who first the catalogue shall grace?
To quality belongs the highest place.
My lord comes forward; forward let him come!
Ye vulgar! at your peril give him room:

He stands for fame on his forefathers' feet,
By heraldry prov'd valiant or discreet.
With what a decent pride he throws his eyes
Above the man by three descents less wise!
If virtues at his noble hands you crave,
You bid him raise his fathers from the grave.
Men should press forward in Fame's glorious chace;
Nobles look backward, and so lose the race.

Let high birth triumph! What can be more great?
Nothing—but merit in a low estate.

To Virtue's humblest son let none prefer
Vice, tho' descended from the Conqueror.
Shall men, like figures, pass for high or base,
Slight, or important, only by their place?
Titles are marks of honest men, and wise;
The fool or knave that wears a title, lies.

They that on glorious ancestors enlarge,
Produce their debt, instead of their discharge.
Dorset, let those who proudly boast their line,
Like thee, in worth hereditary, shine.

Vain as false greatness is, the muse must own.
We want not fools to buy that Bristol stone:
Mean sons of earth, who on a South-sea tide
Of full success swam into wealth and pride,
Knock with a purse of gold at Anstis' gate,
And beg to be descended from the great.

When men of infamy to grandeur soar,
They light a torch to shew their shame the more.
Those governments which curb not evils, cause;
And a rich knave's a libel on our laws.

Belua with solid glory will be crown'd;
He buys no phantom, no vain empty sound,
But builds himself a name; and, to be great,
Sinks in a quarry an immense estate;
In cost, and grandeur, C—dos he'll outdo,
And, B—l—ton, thy taste is not so true.

The pile is finish'd, every toil is past,
And full perfection is arriv'd at last;
When, lo! my lord to some small corner runs,
And leaves state-rooms to strangers and to duns.

The man who builds, and wants wherewith to pay,
Provides a home from which to run away.
In Britain what is many a lordly seat,
But a discharge in full for an estate?

In smaller compass lyes Pygmalion's fame;
Not domes, but antique statues are his flame;
Not F—t—n's self more Parian charms has known;
Nor is good P—b—ke more in love with stone.
'The bailiffs come, (rude men, profanely bold!)
And bid him turn his Venus into gold:

"No, Sirs, (he cries), I'll sooner rot in jail;
"Shall Grecian arts be truck'd for English bail!"
Such heads might make their very bustos laugh;
His daughter starves, but Cleopatra's * safe.

Men, overloaded with a large estate,
May spill their treasure with a nice conceit;
The rich may be polite, but, oh! 'tis sad
To say you're curious, when we swear you're mad:
By your revenue measure your expence,
And to your funds and acres join your sense.
No man is bless'd by accident or guess,
True wisdom is the price of happiness;
Yet few without long discipline are sage,
And our youth only lays up sighs for age.

But how, my muse, canst thou resist so long
The bright temptation of the courtly throng,
Thy most inviting theme? The court affords
Much food for satire, it abounds in lords.
"What lords are those saluting with a grin?"
One is just out, and one as lately in.

* A famous statue.

" How comes it then to pass we see preside
 " On both their brows an equal share of pride?"
 Pride, that impartial passion, reigns thro' all,
 Attends our glory, nor deserts our fall:
 As in its home, it triumphs in high-place,
 And frowns a haughty exile in disgrace.
 Some lords it bids admire their wands so white,
 Which bloom, like Aaron's, to their ravish'd sight;
 Some lords it bids resign, and turn their wands,
 Like Moses, into serpents in their hands.
 These sink, as divers, for renown; and boast,
 With pride inverted, of their honours lost.
 But against reason sure 'tis equal sin
 To boast of merely being out, or in.

What numbers, here, thro' odd ambition, strive
 To seem the most transported things alive?
 As if by joy, desert was understood;
 And all the fortunate were wise and good.
 Hence aching bosoms wear a visage gay,
 And stifled groans frequent the ball and play.
 Completely dress'd by Monteuil*, and grimace,
 They take their birth-day suit, and public face:
 Their smiles are only part of what they wear,
 Put off at night with Lady B——'s hair.
 What bodily fatigue is half so bad;
 With anxious care they labour to be glad.

What numbers, here, would into fame advance,
 Conscious of merit in the coxcomb's dance?
 The tavern! park! assembly! mask! and play!
 Those dear destroyers of the tedious day!
 That wheel of fops! that saunter of the town!
 Call it diversion, and the pill goes down;
 Fools grin on fools, and Stoic-like, support,
 Without one sigh, the pleasures of a court.

* A famous tailor.

Courts can give nothing to the wise and good,
 But scorn of pomp, and love of solitude.
 High stations tumult, but not bliss create;
 None think the great unhappy, but the great;
 Fools gaze, and envy; envy darts a sting,
 Which makes a swain as wretched as a king.

I envy none their pageantry and show,
 I envy none the gilding of their woe.
 Give me, indulgent gods! with mind serene,
 And guiltless heart, to range the sylvan scene.
 No splendid poverty, no smiling care,
 No well-bred hate, or servile grandeur there:
 There pleasing objects useful thoughts suggest,
 'The sense is ravish'd, and the soul is bless'd;
 On every thorn delightful wisdom grows,
 In every rill a sweet instruction flows.
 But some, untaught, o'erhear the whisp'ring rill,
 In spite of sacred leisure blockheads still;
 Nor shoots up folly to a nobler bloom
 In her own native soil, the drawing-room.

The squire is proud to see his courser strain,
 Or well-breath'd beagles sweep along the plain.
 Say, dear Hyppolitus, (whose drink is ale,
 Whose erudition is a Christmas-tale,
 Whose mistress is saluted with a smack,
 And friend receiv'd with thumps upon the back),
 When thy sleek gelding nimbly leaps the mound,
 And Ringwood opens on the tainted ground,
 Is that thy praise? let Ringwood's fame alone;
 Just Ringwood leaves each animal his own,
 Nor envies when a gypsy you commit,
 And shake the clumsy bench with country wit;
 When you the dullest of dull things have said,
 And then ask pardon for the jest you made.

Here breathe, my muse! and then thy task renew,
 Ten thousand fools unsung are still in view.

Fewer lay-atheists made by church-debates ;
Fewer great beggars fam'd for large estates :
Ladies, whose love is constant as the wind ;
Cits, who prefer a guinea to mankind ;
Fewer grave lords to Scr——pe discreetly bend ;
And fewer shocks a statesman gives his friend.

Is there a man of an eternal vein,
Who lulls the town in winter with his strain,
At Bath in summer chants the reigning lass,
And sweetly whistles, as the waters pass ?
Is there a tongue like Delia's o'er her cup,
That runs for ages without winding-up ?
Is there, whom his tenth epic mounts to fame ?
Such, and such only might exhaust my theme :
Nor would these heroes of the task be glad ;
For who can write so fast as men run mad ?

S A T I R E II.

MY Muse, proceed, and reach thy destin'd end;
Tho' Toil and Danger the bold task attend.

Heroes and gods make other poems fine,
Plain satire calls for Sense in ev'ry line.

Then, to what swarms thy faults I dare expose!

All friends to Vice and Folly, are thy foes.

When such the foe, a war eternal wage,

'Tis most ill nature to repress thy rage;

And if these strains some nobler muse excite,

I'll glory in the verse I did not write.

So weak are human-kind by Nature made,

Or to such weakness by their vice betray'd,

Almighty Vanity, to thee they owe

Their zest of pleasure, and their balm of woe.

Thou, like the sun, all colours dost contain,

Varying, like rays of light on drops of rain.

For every soul finds reasons to be proud,

Tho' hiss'd and hooted by the pointing croud.

Warm in pursuit of foxes, and renown,

* Hyppolitus demands the sylvan crown;

But Florio's fame, the product of a show'r,

Grows in his garden, an illustrious show'r!

Why teems the earth? why melt the vernal skies?

Why shines the sun? to make † Paul Diack rise.

From morn to night has Florio gazing stood,

And wonder'd how the gods could be so good.

What shape! what hue! was ever nymph so fair?

He doats! he dies! he too is rooted there.

O solid bliss! which nothing can destroy,

Except a cat, bird, snail, or idle boy.

* This refers to the first satire.

† The name of a tulip.

Sat. II.

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In Fame's full bloom lyes Florio down at night,
And wakes next day a most inglorious wight;
The tulip's dead! See thy fair sister's fate,
O C——! and be kind ere 'tis too late.

Nor are those enemies I mention'd all;
Beware, O Florist, thy ambition's fall.
A friend of mine indulg'd this noble flame;
A Quaker serv'd him, Adam was his name.
To one lov'd tulip oft the master went,
Hung o'er it, and whole days in rapture spent;
But came, and miss'd it one ill-fated hour.
Herag'd! he roar'd! "What demon cropt my flow'r?"
Serene, quoth Adam, "Lo! 'twas crush'd by me;
"Fall'n is the Baal to which thou bow'dst thy knee."

"But all men want amusement; and what crime
"In such a paradise to fool their time?"

None: but why proud of this? to Fame they soar;
We grant they're idle, if they'll ask no more.

We smile at florists, we despise their joy,
And think their hearts enamour'd of a toy:
But are those wiser whom we most admire,
Survey with envy, and pursue with fire?
What's he who sighs for wealth, or fame, or pow'r?
Another Florio doating on a flow'r;
A short-liv'd flow'r, and which has often sprung
From fordid arts, as Florio's out of dung.

With what, O Codrus! is thy fancy smit?
The flow'r of learning, and the bloom of wit.
Thy gaudy shelves with crimson bindings glow,
And Epictetus is a perfect beau.

How fit for thee bound up in crimson too,
Gilt, and, like them, devoted to the view?
Thy books are furniture. Methinks 'tis hard
That science should be purchas'd by the yard,
And T——n, turn'd upholsterer, send home,
The gilded leather to fit up thy room.

If not to some peculiar end design'd,
 Study's the specious trifling of the mind;
 Or is at best a secondary aim,
 A chace for sport alone, and not for game:
 If so, sure they who the mere volume prize,
 But love the thicket where the quarry lyes.

On buying books Lorenzo long was bent,
 But found at length that it reduc'd his rent;
 His farms were flown; when lo! a sale comes on,
 A choice collection! what is to be done?
 He sells his last; for he the whole will buy;
 Sells ev'n his house, nay wants whereon to ly:
 So high the generous ardor of the man
 For Romans, Greeks, and Orientals ran.
 When terms were drawn, and brought him by the
 clerk,

Lorenzo sign'd the bargain—with his mark.
 Unlearned men of books assume the care,
 As eunuchs are the guardians of the fair.

Not in his author's liveries alone
 Is Codrus' erudite ambition shown.
 Editions various, at high prices bought,
 Inform the world what Codrus would be thought;
 And to this cost another must succeed,
 To pay a sage, who says that he can read,
 Who titles knows, and indexes has seen;
 But leaves to O—— what lyes between;
 Of pompous books who shuns the proud expence,
 And humbly is contented with their sense.

O——, whose accomplishments make good
 The promise of a long illustrious blood;
 In arts and manners eminently grac'd,
 The strictest honour! and the finest taste!
 Accept this verse; if satire can agree
 With so consummate an humanity.

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By your example would Hilario mend,
How would it grace the talents of my friend,
Who, with the charms of his own genius smit,
Conceives all virtues are compriz'd in wit?
But time his fervent petulance may cool:
For tho' he is a wit, he is no fool.
In time he'll learn to use, not waste his sense,
Nor make a frailty of an excellence.
He spares nor friend, nor foe; but calls to mind,
Like doomsday, all the faults of all mankind.

What tho' wit tickles? tickling is unsafe,
If still 'tis painful while it makes us laugh.
Who, for the poor renown of being smart,
Would leave a sting within a brother's heart?
Parts may be prais'd, good-nature is ador'd;
Then draw your wit as seldom as your sword,
And never on the weak; or you'll appear
As there no hero, no great genius here.
As in smooth oil the razor best is whet,
So wit is by politeness sharpest set;
Their want of edge from their offence is seen:
Both pain us least when exquisitely keen.
The same men give is for the joy they find;
Dull is the jester, when the joke's unkind.

Since Marcus, doubtless, thinks himself a wit,
To pay my compliment what place so fit?
His most facetious * letters came to hand,
Which my first satire sweetly reprimand.
If that a just offence to Marcus gave,
Say, Marcus, which art thou, a fool, or knave?
For all but such with caution I forbore;
That thou wast either, I ne'er knew before:
I know thee now, both what thou art, and who;
No mask so good, but Marcus must shine through.

* Letters sent to the Author, signed Marcus.

False names are vain, thy lines their author tell:
 Thy best concealment had been writing well.
 But thou a brave neglect of fame hast shown,
 Of others fame, great genius! and thy own.
 Write on unheeded, and this maxim know,
 The man who pardons, disappoints his foe.

In malice to proud wits, some proudly lull
 Their peevish reason, vain of being dull;
 When some home joke has stung their solemn soul,
 In vengeance they determine—to be fools;
 Thro' spleen, that little Nature gave, make less,
 Quite zealous in the ways of heaviness;
 To lumps inanimate a fondness take,
 And disinherit sons that are awake.

These, when their utmost venom they would spit,
 Most barbarously tell you—"He's a wit."
 Poor negroes thus, to shew their burning spite
 'To Cacodemons, say, "They're dev'lish white."

Lampridius from the bottom of his breast
 Sighs o'er one child, but triumphs in the rest!
 How just his grief! one carries in his head
 A less proportion of the father's lead;
 And is in danger, without special grace,
 To rise above a justice of the peace.
 The dunghill breed of men a diamond scorn,
 And feel a passion for a grain of corn;
 Some stupid, plodding, money-loving wight,
 Who wins their hearts by knowing black from white,
 Who with much pains exerting all his sense,
 Can range aright his shillings, pounds, and pence.

The booby father craves a booby son,
 And by Heav'n's blessing thinks himself undone.

Wants of all kinds are made to fame a plea.
 One learns to lipe, another not to see;
 Miss D—— tottering catches at your hand;
 Was ever thing so pretty born to stand!

Whilst these what Nature gave, disown thro' pride,
Others affect what Nature has deny'd;
What Nature has deny'd, fools will pursue,
As apes are ever walking upon two.

Craffus, a grateful sage, our awe and sport,
Supports grave forms, for forms the sage support.
He hems, and cries, with an important air,
"If yonder clouds withdraw, it will be fair:"
Then quotes the Stagyrite to prove it true,
And adds, "The learn'd delight in something new."
It's not enough the blockhead scarce can read,
But must he wisely look, and gravely plead?
As far a formalist from wisdom sits,
In judging eyes, as libertines from wits.

These subtle wights (so blind are mortal men,
Tho' satire couch them with her keenest pen)
For ever will hang out a solemn face,
To put off nonsense with a better grace:
As pedlars with some hero's head make bold,
Illustrious mark! where pins are to be sold.

What's the bent brow, or neck in thought reclin'd?
The body's wisdom to conceal the mind.
A man of sense can artifice disdain,
As men of wealth may venture to go plain:
And be this truth eternal ne'er forgot,
Solemnity's a cover for a sot.
I find the fool, when I behold the screen;
For 'tis the wise man's interest to be seen.

Hence, —, that openness of heart,
And just disdain for that poor mimic Art;
Hence (manly praise!) that manner nobly free,
Which all admire, and I commend in thee.

With generous scorn how oft hast thou survey'd
Of court and town the noon-tide masquerade,
Where swarms of knaves the vizard quite disgrace,
And hide secure behind a naked face!

Where Nature's end of language is declin'd,
And men talk only to conceal the mind;
Where generous hearts the greatest hazard run,
And he who trusts a brother is undone.

These all their care expend on outward shew
For wealth, and fame; for fame alone, the beau.
Of late at White's was young Florello seen,
How blank his look! how discompos'd his mien!
So hard it proves in grief sincere to feign!
Sunk were his spirits; for his coat was plain.

Next day his breast regain'd its wonted peace,
His health was mended with a silver lace.
A curious artist, long inur'd to toils
Of gentler sort, with combs, and fragrant oils,
Whether by chance, or by some god inspir'd,
So touch'd his curls, his mighty soul was fir'd.
The well-swoln ties an equal homage claim,
And either shoulder has its share of fame:
His sumptuous watch-case, tho' conceal'd it lyes,
Like a good conscience, solid joy supplies.
He only thinks himself (so far from vain!)
St—pe in wit, in breeding D——l——ne.
Whene'er by seeming chance he throws his eye
On mirrors that reflect his Tyrian dye,
With how sublime a transport leaps his heart!
But fate ordains that dearest friends must part.
In active measures brought from France he wheels,
And triumphs conscious of his learned heels.

So have I seen, on some bright summer's day,
A calf of genius, debonnair and gay,
Dance on the bank, as if inspir'd by fame,
Fond of the pretty fellow in the stream.

Morose is sunk with shame, whene'er surpris'd
In linen clean, or peruke undisguis'd.
No sublunary chance his vestments fear,
Valu'd, like leopards, as their spots appear.

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A fam'd furtout he wears, which once was blue,
 And his foot swims in a capacious shoe.
 One day his wife (for who can wives reclaim !)
 Levell'd her barbarous needle at his fame :
 But open force was vain ; by night she went,
 And, while he slept, surpris'd the darling rent ;
 Where yawn'd the frieze is now become a doubt,
 " And glory at one entrance quite shut out *."

He scorns Florello, and Florello him ;
 This hates the filthy creature, that the prim :
 Thus in each other both these fools despise
 Their own dear selves, with undiscerning eyes.
 Their methods various, but alike their aim,
 The sloven, and the fopling are the same.

Ye Whigs and Tories ! thus it fares with you,
 When party-rage too warmly you pursue ;
 Then both club nonsense, and impetuous pride
 And folly joins whom sentiments divide.
 You vent your spleen, as monkeys, when they pass,
 Scratch at the mimic-monkey in the glass,
 While both are one : and henceforth be it known,
 Fools of both sides shall stand for fools alone.

" But who art thou ?" (methinks Florello cries)
 " Of all thy species art thou only wife ?"
 Since smallest things can give our sins a twitch,
 As crossing straws retard a passing witch,
 Florello, thou my monitor shalt be ;
 I'll conjure thus some profit out of thee.
 O Thou Myself ! abroad our counsels roam,
 And, like ill husbands, take no care at home :
 Thou too art wounded with the common dart,
 And Love of Fame lyes throbbing at thy heart ;
 And what wise means to gain it hast thou chose ?
 Know, fame and fortune both are made of prose.

* Milton.

Is thy ambition sweating for a rhyme,
 Thou unambitious fool, at this late time ?
 While I a moment name, a moment's past ;
 I'm nearer death in this verse than the last.
 What then is to be done ? Be wise with speed :
 A fool at forty is a fool indeed.

And what so foolish as the chace of Fame ?
 How vain the prize ! how impotent our aim !
 For what are men who grasp at praise sublime,
 But bubbles on the rapid stream of time,
 That rise, and fall, that swell, and are no more,
 Born, and forgot, ten thousand in an hour ?

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S A T I R E III.

To the Right Honourable

Mr DODDINGTON.

LONG, Doddington! in debt, I long have fought:
 To ease the burden of my grateful thought;
 And now a poet's gratitude you see,
 Grant him two favours, and he'll ask for three:
 For whose the present glory, or the gain?
 You give protection, I a worthless strain.
 You love, and feel the poet's sacred flame,
 And know the basis of a solid fame;
 Tho' prone to like, yet cautious to commend,
 You read with all the malice of a friend;
 Nor favour my attempts that way alone,
 But, more to raise my verse, conceal your own.
 An ill-tim'd modesty! Turn ages o'er,
 When wanted Britain bright examples more?
 Her learning, and her genius too decays,
 And dark and cold are her declining days.
 As if men now were of another cast,
 They meanly live on alms of ages past.
 Men still are men, and they who boldly dare,
 Shall triumph o'er the sons of cold despair;
 Or, if they fail, they justly still take place
 Of such who run in debt for their disgrace,
 Who borrow much, then fairly make it known,
 And damn it with improvements of their own.
 We bring some new materials, and what's old
 New-cast with care, and in no borrow'd mold;

Late times the verse may read, if these refuse,
And from four critics vindicate the muse.

"Your work is long," the critics cry. 'Tis true,
And lengthens still, to take in fools like you :
Shorten my labour, if its length you blame,
For, grow but wise, you rob me of my game ;
As hunted hags, who, while the dogs pursue,
Renounce their four legs, and start up on two.

Like the bold bird upon the banks of Nile,
That picks the teeth of the dire crocodile,
Will I enjoy (dread feast !) the critic's rage,
And with the fell destroyer feed my page.
For what ambitious fools are more to blame
Than those who thunder in the critic's name ?
Good authors damn'd, have their revenge in this,
To see that wretches gain the praise they miss.

Balbutius, muffled in his sable cloak,
Like an old druid from his hollow oak,
As ravens solemn, and as boading, cries,
Ten thousand worlds for the three unities !
Ye doctors sage, who thro' Parnassus teach,
Or quit the tub, or practise what you preach.

One judges, as the weather dictates ; right
The poem is at noon, and wrong at night :
Another judges by a surer gage,
An author's principles, or parentage ;
Since his great ancestors in Flanders sell,
The poem, doubtless, must be written well.
Another judges by the writer's look ;
Another judges, for he bought the book ;
Some judge, their knack of judging wrong to keep ;
Some judge, because it is too soon to sleep.

Thus all will judge, and with one single aim,
To gain themselves, not give the writer fame.
The very best ambitiously advise,
Half to serve you, and half to pass for wise.

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Critics on verse, as squibs on triumphs wait,
Proclaim the glory, and augment the state;
Hot, envious, noisy, proud, the scribbling fry
Burn, hiss, and bounce, waste paper, stink and die.
Rail on, my friends! what more my verse can crown
Than Compton's smile, and your obliging frown?

Not all on books their criticism waste;
The genius of a dish some justly taste,
And eat their way to fame; with anxious thought
The salmon is refus'd; the turbot bought.
Impatient Art rebukes the sun's delay,
And bids December yield the fruits of May;
Their various cages in one great point combine,
The business of their lives, that is—to dine.
Half of their precious day they give the feast,
And, to a kind digestion, spare the rest.
Apicius, here, the taster of the town,
Eeds twice a-week, to settle their renown.

These worthies of the palate guard with care
The sacred annals of their bills of fare;
In those choice books their panegyrics read,
And scorn the creatures that for hunger feed.
If man by feeding well commences great,
Much more the worm to whom that man is meat.

To glory some advance a lying claim,
Thieves of renown, and pilferers of fame;
Their front supplies what their ambition lacks,
They know a thousand lords, behind their backs.
Cottil is apt to wink upon a peer,
When turn'd away, with a familiar leer;
And H——y's eyes, unmercifully keen,
Have murder'd fops, by whom she ne'er was seen.
Niger adopts stray libels, wisely prone
To covet shame still greater than his own.
Bathyllus, in the winter of threescore,
Relies his innocence, and keeps a whore.

LOVE OF FAME. Sat. 11.

Absence of mind Brabantio turns to fame,
Learns to mistake, nor knows his brother's name;
Has words and thoughts in nice disorder set,
And takes a memorandum to forget.

Thus vain, nor knowing what adorns or blots,
Men forge the patents that create them sots.

As love of pleasure into pain betrays,
So most grow infamous thro' love of praise.
But whence for praise can such an ardour rise,
When those, who bring that incense, we despise?
For such the vanity of great and small,
Contempt goes round, and all men laugh at all.

Nor can even satire blame them, for 'tis true
They have most ample cause for what they do.
O fruitful Britain! doubtless thou wast meant
A nurse of fools to stock the continent.
Tho' Phœbus and the Nine for ever mow,
Rank folly underneath the scythe will grow.
The plenteous harvest calls me forward still,
Till I surpass in length my lawyer's bill,
A Welch descent which well-paid heralds damn,
Or, longer still, a Dutchman's epigram.

When cloy'd, in fury I throw down my pen,
In comes a coxcomb, and I write again.

See! Tityrus with merriment possesse,
Is burst with laughter, e'er he hears the jest;
What need he stay? for when the joke is o'er,
His teeth will be no whiter than before.
Is there of these, ye fair! so great a dearth,
That you need purchase monkeys for your mirth!

Some, vain of paintings, bid the world admire,
Of houses some, nay houses that they hire;
Some (perfect wisdom!) of a beauteous wife,
And boast, like cordeliers, a scourge for life.

Sometimes, thro' pride, the sexes change their air,
My lord has vapours, and my lady swears;

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Then, stranger still! on turning of the wind,
My lord wears breeches, and my lady's kind.

To shew the strength and infamy of pride,
By all 'tis follow'd, and by all deny'd.

What numbers are there, who at once pursue
Praise, and the glory to contempt it too?

Vincenna knows self-praise betrays to shame,
And therefore lays a stratagem for fame:

Makes his approach in modesty's disguise,
To win applause, and takes it by surprise.

"To err, says he, in small things is my fate."

You know your answer, "He's exact in great."

"My style (says he) is rude, and full of faults."

"But O, what sense! what energy of thoughts!"

"That he wants algebra he must confess."

"But not a soul to give our arms success."

"Ah, that's a hit indeed, (Vincenna cries);

"But who in heat of blood was ever wise?

"I own 'twas wrong, when thousands call'd me back,

"To make that hopeless, ill-advis'd attack:

"All say 'twas madness, nor dare I deny.

"Sure never fool deserv'd so well to die."

Could this deceive in others, to be free,

It ne'er, Vincenna, could deceive in thee,

Whose conduct is a comment to thy tongue,

So clear, the dullest cannot take thee wrong.

Thou on one sleeve wilt thy revenue wear,

And haunt the court without a prospect there.

Are these expedients for renown? Confess

Thy little self, that I may scorn thee less.

Be wise, Vincenna, and the court forsake;

Our fortunes there nor thou nor I shall make.

Ev'n men of merit, ere their point they gain,

In hardy service make a long campaign,

Most manfully besiege their patron's gate,

And oft repuls'd, as oft attack the great,

With painful art, and application warm,
 And take at last some little place by storm;
 Enough to keep two shoes on Sunday clean,
 And starve upon discreetly in Sheer-lane.
 Already this thy fortune can afford;
 Then starve without the favour of my Lord.
 'Tis true, great fortunes some great men confer;
 But often, ev'n in doing right, they err:
 From caprice, not from choice, their favours come;
 They give, but think it toil to know to whom:
 The man that's nearest, yawning they advance;
 'Tis inhumanity to bless by chance.
 If merit sues, and greatness is so loth
 To break its downy trance, I pity both.

I grant at court, Philander at his need,
 (Thanks to his lovely wife) finds friends indeed.
 Of every charm and virtue she's possess:
 Philander! thou art exquisitely blest,
 The public envy! Now then, 'tis allow'd,
 The man is found, who may be justly proud:
 But, see how sickly is ambition's taste!
 Ambition feeds on trash, and lothes a feast;
 For lo, Philander, of reproach afraid,
 In secret loves his wife, but keeps her maid.

Some nymphs sell reputation, others buy,
 And love a market where the rates run high.
 Italian music's sweet, because 'tis dear;
 Their vanity is tickled, not their ear.
 Their tastes would lessen, if the prices fell,
 And Shakespeare's wretched stuff do quite as well.
 Away the disenchanted fair would throng,
 And own that English is their mother-tongue.

To shew how much our northern tastes refine,
 Imported nymphs our peeresses out-shine;
 While tradesmen starve, these Philomels are gay:
 For generous lords had rather give, than pay.

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Behold the masquerade's fantastic scene!
The legislature join'd with Drury-lane!
When Britain calls, th' embroider'd patriots run,
And serve their country—if the dance is done.
"Are we not then allow'd to be polite!"

Yes, doubtless, but first set your notions right.
Worth of politeness is the needful ground;
Where that is wanting, this can ne'er be found.
Triflers not even in trifles can excel;
'Tis solid bodies only polish well.

Great, chosen prophet! for these latter days,
To turn a willing world from righteous ways,
Well, H—r, dost thou thy master serve;
Well has he seen his servant should not starve.
Thou to his name hast splendid temples rais'd,
In various forms of worship seen him prais'd;
Gaudy devotion, like a Roman, shown,
And sung sweet anthems in a tongue unknown.
Inferior off'rings to thy god of vice,
Are duly paid in fiddles, cards, and dice;
Thy sacrifice supreme, an hundred maids!
That solemn rite of midnight masquerades!
If maids the quite exhausted town denies,
An hundred head of cuckolds may suffice.
Thou smil'st, well-pleas'd with the converted land,
To see the fifty churches at a stand.

And that thy ministry may never fail,
But what thy hand has planted still prevail,
Of minor prophets a succession sure
The propagation of thy zeal secure.

See commons, peers, and ministers of state,
In solemn counsel met, and deep debate!
What godlike enterprise is taking birth?
What wonder opens on th' expecting earth?
'Tis done! with loud applause the council rings!
Fix'd is the fate of whores, and fiddle-strings!

74 LOVE OF FAME, Sat. II.

Tho' bold these truths, thou, Muse, with truths
like these

Wilt none offend whom 'tis a praise to please.
Let others flatter to be flatter'd; thou,
Like just tribunals, bend an awful brow.
How terrible it were to common sense,
To write a satire which gave none offence!
And, since from life I take the draughts you see,
If men dislike them do they censure me?
The fool and knave 'tis glorious to offend,
And godlike an attempt the world to mend;
The world, where lucky throws to blockheads fall,
Knives know the game, and honest men pay all.

How hard for real worth to gain its price!
A man shall make his fortune in a trice;
If blest with pliant, though but slender sense,
Feign'd modesty, and real impudence.
A supple knee, smooth tongue, an easy grace,
A curse within, a smile upon his face,
A beauteous sister, or convenient wife,
Are prizes in the lottery of life:
Genius and virtue they will soon defeat,
And lodge you in the bosom of the great.
To merit, is but to provide a pain,
From men's refusing what you ought to gain.

May, Dodington, this maxim fail in you,
Whom my presaging thoughts already view,
By Walpole's conduct fir'd and friendship grac'd,
Still higher in your prince's favour plac'd;
And lending, here, those awful councils aid,
Which you, abroad, with such success obey'd.
Bear this from one who holds your friendship dear;
What most we wish, with ease we fancy near.

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S A T I R E IV.

To the Right Honourable

Sir SPENCER COMPTON.

ROUND some fair tree th' ambitious woodbine
grows,

And breathes her sweets on the supporting boughs :
So sweet the verse, th' ambitious verse, should be,
(O! pardon mine) that hopes support from thee;
Thee, Compton, born o'er senates to preside,
Their dignity to raise, their councils guide ;
Deep to discern, and widely to survey,
And kingdoms' fates, without ambition, weigh ;
Of distant virtues nice extremes to blend,
'The crown's asserter, and the people's friend :
Nor dost thou scorn, amid sublimer views,
'To listen to the labours of the muse ;
Thy smiles protect her, while thy talents fire,
And 'tis but half thy glory to inspire.

Vex'd at a public fame so justly won,
The jealous Chremes is with spleen undone.
Chremes, for airy pensions of renown,
Devotes his service to the state and crown ;
All schemes he knows, and knowing, all improves ;
Tho' Britain's thankless, still this patriot loves :
But patriots differ ; some may shed their blood,
He drinks his coffee, for the public good ;
Consults the sacred steam, and there foresees
What storms or sun-shine providence decrees ;
Knows for each day the weather of our fate :
A Quid-nunc is an almanac of state.

VOL. I.

I

You smile, and think this statesman void of use.
 Why may not time his secret worth produce?
 Since apes can roast the choice Castanean nut,
 Since steeds of genius are expert at put,
 Since half the senate "Not content" can say,
 Geese nations save, and puppies plots betray.

What makes him model realms, and counsel kings?
 An incapacity for smaller things.

Poor Chremes can't conduct his own estate,
 And thence has undertaken Europe's fate.

Cehanno leaves the realm to Chremes' skill,
 And boldly claims a province higher still.
 To raise a name, th' ambitious boy has got
 At once a bible, and a shoulder-knot;
 Deep in the secret, he looks thro' the whole,
 And pities the dull rogue that saves his soul;
 To talk with reverence you must take good heed,
 Nor shock his tender reason with the creed.
 Howe'er, well-bred, in public he complies,
 Obliging friends alone with blasphemies.

Peerage is poison, good estates are bad
 For this disease; poor rogues run seldom mad.
 Have not attainders brought unhop'd relief,
 And falling stocks quite cur'd an unbelief?
 While the sun shines, Blount talks with wond'rous
 force;

But thunder mars small beer, and weak discourse.
 Such useful instruments the weather show,
 Just as their mercury is high or low.
 Health chiefly keeps an athiest in the dark;
 A fever argues better than a Clarke:
 Let but the logic in his pulse decay,
 The Grecian he'll renounce, and learn to pray;
 While C—— mourns with an unfeigned zeal,
 Th' apostate youth, who reason'd once so well.

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C——, who makes so merry with the creed,
He almost thinks he disbelieves indeed;
But only thinks so; to give both their due,
Satan and he believe, and tremble too.
Of some for glory such the boundless rage,
That they're the blackest scandal of their age.

Narcissus the Tartarian club disclaims,
Nay, a free-mason with some terror names,
Omits no duty, nor can Envy say
He miss'd these many years the church, or play;
He makes no noise in parliament, 'tis true;
But pays his debts, and visit, when 'tis due;
His character and gloves are ever clean,
And then he can out-bow the bowing dean;
A smile eternal on his lip he wears,
Which equally the wise and worthless shares.
In gay fatigues this most undaunted chief,
Patient of idleness beyond belief,
Most charitably lends the town his face,
For ornament, in ev'ry public place;
As sure as cards, he to th' assembly comes,
And is the furniture of drawing rooms.
When ombre calls, his hand and heart are free,
And, join'd to two, he fails not—to make three.
Narcissus is the glory of his race:

For who does nothing with a better grace!

To deck my list, by nature were design'd
Such shining expletives of human kind,
Who want, while thro' blank life they dream along,
Sense to be right, and passion to be wrong.

To counterpoise this hero of the mode,
Some for renown are singular and odd;
What other men dislike, is sure to please
Of all mankind these dear Antipodes;
Thro' pride, not malice, they run counter still,
And birth-days are their days of dressing ill.

Arb——t is a fool, and F—— a sage,
 S——ly will fright you, E—— engage :
 By nature streams run backward, flame descends,
 Stones mount, and S——x is the worst of friends.
 They take their rest by day, and wake by night,
 And blush if you surprise them in the right;
 If they by chance blurt out, ere well aware,
 A swan is white, or Q——y is fair.

Nothing exceeds in ridicule, no doubt,
 A fool in fashion, but a fool that's out ;
 His passion for absurdity's so strong,
 He cannot bear a rival in the wrong.
 Tho' wrong the mode, comply; more sense is shown
 In wearing others follies, than our own.
 If what is out of fashion most you prize,
 Methinks you should endeavour to be wise.
 But what in oddness can be more sublime
 Than S——, the foremost toymen of his time ?
 His nice ambition lyes in curious fancies,
 His daughter's portion a rich shell enhances,
 And Ashmole's baby house is, in his view,
 Britannia's golden mine, a rich Peru!
 How his eyes languish! how his thoughts adore
 That painted coat which Joseph never wore!
 He shews on holidays a sacred pin,
 That touch'd the ruff, that touch'd Queen Bess's chin.

" Since that great dearth our chronicles deplore,
 " Since the great plague that swept as many more,
 " Was ever year unblest as this ?" he'll cry,
 " It has not brought us one new butterfly ?"
 In times that suffer such learn'd men as these,
 Unhappy J——y! how came you to please ?

Not gandy butterflies are Lico's game ;
 But, in effect, his chace is much the same.
 Warm in pursuit, he levées all the great,
 Stanch to the foot of title and estate.



Where-e'er their lordships go, they never find,
Or Lico, or their shadows lag behind;
He sets them sure, where-e'er their lordships run,
Close at their elbows as a morning-dun;
As if their grandeur, by contagion, wrought,
And Fame was, like a fever, to be caught:
But after seven years dance from place to place,
The * Dane is more familiar with his Grace.

Who'd be a crutch to prop a rotten peer;
Or living pendant, dangling at his ear,
For ever whisp'ring secrets, which were blown
For months before, by trumpets, thro' the town?
Who'd be a glass, with flattering grimace,
Still to reflect the temper of his face;
Or happy pin to stick upon his sleeve,
When my Lord's gracious, and vouchsafes it leave;
Or cushion, when his heaviness shall please
To loll, or thump it, for his better ease;
Or a vile butt, for noon, or night bespoke,
When the Peer rashly swears he'll club his joke?
Who'd shake with laughter, tho' he could not find
His Lordship's jest; or, if his nose broke wind,
For blessings to the gods profoundly bow,
That can cry chimney-sweep, or drive a plough?
With terms like these how mean the tribe that close!
Scarce meaner they who terms like these impose.

But what's the tribe most likely to comply?
The men of ink, or ancient authors lie!
The writing tribe, who shameless auctions hold
Of praise, by inch of candle to be sold.
All men they flatter, but themselves the most,
With deathless fame, their everlasting boast:
For Fame no cully makes so much her jest,
As her old constant spark, the bard profess.

* A Danish dog of the Duke of Argyll.

"B—le shines in council, M——t in the fight,
 "P—l—m's magnificent; but J—— can write:
 "And what to my great soul like glory dear?"
 "Till some god whispers in his tingling ear,
 That Fame's unwholesome taken without meat,
 And life is best sustain'd by what is ate:
 Grown lean, and wise, he curses what he writ,
 And wishes all his wants were in his wit.

Ah! what avails it, when his dinner's lost,
 That his triumphant name adorns a post?
 Or that his shining page, (provoking fate!)
 Defends sirloins, which sons of Dulness eat?

What foe to verse without compassion hears?
 What cruel prosenap can refrain from tears?
 When the poor muse, for less than half a crown,
 A prostitute on every bulk in town,
 With other whores undone, tho' not in print,
 Clubs credit for Geneva in the mint?

Ye Bards! why will ye sing, tho' uninspir'd?
 Ye Bards! why will ye starve to be admir'd?
 Defunct by Phœbus' laws, beyond redress,
 Why will you spectres haunt the frightened press?
 Bad metre, that excrescence of the head,
 Like hair, will sprout, altho' the poet's dead.

All other trades demand, verse-makers beg:
 A dedication is a wooden leg;
 A barren labeo, the true mumper's fashion,
 Exposés borrow'd brats to move compassion.
 Tho' such myself, vile bards I discommend,
 Nay more, though gentle Damon is my friend:
 "Is't then a crime to write?"—If talents rare
 Proclaim the god, the crime is to forbear:
 For some, though few, there are, large-minded men,
 Who watch unseen the labours of the pen,
 Who know the muse's worth, and therefore court,
 Their deeds her theme, their bounty her support;

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Who serve, unask'd, the least pretence to wit;
My sole excuse, alas! for having writ.

A——ll true wit is studious to restore;
And D——t smiles, if Phœbus smil'd before;
P——ke in years the long-lov'd arts admires;
And Henrietta like a muse inspires.

But ah! not inspiration can obtain
That fame which poets languish for in vain.
How mad their aim! who thirst for glory, strive
To grasp what no man can possess alive.
Fame's a reversion, in which men take place
(O late reversion!) at their own decease.
This truth sagacious Lintot knows so well,
He starves his authors, that their works may sell.

That fame is wealth, fantastic poets cry;
That wealth is fame, another clan reply,
Who know no guilt, no scandal but in rags,
And swell in just proportion to their bags.
Nor only the low-born, deform'd, and old,
Think glory nothing but the beams of gold;
The first young lord which in the Mall you meet,
Shall match the veriest hunks in Lombard-street,
From rescu'd candle's-ends who rais'd a sum,
And starves to join a penny to a plumb.
A beardless miser! 'tis a guilt unknown
To former times, a scandal all our own.

Of ardent lovers, the true modern band
Will mortgage Celia to redeem their land.
For love, young, noble, rich Castalio dies;
Name but the fair, love swells into his eyes.
Divine Monimia, thy fond fears lay down;
No rival can prevail, but—half a crown.

He glories to late times to be convey'd;
Not for the poor he has reliev'd, but made.
Not such ambition his great fathers fir'd,
When Harry conquer'd, and half France expir'd.

He'd be a slave, a pimp, a dog for gain;
Nay, a dull sheriff, for his golden chain.

"Who'd be a slave?" the gallant colonel cries,
While love of glory sparkles from his eyes.
To deathless fame he loudly pleads his right;—
Just is his title,—for he will not fight.
All soldiers valour, all divines have grace;
As maids of honour beauty,—by their place.
But, when, indulging on the last campaign,
His lofty terms climb o'er the hills of slain,
He gives the ^{deeds} ~~foes~~ he slew, at each vain word,
A sweet revenge, and half absolves his sword.

Of boasting more than of a bomb afraid,
A soldier should be modest as a maid:
Fame is a bubble the reserv'd enjoy;
Who strive to grasp it, as they touch, destroy:
'Tis the world's debt to deeds of high degree;
But if you pay yourself, the world is free.

Were there ~~no~~ tongue to speak them but his own,
Augustus' deeds in arms had ne'er been known.
Augustus' deeds; if that ambiguous name
Confounds my reader, and misguides his aim,
Such is the prince's worth of whom I speak,
The Roman would not blush at the mistake.

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O fairest of creation ! last and best
 Of all God's works ! creature in whom excell'd
 Whatever can to sight, or thought, be form'd
 Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet !
 How art thou lost ! —

Mile.

NOR reigns ambition in bold man alone;
 Soft female hearts the rude invader own.
 But there, indeed, it deals in nicer things
 Than routing armies, and dethroning kings.
 Attend, and you discern it in the fair
 Conduct a finger, or reclaim a hair ;
 Or rowl the lucid orbit of an eye;
 Or in full joy elaborate a sigh.

The sex we honour, tho' their faults we blame;
 Nay, thank their faults for such a fruitful theme.
 A theme, fair ———, doubly kind to me,
 Since satirising those, is praising thee ;
 Who would'st not bear, too modestly refin'd,
 A panegyric of a grosser kind.

Britannia's daughters, much more fair than nice,
 Too fond of admiration, lose their price ;
 Worn in the public eye, give cheap delight
 To throngs, and tarnish to the sated sight.
 As unreserv'd, and beauteous as the sun,
 Thro' every sign of vanity they run ;
 Assemblies, parks, coarse feasts in city-halls,
 Lectures, and trials, plays, committees, balls,

Wells, bedlams, executions, Smithfield-scenes,
 And fortune-tellers' caves, and lions' dens,
 Taverns, exchanges, Bridewells, drawing-rooms,
 Instalments, pillories, coronations, tombs,
 Tumblers, and funerals, puppet-shows, reviews,
 Sales, races, rabbits, (and still stranger!) pews.

Clarinda's bosom burns, but burns for fame;
 And Love lyes vanquish'd in a nobler flame:
 Warm gleams of hope she, now, dispenses; then,
 Like April suns, dives into clouds again;
 With all her lustre, now, her lover warms;
 Then, out of ostentation, hides her charms.
 'Tis, next, her pleasure sweetly to complain,
 And to be taken with a sudden pain;
 Then she starts up, all ecstacy and bliss,
 And is, sweet soul! just as sincere in this.
 O how she rolls her charming eyes in spight!
 And looks delightfully with all her might!
 But, like our heroes, much more brave than wise,
 She conquers for the triumph, not the prize.

Zara resembles *Ætna* crown'd with snows;
 Without she freezes, and within she glows:
 Twice ere the sun descends, with zeal inspir'd,
 From the vain converse of the world retir'd,
 She reads the psalms and chapters for the day,
 In—*Cleopatra*, or the last new play.

Thus gloomy Zara, with a solemn grace,
 Deceives mankind, and hides behind her face.
 Nor far beneath her in renown is she,
 Who, thro' good-breeding, is ill company;
 Whose manners will not let her larum cease,
 Who thinks you are unhappy when at peace;
 To find you news, who racks her subtil head,
 And vows—That her great grand-father is dead.

A dearth of words a woman need not fear,
 But 'tis a task indeed to learn—to hear.

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In that the skill of conversation lyes;
That shows, or makes you both polite and wise.

Zantippe cries, "Let nymphs who nought can say,

"Be lost in silence, and resign the day:

"And let the guilty wife her guilt confess,

"By tame behaviour, and a soft address."

Thro' virtue, she refuses to comply

With all the dictates of humanity;

Thro' wisdom, she refuses to submit

To wisdom's rules, and raves to prove her wit:

Then, her unblemish'd honour to maintain,

Rejects her husband's kindness with disdain.

But if by chance an ill-adapted word

Drops from the lip of her unwary lord,

Her darling china in a whirlwind sent

Just intimates the lady's discontent.

Wine may indeed excite the meekest dame;

But keen Zantippe, scorning borrow'd flame,

Can vent her thunders, and her lightnings play,

O'er cooling gruel, and composing tea.

Nor rests by night, but more sincere than nice,

She shakes the curtains with her kind advice:

Doubly, like echo, sound is her delight,

And the last word is her eternal right.

Is't not enough plagues, wars, and famines rise

To lash our crimes, but must our wives be wise?

Famine, plague, war, and an unnumber'd throng

Of guilt-avenging ills, to man belong:

What black, what ceaseless cares besiege our state?

What strokes we feel from Fancy, and from Fate!

If Fate forbears us, Fancy strikes the blow;

We make misfortune, suicides in woe.

Superfluous aid! unnecessary skill!

Is nature backward to torment or kill!

How oft the noon, how oft the midnight bell,

(That iron tongue of death!) with solemn knell,

On Folly's errands as we vainly roam,
Knocks at our hearts, and finds our thoughts from
home!

Men drop so fast, ere life's mid stage we tread,
Few know so many friends alive, as dead.
Yet, as immortal, in our up-hill chace,
We press coy fortune with unslacken'd pace;
Our ardent labours for the toys we seek,
Join night to day, and Sunday to the week.
Our very joys are anxious, and expire
Between satiety and fierce desire.

Now what reward for all this grief and toil,
But one? a female friend's endearing smile;
A tender smile, our sorrow's only balm,
And, in life's tempest, the sad sailor's calm.

How have I seen a gentle nymph draw nigh,
Peace in her air, persuasion in her eye;
Victorious tenderness! it all o'ercame,
Husbands look'd mild, and savages grew tame.

The sylvan race our active nymphs pursue;
Man is not all the game they have in view:
In woods and fields their glory they complete;
There Master Betty leaps a five-barr'd gate;
While fair Miss Charles to toilets is confin'd,
Nor rashly tempts the barbarous sun and wind.
Some nymphs affect a more heroic breed,
And vault from hunters to the manag'd lion,
Command his prancings with a martial air,
And Robert has the forming of the fair.

More than one steed must Delia's empire feel,
Who sits triumphant o'er the flying wheel;
And as she guides it thro' th' admiring throng,
With what an air she smacks the filken thong!
Graceful as John, she moderates the reins,
And whistles sweet her diuretic strains.

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Scotswis-like, such charioteers as these
 May drive six harness'd monarchs if they please.
 They drive, row, run, with love of glory smit,
 Leap, swim, shoot flying, and pronounce on wit.

O'er the belle-lettre lovely Daphne reigns;
 Again the god Apollo wears her chains.
 With legs tofs'd high on her sophee she sits,
 Vouchsafing audience to contending wits:
 Of each performance she's the final test;
 One act read o'er, she prophecies the rest;
 And then pronouncing with decisive air,
 Fully convinces all the town—she's fair.
 Had lovely Daphne Hecate's face,
 How would her elegance of taste decrease!
 Some ladies' judgment in their features lyes,
 And all their genius sparkles from their eyes.
 But hold, she cries, Lampooner! have a care:
 Must I want common sense, because I'm fair?
 O no: see Stella! her eyes shine as bright,
 As if her tongue was never in the right;
 And yet what real learning, judgment, fire!
 She seems inspir'd, and can herself inspire:
 How then (if malice rul'd not all the fair)
 Could Daphne publish, and could she forbear?
 We grant that beauty is no bar to sense,
 Nor is't a sanction for impertinence.

Sempronia lik'd her man, and well she might;
 The youth in person and in parts was bright;
 Possess'd of ev'ry virtue, grace, and art,
 That claims just empire o'er the female heart.
 He met her passion, all her sighs return'd,
 And in full rage of youthful ardour burn'd.
 Large his possessions, and beyond her own;
 Their bliss the theme, and envy of the town.
 The day was fix'd, when with one acre more
 In stepp'd deform'd, debauch'd, diseas'd threescore.

The fatal sequel I thro' shame forbear :
 Of pride, and av'rice who can cure the fair ?
 Man's rich with little, were his judgment true ;
 Nature is frugal, and her wants are few ;
 Those few wants answer'd bring sincere delights,
 But fools create themselves new appetites.
 Fancy and pride seek things at vast expence,
 Which relish nor to reason, nor to sense.
 When surfeit or unthankfulness destroys,
 In Nature's narrow sphere, our solid joys,
 In Fancy's airy land of noise and show,
 Where nought but dreams, no real pleasures grow,
 Like cats in air-pumps, to subsist we strive
 On joys too thin to keep the soul alive.

Lemira's sick ; make haste, the Doctor call.
 He comes : but where's his patient ? at the ball.
 The Doctor stares ; her woman curt'lies low,
 And cries, " My Lady, Sir, is always so.
 " Diversions put her maladies to flight ;
 " True, she can't stand, but she can dance all night.
 " I've known my Lady (for she loves a tune)
 " For fevers take an opera in June :
 " And tho' perhaps you'll think the practice bold,
 " A midnight park is sov'reign for a cold :
 " With colics, breakfasts of green fruit agree ;
 " With indigestion, supper just at three."
 A strange alternative, replies Sir H—s,
 Must women have a doctor, or a dance ?
 Tho' sick to death, abroad they safely roam ;
 But droop and die, in perfect health, at home.
 For want—but not of health, are ladies ill,
 And tickets cure beyond the doctor's bill.
 Alas, my heart ! how languishingly fair
 Yon lady lolls ! with what a tender air !
 Pale as a young dramatic author, when
 O'er darling lines fell Cibber waves his pen.

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Is her lord angry, or has Veny "chid?
Dead is her father, or the mask forbid?
"Late sitting up has turn'd her roses white."
Why went she not to bed? "Because 'twas night."
Did she then dance, or play? "Not this, nor that,"
Well, night soon steals away in pleasing chat.
"No, all alone, her pray'rs she rather chose,
"Than be that wretch to sleep till morning rose."
Then Lady Cynthia, mistress of the shade,
Goes with the fashionable owls to bed.
This her pride covets, this her health denies;
Her soul is silly, but her body's wise.

Others with curious arts dim charms revive,
And triumph in the bloom of fifty-five.
You in the morning a fair nymph invite,
To keep her word a brown one comes at night;
Next day she shines in glossy black, and then
Revolves into her native red again.
Like a dove's neck, she shifts her transient charms,
And is her own dear rival in your arms.

But one admirer has the painted lass,
Nor finds that one, but in her looking-glass.
Yet Laura's beautiful to such excess,
That all her art scarce makes her please us less.
To deck the female cheek HE only knows,
Who paints less fair the lily and the rose.

How gay they smile! such blessings Nature pours,
O'er-stock'd mankind enjoy but half her stores:
In distant wilds, by human eyes unseen,
She rears her flow'rs, and spreads her velvet green.
Pure gurgling rills the lonely desert trace,
And waste their music on the savage race.
Is Nature then a niggard of her bliss?
Repine we guiltless in a world like this?

But our lewd tastes her lawful charms refuse,
 And painted arts deprav'd allurements chuse.
 Such Fulvia's passion for the town, fresh air
 (An odd effect!) gives vapours to the fair:
 Green fields, and shady groves, and chrystal springs,
 And larks, and nightingales, are odious things;
 But smoke, and dust, and noise, and crowds delight;
 And to be press'd to death transports her quite.
 Where silver riv'lets play thro' flow'ry meads,
 And woodbines give their sweets, and limes their
 shades,

Black kennels' absent odours she regrets,
 And stops her nose at beds of violets.

Is stormy life prefer'd to the serene?
 Or is the public to the private scene?
 Retir'd we tread a smooth and open way;
 Thro' briars and brambles in the world we stray,
 Stiff opposition, and perplex'd debate,
 And thorny care, and rank and stinging hate,
 Which choak our passage, our career controul,
 And wound the firmest temper of our soul.
 O sacred Solitude! divine retreat!
 Choice of the prudent! envy of the great!
 By thy pure stream, or in thy waving shade,
 We court fair Wisdom, that celestial maid:
 The genuine offspring of her lov'd embrace,
 (Strangers on earth!) are Innocence and Peace.
 There, from the ways of men laid safe ashore,
 We smile to hear the distant tempest roar;
 There, bless'd with wealth, with business unperplex'd,
 This life we relish, and ensure the next:
 There too the muses sport; these numbers free,
 Pierian Eastbury! I owe to thee.

There sport the muses; but not there alone;
 Their sacred force Amelia feels in town.

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Nought but a genius can a genius fit ;
 A wit herself, Amelia weds a wit.
 Both wits ! tho' miracles are said to cease,
 Three days, three wond'rous days ! they liv'd in
 peace ;

With the fourth sun a warm dispute arose,
 On d'Ursey's poesy, and Bunyan's prose.
 The learned war both wage with equal force,
 And the fifth morn concluded the divorce.

Phœbe, tho' she possesses nothing less,
 Is proud of being rich in happiness ;
 Laboriously pursues delusive toys,
 Content with pains, since they're reputed joys.
 With what well-acted transport will she say,
 " Well, sure, we were so happy yesterday !
 " And then that charming party for to-morrow !"
 Tho' well she knows 'twill languish into sorrow.
 But she dares never boast the present hour ;
 So gross that cheat, it is beyond her pow'r.
 For such is our weakness, or our curse,
 Or rather such our crime, which still is worse,
 The present moment like a wife we shun,
 And ne'er enjoy, because it is our own.
 Pleasures are few, and fewer we enjoy ;
 Pleasure, like quicksilver, is bright, and coy ;
 We strive to grasp it with our utmost skill,
 Still it eludes us, and it glitters still :
 If seiz'd at last, compute your mighty gains,
 What is it, but rank poison in your veins ?

As Flavia in her glass an angel spies,
 Pride whispers in her ear pernicious lies ;
 Tells her, while she surveys a face so fine,
 There's no satiety of charms divine :
 Hence, if her lover yawns, all chang'd appears
 Her temper, and she melts (sweet soul) in tears.

She, fond and young, last week her wish enjoy'd,
 In soft amusement all the night employ'd;
 The morning came, when Strephon waking found
 (Surprising sight!) his bride in sorrow drown'd.
 "What miracle, (says Strephon), makes thee weep?"
 "Ah barbarous man! she cries, how cou'd you—
 sleep?"

Men love a mistress, as they love a feast;
 How grateful one to touch, and one to taste!
 Yet sure there is a certain time of day,
 We with our mistress and our meat away:
 But soon the fated appetites return,
 Again our stomachs crave, our bosoms burn.
 Eternal love let man then never swear;
 Let women never triumph, nor despair;
 Nor praise, nor blame, too much, the warm, or chill;
 Hunger and love are foreign to the will.

There is indeed a passion more refin'd,
 For those few nymphs whose charms are of the mind.
 But not of that unfashionable set
 Is Phillis: Phillis and her Damon met.
 Eternal love exactly hits her taste;
 Phillis demands eternal love at least.
 Embracing Phillis with soft-smiling eyes,
 Eternal love I vow, the swain replies:
 But say, my all, my mistress, and my friend!
 What day next week th' eternity shall end?
 • Some nymphs prefer astronomy to love,
 Elope from mortal man, and range above.
 The fair philosopher to Rowley flies,
 Where in a box the whole creation lyes.
 She sees the planets in their turns advance;
 And scorns, Poitier, thy sublunary dance.
 Of Desaguliers she bespeaks fresh air,
 And Whiston has engagements with the fair.

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What vain experiments Sophronia tries!
 'Tis not in air-pumps the gay colonel dies.
 But tho' to-day this rage of science reigns,
 (O fickle sex!) soon end her learned pains.
 Lo! Pug from Jupiter her heart has got,
 Turns out the stars, and Newton is a sot.

To — turn: she never took the height
 Of Saturn, yet is ever in the right.
 She strikes each point with native force of mind,
 While puzzled learning blunders far behind.
 Graceful to fight, and elegant to thought,
 The great are vanquish'd, and the wise are taught.
 Her breeding finish'd, and her temper sweet;
 When serious, easy; and when gay, discreet;
 In glittering scenes, o'er her own heart severe;
 In crowds, collected; and in courts, sincere;
 Sincere, and warm, with zeal well understood,
 She takes a noble pride in doing good;
 Yet not superior to her sex's cares,
 The mode she fixes by the gown she wears;
 Of silks and china she's the last appeal;
 In these great points she leads the commonweal;
 And if disputes of empire rise between
 Mechlin the queen of lace, and Colberteen,
 'Tis doubt! 'tis darkness! till suspended fate
 Assumes her nod to close the grand debate.
 When such her mind, why will the fair express
 Their emulation only in their dress?

But oh! the nymph that mounts above the skies,
 And, gratis, clears religious mysteries!
 Resolv'd the church's welfare to ensure,
 And make her family a sinecure:
 The theme divine at cards she'll not forget,
 But takes in texts of scripture at picquet;
 In those licentious meetings acts the prude,
 And thanks her Maker that her cards are good.

What angels wou'd these be, who thus excel
In theologies, could they few as well!
Yet why shou'd not the fair her text pursue?
Can she more decently the doctor woo?
'Tis hard too, she who makes no use but chat
Of her religion, should be barr'd in that.

Isaac, a brother of the canting strain,
When he has knock'd at his own skull in vain,
To beauteous Marcia often will repair
With a dark text, to light it at the fair.
O how his pious soul exults, to find
Such love for holy men in woman-kind!
Charm'd with her learning, with what rapture he
Hangs on her bloom, like an industrious bee;
Hums round about her, and with all his pow'r
Extracts sweet wisdom from so fair a flow'r!

The young and gay declining, Appia flies
At nobler game, the mighty and the wise:
By nature more an eagle than a dove,
She impiously prefers the world to love.

Can wealth give happiness? look round and see
What gay distress! what splendid misery!
Whatever fortune lavishly can pour,
The mind annihilates, and calls for more.
Wealth is a cheat, believe not what it says,
Like any lord it promises—and pays.
How will the miser startle to be told
Of such a wonder, as insolvent gold?
What nature wants has an intrinsic weight;
All more, is but the fashion of the plate,
Which, for one moment, charms the sickle view,
It charms us now, anon we cast an'ew;
To some fresh birth of fancy more inclin'd:
Then wed not acres, but a noble mind.

Mistaken lovers, who make worth their care,
And think accomplishments will win the fair:

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The fair, 'tis true, by genius should be won,
As flow'rs unfold their beauties to the sun;
And yet in female scales a fop outweighs,
And wit must wear the willow, with the bays.
Nought shines so bright in vain Liberia's eye
As riot, impudence, and perfidy:
The youth of fire, that has drunk deep, and play'd,
And kill'd his man, and triumph'd o'er his maid;
For him, as yet unhang'd, she spreads her charms,
Snatches the dear destroyer to her arms;
And amply gives (tho' treated long amiss)
The man of merit his revenge in this.
If you resent, and wish a woman ill,
But turn her o'er one moment to her will.

The languid lady next appears in state,
Who was not born to carry her own weight;
She lolls, reels, staggers, till some foreign aid
To her own stature lifts the feeble maid.
Then, if ordain'd to so severe a doom,
She by just stages journeys round the room:
But knowing her own weakness, she despairs
To scale the Alps — that is, ascend the stairs.
My fan! let others say, who laugh at toil;
Fan! hood! glove! scarf! is her laconic stile.
And that is spoke with such a dying fall,
That Betty rather sees than hears the call:
The motion of her lips, and meaning eye
Piece out th' idea her faint words deny.
O listen with attention most profound!
Her voice is but the shadow of a sound:
And help! O help! her spirits are so dead,
One hand scarce lifts the other to her head.
If, there, a stubborn pin it triumphs o'er,
She pants! she sinks away! and is no more.
Let the robust, and the gigantic carve;
Life is not worth so much, she'd rather starve;

But chew she must herself, ah cruel fate!

That Rosalinda can't by proxy eat.

An antidote in female caprice lyes
(Kind heav'n!) against the poison of their eyes.

Thalestris triumphs in a manly mien,

Loud is her accent, and her phrase obscene.

In fair and open dealing where's the shame?

What nature dares to give, she dares to name.

This honest fellow is sincere and plain,

And justly gives the jealous husband pain.

(Vain is the task to petticoats assign'd,

If wanton language shews a naked mind.)

And now and then, to grace her eloquence,

An oath supplies the vacancies of sense

Hark! the shrill notes transpierce the yielding air,

And teach the neighb'ring echoes how to swear.

By Jove! is faint, and for the simple swain,

She on the Christian system is profane.

But tho' the volley rattles in your ear,

Believe her dress, she's not a grenadier.

If thunder's awful, how much more our dread,

When Jove deposes a lady in his stead!

A lady? pardon my mistaken pen,

A shameless woman is the worst of men.

Few to good breeding make a just pretence,

Good breeding is the blossom of good sense;

The last result of an accomplish'd mind,

With outward grace, the lady's virtue, join'd.

A violated decency now reigns,

And nymphs for failings take peculiar pains.

With Chinese painters modern toasts agree,

The point they aim at is decency:

They throw their persons with a hoydon-air

Across the room, and toss into the chair.

So far their commerce with mankind is gone,

They, for our manners, have exchange'd their own.

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The modest look, the castigated grace,
The gentle movement, and slow-measur'd pace,
For which her lovers dy'd, her parents pray'd,
Are indecorums with the modern maid.
Still forms are bad, but let not worse intrude,
Nor conquer art, and nature, to be rude.
Modern good breeding carry to its height,
And Lady D—— self will be polite.

Ye rising fair! ye bloom of Britain's isle!
When high-born Anna with a soften'd smile
Leads on your train, and sparkles at your head,
What seems most hard, is not to be well-bred.
Her bright example with success pursue,
And all, but adoration, is your due.

But adoration! give me something more,
Cries Lyce, on the borders of threescore.
Nought treads so silent as the foot of Time;
Hence we mistake our autumn for our prime.
'Tis greatly wise to know, before we're told,
The melancholy news, that we grow old.
Autumnal Lyce carries in her face
Memento mori to each public place.
O how your beating breast a mistress warms,
Who looks thro' spectacles to see your charms!
While rival undertakers hover round,
And with his spade the sexton marks the ground,
Intent not on her own, but others doom,
She plans new conquests, and defrauds the tomb.
In vain the cock has summon'd sprites away,
She walks at noon, and blasts the bloom of day;
Gay rainbow silks her mellow charms infold,
And nought of Lyce but herself is old.
Her grizzled locks assume a smirking grace,
And art has levell'd her deep-furrow'd face.
Her strange demand no mortal can approve,
We'll ask her blessing, but can't ask her love.

She grants indeed a lady may decline
(All ladies but herself) at ninety-nine.

O how unlike her was the sacred age
Of prudent Portia! Her grey hairs engage;
Whose thoughts are suited to her life's decline.
Virtue's the paint can make the wrinkles shine.
That, and that only can old age sustain;
Which yet all wish, nor know they wish for pain.
Not numerous are our joys, when life is new,
And yearly some are falling of the few;
But when we conquer life's meridian stage,
And downward tend into the vale of age,
They drop apace; by nature some decay,
And some the blasts of fortune sweep away;
Till naked quite of happiness, aloud
We call for death, and shelter in a shroud.

Where's Portia now?—But Portia left behind
Two lovely copies of her form and mind.
What heart untouch'd their early grief can view,
Like blushing rose-buds dipp'd in morning dew?
Who into shelter takes their tender bloom,
And forms their minds to fly from ills to come?
The mind when turn'd adrift, no rules to guide,
Drives at the mercy of the wind and tide;
Fancy and passion toss it to and fro;
A while torment, and then quite sink in woe.
Ye beauteous orphans! since in silent dust
Your best example lyes, my precepts trust.
Life swarms with ills, the boldest are afraid;
Where then is safety for a tender maid?
Unfit for conflict, round beset with woes,
And man, whom least she fears, her worst of foes!
When kind, most cruel; when oblig'd the most,
The least obliging; and by favours lost.
Cruel by nature, they for kindness hate,
And scorn you for those ills themselves create.

Sat. V.

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If on your fame our sex a blot has thrown,
 'Twill ever stick, thro' malice of your own.
 Most hard ! in pleasing your chief glory lyes ;
 And yet from pleasing your chief dangers rise.
 Then please the best ; and know, for men of sense,
 Your strongest charms are native innocence.
 Arts on the mind, like paint upon the face,
 Fright him, that's worth your love, from your embrace.

In simple manners all the secret lyes ;
 Be kind and virtuous, you'll be blest and wise.
 Vain shew and noise intoxicate the brain,
 Begin with giddiness, and end in pain.
 Affect not empty fame, and idle praise,
 Which all those wretches I describe, betrays.
 Your sex's glory 'tis to shine unknown ;
 Of all applause, be fondest of your own.
 Beware the fever of the mind ! that thirst
 With which the age is eminently curst.
 To drink of pleasure but inflames desire,
 And abstinence alone can quench the fire ;
 Take pain from life, and terror from the tomb,
 Give peace in hand, and promise bliss to come.

S A T I R E VI.

O N

W O M E N.

To the Right Honourable

The Lady ELISABETH GERMAIN.

*Interdum tamen et tollit comaedia vocem.**Hor.*

I SOUGHT a patroness, but sought in vain.
 Apollo whisper'd in my ear—" Germain."
 I know her not—" Your reason's somewhat odd;
 " Who knows his patron now?" reply'd the god.
 " Men write, to me, and to the world, unknown;
 " Then steal great names, to shield them from the
 town.

" Detected worth, like beauty disarray'd,
 " To covert flies, of praise itself afraid:
 " Should she refuse to patronize your lays,
 " In vengeance write a volume in her praise.
 " Nor think it hard so great a length to run;
 " When such the theme, 'twill easily be done."

Ye fair! to draw your excellence at length,
 Exceeds the narrow bounds of human strength:
 You, here, in miniature your pictures see;
 Nor hope from Zincks more justice, than from me.
 My portraits grace your mind, as his your side;
 His portraits will inflame, mine quench your pride:
 He's dear, you frugal; chuse my cheaper lay,
 And be your reformation all my pay.

Sat. VI.

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Lavinia is polite, but not profane;
 To church as constant as to Drury-lane.
 She decently, in form, pays Heav'n its due;
 And makes a civil visit to her pew.
 Her lifted fan, to give a solemn air,
 Conceals her face, which passes for a pray'r:
 Curt'sies to curt'sies, then, with grace succeed,
 Not one the fair omits, but at the creed.
 Or if she joins the service, 'tis to speak:
 Thro' dreadful silence the pent heart might break:
 Untaught to bear it, women talk away.
 To GOD himself, and fondly think they pray.
 But sweet their accent, and their air refin'd;
 For they're before their Maker,—and mankind:
 When ladies once are proud of praying well,
 Satan himself will toll the parish bell.

Acquainted with the world; and quite well-bred,
 Drusa receives her visitants in bed;
 But chaste as ice, this Vesta, to defy
 The very blackest tongue of calumny,
 When from the sheets her lovely form she lifts,
 She begs you just would turn you, while she shifts.

These charms are greatest which decline the sight,
 That makes the banquet poignant and polite.
 There is no woman, where there's no reserve;
 And 'tis on plenty your poor lovers starve.

But with the modern fair, meridian merit
 Is a fierce thing, they call a nymph of spirit.
 Mark well the rollings of her flaming eye,
 And tread on tiptoe, if you dare draw nigh.
 "Or if you take a lion by the beard *,"
 "Or dare defy the fell Hyrcanian pard,
 "Or arm'd rhinoceros, or rough Russian bear,"
 First make your will, and then converse with her.

* Shakespeare.

This lady glories in profuse expence,
 And thinks distraction is magnificence.
 To beggar her gallant is some delight,
 To be more fatal still, is exquisite.
 Had ever nymph such reason to be glad?
 In duel fell two lovers, one run mad.
 Her foes their honest execrations pour;
 Her lovers only should detest her more.

Flavia is constant to her old gallant,
 And generously supports him in his want;
 But marriage is a fetter, is a snare,
 A hell, no lady so polite can bear.
 She's faithful, she's observant, and with pains
 Her angel-brood of bastards she maintains:
 Nor least advantage has the fair to plead,
 But that of guilt, above the marriage-bed.

Amasia hates a prude, and scorns restraint;
 Whate'er she is, she'll not appear a saint:
 Her soul superior flies formality;
 So gay her air, her conduct is so free,
 Some might suspect the nymph not over-good—
 Nor wou'd they be mistaken, if they shou'd.
 Unmarry'd Abra puts on formal airs;
 Her cushion's thread-bare with her constant pray'r.
 Her only grief is, that she cannot be
 At once engag'd in pray'r and charity.
 And this, to do her justice, must be said,
 Who wou'd not think that Abra was a maid!

Some ladies are too beauteous to be wed,
 For where's the men that's worthy of their bed?
 If no disease reduce her pride before,
 Lavinia will be ravish'd at threescore.
 Then she submits to venture in the dark;
 And nothing now is wanting—but her spark.

Lucia thinks happiness consists in state;
 She weds an idiot; but she eats in plate.

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The goods of fortune which her soul possess,
Are but the ground of unmade happiness,
The rude material : wisdom add to this,
Wisdom, the sole artificer of bliss.

She from herself, if so compell'd by need,
Of thin content can draw the subtle thread ;
But (no detraction to her sacred skill)
If she can work in gold, 'tis better still.

If Tullia had been bless'd with half her sense,
None cou'd too much admire her excellence :
But since she can make error shine so bright,
She thinks it vulgar to defend the right.
With understanding she is quite o'er-run ;
And by too great accomplishments undone :
With skill she vibrates her eternal tongue,
For ever most divinely in the wrong.

Naked in nothing should a woman be,
But veil her very wit with modesty :
Let man discover, let not her display,
But yield her charms of mind with sweet delay.

For pleasure form'd, perversely some believe,
To make themselves important, men must grieve.
Lesbia the fair, to fire her jealous lord,
Pretends the sop she laughs at is ador'd.
In vain she's proud of secret innocence ;
The fact she feigns were scarce a worse offence.

Mira, endow'd with ev'ry charm to bless,
Has no design but on her husband's peace :
He lov'd her much, and greatly was he mov'd
At small inquietudes in her he lov'd.

"How charming this!"—The pleasure lasted long ;
Now every day the fits come thick and strong :
At last he found the charmer only feign'd,
And was diverted, when he should be pain'd.
What greater vengeance have the gods in store ?
How tedious life, now she can plague no more ?

She tries a thousand arts, but none succeed :
 She's forc'd a fever to procure indeed.
 Thus strictly prov'd this virtuous, loving wife,
 Her husband's pain was dearer than her life.

Anxious Melania rises to my view,
 Who never thinks her lover pays his due :
 Visit, present, treat, flatter and adore ;
 Her majesty, to-morrow, calls for more.
 His wounded ears complaints eternal fill,
 As un-oil'd hinges querulously shrill :
 " You went last night with Celia to the ball."
 You prove it false. " Not go? that's worst of all."
 Nothing can please her, nothing not inflame ;
 And arrant contradictions are the same.
 Her lover must be sad, to please her spleen ;
 His mirth is an inexpiable sin :
 For of all rivals that can pain her breast,
 There's one that wounds far deeper than the rest ;
 To wreck her quiet, the most dreadful self
 Is, if her lover dares enjoy himself.

And this, because she's exquisitely fair.
 Should I dispute her beauty, how she'd stare !
 How would Melania be surpris'd to hear
 She's quite deform'd ! and yet the case is clear.

What's female beauty, but an air divine,
 Thro' which the mind's all-gentle graces shine ?
 They, like the sun, irradiate all between ;
 The body charms, because the soul is seen.
 Hence, men are often captives of a face,
 They know not why, of no peculiar grace :
 Some forms, tho' bright, no mortal man can bear :
 Some, none resist, tho' not exceeding fair.

Aspasia's highly born, and nicely bred,
 Of taste refin'd, in life and manners read ;
 Yet reaps no fruit from her superior sense,
 But to be teaz'd by her own excellence.

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"Folks are so awkward! things so unpolite!"
 She's elegantly pain'd from morn till night.
 Her delicacy's shock'd where-e'er she goes;
 Each creature's imperfections are her woes.
 Heav'n by its favours has the fair distressed,
 And pour'd such blessings—that she can't be blest.

Ah, why so vain, tho' blooming in thy spring,
 Thou shining, frail, ador'd and wretched thing?
 Old age will come, disease may come before,
 Fifteen is full as mortal as threescore.

Thy fortune and thy charms may soon decay:
 But grant these fugitives prolong their stay,
 Their basis totters, their foundation shakes;
 Life, that supports them, in a moment breaks;
 Then wrought into the soul let virtues shine,
 The ground eternal, as the work divine.

Julia's a manager, she's born for rule,
 And knows her wiser husband is a fool;
 Assemblies holds, and spins the subtle thread
 That guides the lover to his fair-one's bed;
 For difficult amours can smoothe the way,
 And tender letters dictate or convey.
 But if depriv'd of such important cares,
 Her wisdom condescends to less affairs,
 For her own breakfast she'll project a scheme,
 Nor take her tea without a stratagem;
 Presides o'er trifles with a serious face,
 Important by the virtue of grimace.

Ladies supreme among amusements reign,
 By nature born to soothe, and entertain;
 Their prudence in a share of folly lyes;
 Why will they be so weak, as to be wise?

Syrenna is for ever in extremes,
 And with a vengeance she commends, or blames.
 Conscious of her discernment, which is good,
 She strains too much to make it understood.

Her judgment just, her sentence is too strong;
Because she's right, she's ever in the wrong.

Brunetta's wife in actions great and rare;
But scorns on trifles to bestow her care.
Thus ev'ry hour Brunetta is to blame,
Because th' occasion is beneath her aim.
Think nought a trifle, tho' it small appear;
Small sands the mountain, moments make the year,
And trifles life. Your cares to trifles give,
Or you may die, before you truly live.

Go breakfast with Alicia, there you'll see
Simplex munditiis to the last degree.

Unlac'd her stays, her night-gown is unty'd,
And what she has of head-dress is aside.

She drawls her words, and waddles in her pace;

Unwash'd her hands, and much besnuff'd her face.

A nail uncut, and head uncomb'd she loves;

And would draw on jack-boots as soon as gloves.

Gloves by Queen Bess's maidens might be mis'd,

Her blessed eyes ne'er saw a female fist.

Lovers, beware! to wound how can she fail

With scarlet finger, and long jetty nail?

For H——y the first wit she cannot be,

Nor, cruel R——d, the first toast for thee:

Since full each other station of renown,

Who would not be the greatest trapes in town?

Women were made to give our eyes delight;

A female sloven is an odious sight.

Fair Isabella is so fond of fame,

That her dear Self is her eternal theme;

'Thro' hopes of contradiction oft she'll say,

"Methinks I look so wretchedly to-day!"

When most the world applauds you, most beware;

'Tis often less a blessing than a snare.

Distrust mankind; with your own heart confer;

And dread even there to find a flatterer.

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The breath of others raises our renown ;
Our own as surely blows the pageant down ;
Take up no more than you by worth can claim,
Lest soon you prove a bankrupt in your fame.

But own I must, in this perverted age,
Who most deserve, can't always most engage.
So far is worth from making glory sure,
It often hinders what it should procure.
Whom praise we most ? the virtuous, brave, and wise ?
No ; wretches, whom in secret we despise.
And who so blind, as not to see the cause ?
No rival's rais'd by such discreet applause ;
And yet, of credit it lays in a store,
By which our spleen may wound true worth the more.

Ladies there are who think one crime is all ;
Can women, then, no way but backward fall ?
So sweet is that one crime they don't pursue,
To pay its loss they think all others few.
Who hold that crime so dear, must never claim
Of injur'd modesty the sacred name.

But Clio thus : " What, railing without end ?
" Mean task ! how much more generous to com-
mend !"

Yes, to commend as you are wont to do,
My kind instructor, and example too.

" Daphnis, (says Clio), has a charming eye :

" What pity 'tis her shoulder is awry !

" Aspasia's shape indeed—but then her air——

" The man has parts who finds destruction there.

" Almeria's wit has something that's divine ;

" And wit's enough—how few in all things shine ?

" Selina serves her friends, relieves the poor——

" Who was it said Selina's near threescore ?

" At Lucia's match I from my soul rejoice,

" The world congratulates so wise a choice ;

" His Lordship's rent-roll is exceeding great——

" But mortgages will sap the best estate.

" In Sherley's form might cherubims appear,

" But then—she has a freckle on her ear."

Without a But, Hortensia she commends,

The first of women, and the best of friends ;

Owens her in person, wit, fame, virtue bright :

But how comes this to pass ?—she dy'd last night.

Thus nymphs commend, who yet at satire rail :

Indeed that's needless, if such praise prevail ;

And whence such praise ? our virulence is thrown

On others' fame, thro' fondness for our own.

Of rank and riches proud, Cleora frowns ;

For are not coronets akin to crowns ?

Her greedy eye, and her sublime address

The height of avarice and pride confess.

You seek perfections worthy of her rank ;

Go, seek for her perfections at the bank.

By wealth unquench'd, by reason uncontroul'd,

For ever burns her sacred thirst of gold :

As fond of fivepence as the veriest cit,

And quite as much detested as a wit.

Can gold calm passion, or make reason shine ?

Can we dig peace or wisdom from the mine ?

Wisdom to gold prefer ; for 'tis much less

To make our fortune than our happiness.

That happiness which great ones often see,

With rage and wonder, in a low degree,

Themselves unblest'd : the poor are only poor ;

But what are they who droop amid their store ?

Nothing is meaner than a wretch of state,

The happy only are the truly great.

Peasants enjoy like appetites with kings,

And those best satisfied with cheapest things.

Could both our Indies buy but one new sense,

Our envy wou'd be due to large expence.

Place not, those pomps which to the great belong,
 Are but poor arts to mark them from the throng.
 See how they beg an alms of flattery!
 They languish! oh support them with a lie!
 A decent competence we fully taste;
 It strikes our sense, and gives a constant feast:
 More, we perceive by dint of thought alone;
 The rich must labour to possess their own,
 To feel their great abundance, and request
 Their humble friends to help them to be bless'd;
 To see their treasures, hear their glory told,
 And aid the wretched impotence of gold.

But some, great souls! and touch'd with warmth
 divine,

Give gold a price, and teach its beams to shine.
 All hoarded treasures they repute a load,
 Nor think their wealth their own, till well bestow'd.
 Grand reservoirs of public happiness,
 Thro' secret streams diffusively they bless;
 And while their bounties glide conceal'd to view,
 Relieve our wants, and spare our blushes too.
 But satire is my task, and these destroy
 Her gloomy province, and malignant joy.
 Help me, ye misers! help me to complain,
 And blast our common enemy G——n:
 But our invectives must despair success;
 For next to praise, she values nothing less.

What picture's yonder loosen'd from its frame?
 Or is't Asturia, that affected dame?
 The brightest forms, through affectation, fade
 To strange new things, which Nature never made.
 Frown not, ye fair! so much your sex we prize,
 We hate those arts that take you from our eyes:
 In Albucinda's native grace is seen
 What you who labour at perfection mean.

Short is the rule, and to be learnt with ease,
 Retain your gentle Selves, and you must please.
 Here might I sing of Memmia's mincing mien,
 And all the movements of the soft machine:
 How two red lips affected zephyrs blow,
 To cool the bohea, and inflame the beau:
 While one white finger and a thumb conspire
 To lift the cup, and make the world admire.

Tea! how I tremble at thy fatal stream!
 As Lethe dreadful to the love of fame.
 What devastations on thy banks are seen!
 What shades of mighty names which once have been!
 An hecatomb of characters supplies
 Thy painted altar's daily sacrifice.
 H—, P—, B—, aspers'd by thee, decay,
 As grains of finest sugars melt away,
 And recommend thee more to mortal taste:
 Scandal's the sweetner of a female feast.

But this inhuman triumph shall decline,
 And thy revolting Naiads call for wine;
 Spirits no longer shall serve under thee;
 But reign in thy own cup, exploded Tea!
 Citronia's nose declares thy ruin nigh;
 And who dare give Citronia's nose the lie *?

The ladies long at men of drink exclaim'd,
 And what impair'd both health and virtue, blam'd;
 At length, to rescue man, the generous lass
 Stole from her comfort the pernicious glass:
 As glorious as the British queen renown'd,
 Who suck'd the poison from her husband's wound.

Nor to the glass alone are nymphs inclin'd,
 But every bolder vice of bold mankind.

© Juvenal! for thy severer rage!
 To lash the ranker follies of our age.

* —Solem quis dicere falsum
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Are there among the females of our isle
Such faults, at which it is a fault to smile?
There are. Vice, once by modest Nature chain'd,
And legal ties, expatiates unrestrain'd,
Without this Decency held up to view,
Naked she stalks o'er law and gospel too.
Our matrons lead such exemplary lives,
Men sigh in vain for none but for their wives;
Who marry to be free, to range the more,
And wed one man, to wanton with a store:
Abroad too kind, at home 'tis steadfast hate,
And one eternal tempest of debate.
What foul eruptions from a look most meek!
What thunders bursting from a dimpled cheek!
Their passions bear it with a lofty hand;
But then their reason is at due command.
Is there whom you detest, and seek his life?
Trust no soul with the secret—but his wife.
Wives wonder that their conduct I condemn,
And ask what kindred is a spouse to them?

What charms of am'rous grandmothers I see!
And misses, ancient in iniquity!
What blasting whispers, and what loud declaiming!
What lying, drinking, bawding, swearing, gaming!
Friendship so cold, such warm incontinence,
Such griping av'rice, such profuse expence,
Such dead devotion, such a zeal for crimes,
Such licens'd ill, such masquerading times,
Such venal faith, such misapply'd applause,
Such flatter'd guilt, and such inverted laws;
Such dissolution through the whole I find,
'Tis not a world, but chaos of mankind.

Since Sundays have no balls, the well-dress'd belle
Shines in the pew, but smiles to hear of hell;
And casts an eye of sweet disdain on all,
Who listen less to C——ns, than St Paul.

Atheists have been but rare, since Nature's birth;
 'Till now, she atheists ne'er appear'd on earth.
 Ye men of deep researches, say, whence springs
 This daring character in tim'rous things?
 Who start at feathers, from an insect fly,
 A match for nothing—but the Deity.

But, not to wrong the fair, the muse must own,
 In this pursuit they court not fame alone;
 But join to that a more substantial view,
 From thinking free, to be free agents too.

They strive with their own hearts, and keep then
 In complaisance to all the fools in town. [down,
 O how they tremble at the name of prude!
 And die with shame at thought of being good!
 For what will Artemis, the rich and gay,
 What will the wits, that is, the coxcombs say?
 They Heav'n defy, to earth's vile dregs a slave,
 'Through cowardice most execrably brave.
 With our own judgments durst we to comply,
 In virtue should we live, in glory die.
 Rise then, my Muse, in honest fury, rise;
 They dread a satire who defy the skies.

Atheists are few; most nymphs a godhead own,
 And nothing but his attributes dethrone.
 From atheists far, they stedfastly believe
 God is, and is almighty—to forgive.
 His other excellence they'll not dispute;
 But mercy, sure, is his chief attribute.
 Shall pleasures of a short duration chain
 A lady's soul in everlasting pain?
 Will the great Author us poor worms destroy,
 For now and then a sip of transient joy?
 No, he's for ever in a smiling mood;
 He's like themselves; or how could he be good?
 And they blaspheme who blacker schemes suppose
 Devoutly, thus, JEHOVAH they depose,

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The pure! the just! and set up in his stead
A deity that's perfectly well-bred.

"Dear T—I—n! be sure the best of men;
"Nor thought he more than thought great Origen.
"Tho' once upon a time he misbehav'd,
"Poor Satan! doubtless he'll at length be fav'd.
"Let priests do something for their one in ten;
"It is their trade; so far they're honest men:
"Let them cant on, since they have got the knack,
"And dress their notions, like themselves, in black:
"Fright us with terrors of a world unknown,
"From joys of this, to keep them all their own.
"Of earth's fair fruits, indeed, they claim a see;
"But then they leave our untith'd virtue free.
"Virtue's a pretty thing to make a show:
"Did ever mortal write like Rochefaucault?"
Thus pleads the devil's fair apologist;
And pleading, safely enters on his list.

Let angel-forms angelic truths maintain;
Nature disjoins the beauteous and profane.
For what's true beauty, but fair virtue's face?
Virtue made visible in outward grace?
She, then, that's haunted with an impious mind,
The more she charms, the more she shocks mankind.

But charms decline; the fair long vigils keep:
They sleep no more! * Quadrille has murder'd sleep.
"Poor K—p! (cries Livia); I have not been there
"These two nights; the poor creature will despair.
"I hate a croud—but to do good, you know—
"And people of condition should bestow."
Convinc'd, o'ercome, to K—p's grave matrons run,
Now set a daughter, and now stake a son;
Let health, fame, temper, beauty, fortune fly,
And beggar half their race—thro' charity.

* Shakespeare.

Immortal were we, or else mortal quite,
 I less should blame this criminal delight:
 But since the gay assembly's gayest room
 Is but an upper story to some tomb,
 Methinks we need not our short beings shun,
 And, thought to fly, contend to be undone.
 We need not buy our ruin with our crime,
 And give Eternity to murder Time.

The love of gaming is the worst of ills;
 With ceaseless storms the blacken'd soul it fills;
 Inveighs at Heav'n, neglects the ties of blood,
 Destroys the pow'r and will of doing good;
 Kills health, pawns honour, plunges in disgrace;
 And, what is still more dreadful—spoils your face.

See yonder set of thieves that live on spoil,
 'The scandal, and the ruin of our isle!
 And see, (strange sight!) amid that ruffian band,
 A form divine—high wave her snowy hand;
 That rattles loud a small enchanted box,
 Which loud as thunder on the board she knocks.
 And as fierce storms, which earth's foundation shook,
 From Æolus's cave impetuous broke;
 From this small cavern a mix'd tempest flies,
 Fear, rage, convulsion, tears, oaths, blasphemies;
 For men, I mean,—the fair discharges none;
 She (guiltless creature!) swears to Heav'n alone.

See her eyes start! cheeks glow! and muscles swell!
 Like the mad maid in the Cumean cell.
 Thus that divine one her soft nights employs!
 Thus tunes her soul to tender nuptial joys!
 And when the cruel morning calls to bed,
 And on her pillow lays her aking head,
 With the dear images her dreams are crown'd,
 The die spins lovely, or the cards go round;
 Imaginary ruin charms her still,
 Her happy lord is cuckold'd by Spadil:

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And if she's brought to bed, 'tis ten to one,
He marks the forehead of her darling son.

O scene of horror, and of wild despair!
Why is the rich Attrides' splendid heir
Constrain'd to quit his ancient lordly seat,
And hide his glories in a mean retreat?
Why that drawn sword? and whence that dismal cry?
Why pale distraction through the family?
See my Lord threaten, and my Lady weep,
And trembling servants from the tempest creep.
Why that gay son to distant regions sent?
What fiends that daughter's destin'd match prevent?
Why the whole house in sudden ruin laid?
O nothing, but last night—my Lady play'd.

But wanders not my satire from her theme?
Is this too owing to the love of fame?
Though, now, your hearts on lucre are bestow'd,
'Twas, first, a vain devotion to the mode.
Nor cease we here, since 'tis a vice so strong;
The torrent sweeps all womankind along.
This may be said in honour of our times,
That none now stand distinguish'd by their crimes.

If sin you must, take Nature for your guide;
Love has some soft excuse to soothe your pride:
Ye fair apostates from Love's ancient pow'r!
Can nothing ravish but a golden show'r?
Can cards alone your glowing fancy seize?
Must Cupid learn to punt, ere he can please?
When you're enamour'd of a list or cast,
What can the preacher more to make us chaste?
Why must strong youths unmarried pine away?
They find no woman disengag'd—from play.
Why pine the marry'd?—O severer fate!
They find from play no disengag'd—estate.
Flavia, at lovers false untouch'd and hard,
Turns pale, and trembles at a cruel card.

Nor Arria's Bible can secure her age;
 Her three-score years are shuffling with her page;
 While Death stands by, but till the game is done,
 To sweep that stake, in justice, long his own;
 Like old cards ting'd with sulphur, she takes fire;
 Or, like snuff's sunk in sockets, blazes higher.
 Ye gods! with new delights inspire the fair;
 Or give us sons, and save us from despair.

Sons, brothers, fathers, husbands, tradesmen close
 In my complaint, and brand your sins in prose:
 Yet I believe, as firmly as my creed,
 In spite of all our wisdom, you'll proceed.
 Our pride so great, our passion is so strong,
 Advice to right confirms us in the wrong.
 I hear you cry, "This fellow's very odd."
 When you chastise, who would not kiss the rod?
 But I've a charm your anger shall controul,
 And turn your eyes with coldness on the vole.

The charm begins! to yonder flood of light
 That bursts o'er gloomy Britain turn your sight:
 What guardian pow'r o'erwhelms your souls with awe!
 Her deeds are precepts, her example law.
 'Midst empire's charms, how Carolina's heart
 Glows with the love of virtue, and of art!
 Her favour is diffus'd to that degree,
 Excess of goodness! it has dawn'd on me:
 When in my page, to balance numerous faults,
 Or godlike deeds were shown, or generous thoughts,
 She smil'd, industrious to be pleas'd, nor knew
 From whom my pen the borrow'd lustre drew.

'Thus the majestic mother of mankind*,
 To her own charms most amiably blind,
 On the green margin innocently stood,
 And gaz'd indulgent on the crystal flood;
 Survey'd the stranger in the painted wave,
 And smiling, prais'd the beauties which she gave.

* Milton.

S A T I R E VII.

To the Right Honourable

Sir ROBERT WALPOLE.

Carmina tum melius, cum venerit ipse canemus. Virg.

ON this last labour, this my closing strain,
 Smile, Walpole, or the Nine inspire in vain.
 To thee 'tis due; that verse how justly thine,
 Where Brunswic's glory crowns the whole design?
 That glory, which thy counsels make so bright;
 That glory, which on thee reflects a light.
 Illustrious commerce, and but rarely known!
 To give, and take a lustre from the throne.

Nor think that thou art foreign to my theme;
 The fountain is not foreign to the stream.
 How all mankind will be surpris'd, to see
 This flood of British folly charg'd on thee!
 Say, Britain, whence this caprice of thy sons,
 Which thro' their various ranks with fury runs?
 The cause is plain, a cause which we must bless?
 For Caprice is the daughter of Success,
 (A bad effect, but from a pleasant cause!)
 And gives our rulers undesign'd applause;
 Tells how their conduct bids our wealth increase,
 And lulls us in the downy lap of peace.

While I survey the blessings of our isle;
 Her arts triumphant in the royal smile,
 Her public wounds bound up, her credit high,
 Her commerce spreading sails in every sky,
 The pleasing scene recalls my theme again,
 And shews the madness of ambitious men,

Who, fond of bloodshed, draw the murd'ring sword,
And burn to give mankind a single lord.

The follies past are of a private kind,
Their sphere is small, their mischief is confin'd;
But daring men there are (awake, my muse,
And raise thy verse!) who bolder frenzy chuse;
Who, stung by glory, rave, and bound away;
The world their field, and humankind their prey.

The Grecian chief, th' enthusiast of his pride,
With rage and terror stalking by his side,
Raves round the globe; he soars into a god!
Stand fast, Olympus! and sustain his nod.
The pest divine in horrid grandeur reigns,
And thrives on mankind's miseries and pains.
What slaughter'd hosts! what cities in a blaze!
What wasted countries! and what crimson seas!
With orphan's tears his impious bowl o'erflows,
And cries of kingdoms lull him to repose!

And cannot thrice ten hundred years unpraise
The boist'rous boy, and blast his guilty bays?
Why want we then encomiums on the storm,
Or famine, or volcano? they perform
Their mighty deeds; they hero-like can slay,
And spread their ample desarts in a day.
O great alliance! O divine renown!

With dearth and pestilence to share the crown.
When men extol a wild destroyer's name,
Earth's Builder and Preserver they blaspheme.

One to destroy is murder by the law,
And gibbets keep the lifted hand in awe;
To murder thousands takes a specious name,
War's glorious art, and gives immortal fame.

When after battle I the field have seen
Spread o'er with ghastly shapes, which once were men;
A nation crush'd! a nation of the brave!
A realm of death! and on this side the grave!

At there, said I, who from this sad survey,
 This human chaos, carry smiles away!
 How did my heart with indignation rise!
 How honest nature swell'd into my eyes!
 How was I shock'd to think the hero's trade
 Of such materials, fame and triumph, made!
 How guilty these? yet not less guilty they,
 Who reach false glory by a smoother way;
 Who wrap destruction up in gentle words,
 And bows and smiles more fatal than their swords;
 Who stifle nature, and subsist on art;
 Who coin the face, and petrify the heart;
 All real kindness for the shew discard,
 As marble polish'd, and as marble hard:
 Who do for gold what Christians do thro' grace,
 "With open arms their enemies embrace:"
 Who give a nod when broken hearts repine;
 The thinnest food on which a wretch can dine:
 Or, if they serve you, serve you disinclin'd,
 And, in their height of kindness, are unkind.
 Such courtiers were, and such again may be,
 Walpole, when men forget to copy thee.

Here cease, my muse! the catalogue is writ,
 Nor one more candidate for fame admit,
 Tho' disappointed thousands justly blame
 Thy partial pen, and boast an equal claim.
 Be this their comfort, fools omitted here
 May furnish laughter for another year.
 Then let Crispino, who was ne'er refus'd
 The justice yet of being well abus'd,
 With patience wait; and be content to reign
 The pink of puppies in some future strain.

Some future strain, in which the muse shall tell
 How science dwindles, and how volumes swell.

How commentators each dark passage thun,
 And hold their farthing candle to the sun.

How tortur'd texts to speak our sense are made,
And every vice is to the scripture laid.

How misers squeeze a young, voluptuous peer,
His sins to Lucifer not half so dear.

How Verres is less qualified to steal
With sword and pistol, than with wax and seal.

How lawyers fees to such excess are run,
That clients are redress'd till they're undone.

How one man's anguish is another's sport,
And ev'n denials cost us dear at court.

How man eternally false judgments makes;
And all his joys and sorrows are mistakes.

This swarm of themes that settles on my pen,
Which I, like summer flies, shake off again,
Let others sing, to whom my weak essay
But sounds a prelude, and points out their prey:
That duty done, I hasten to complete
My own design; for Tonson's at the gate.

The Love of Fame in its effects survey'd
The muse has sung; be now the cause display'd:
Since so diffusive, and so wide its sway,
What is this power, whom all mankind obey?

Shot from above, by Heav'n's indulgence came
This generous ardor, this unconquer'd flame,
To warm, to raise, to deify mankind,
Still burning brightest in the noblest mind.
By large soul'd men, for thirst of fame renown'd,
Wise laws were fram'd, and sacred arts were found;
Desire of praise first broke the patriot's rest,
And made a bulwark of the warrior's breast;
It bids Argyll in fields and senates shine.
What more can prove its origin divine?

But oh! this passion planted in the soul,
On eagle's wings to mount her to the pole,
The flaming minister of virtue meant,
Set up false gods, and wrong'd her high descent.

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Ambition, hence, exerts a doubtful force,
Of blots and beauties an alternate source;
Hence Gildon rails, that raven of the pit,
Who thrives upon the carcases of wit;
And in art-loving Scarborough is seen
How kind a patron Pollio might have been.
Pursuit of fame with pedants fills our schools,
And into coxcombs burnishes our fools;
Pursuit of fame makes solid learning bright,
And Newton lifts above a mortal height;
That key of nature, by whose wit she clears
Her long, long secrets of five thousand years.

Would you then fully comprehend the whole,
Why, and in what degrees, pride sways the soul?
(For tho' in all, not equally she reigns),
Awake to knowledge, and attend my strains.

Ye doctors! hear the doctrine I disclose,
As true, as if 'twere writ in dullest prose;
As if a letter'd dunce had said, " 'Tis right,"
And *imprimatur* usher'd it to light.

Ambition in the truly noble mind
With sister-virtue is for ever join'd;
As in fam'd Lucrece, who with equal dread
From guilt, and shame, by her last conduct fled:
Her virtue long rebell'd in firm disdain,
And the sword pointed at her heart in vain;
But, when the slave was threaten'd to be laid
Dead by her side, her love of fame obey'd.

In meaner minds ambition works alone;
But with such art puts virtue's aspect on,
That not more like in feature, and in mien,
* The god and mortal in the comic scene.
False Julius, ambush'd in this fair disguise,
Soon made the Roman liberties his prize.

* Amphytrion.

No mask in basest minds ambition wears,
But in full light pricks up her ass's ears ;
All I have sung are instances of this,
And prove my theme unfolded not amiss.

Ye vain ! desist from your erroneous strife ;
Be wise, and quit the false sublime of life.
The true ambition there alone resides,
Where justice vindicates, and wisdom guides ;
Where inward dignity joins outward state,
Our purpose good as our atchievement great ;
Where public blessings public praise attend,
Where glory is our motive, not our end.
Would'st thou be fam'd ? have those high deeds in
view

Brave men would act, tho' scandal should ensue.

Behold a prince ! whom no swoln thoughts inflame ;
No pride of thrones, no fever after fame ;
But when the welfare of mankind inspires,
And death in view to dear-bought glory fires ;
Proud conquests then, then regal pomps delight ;
Then crowns, then triumphs sparkle in his sight ;
Tumult and noise are dear, which with them bring
His people's blessings to their ardent king :
But, when those great heroic motives cease,
His swelling soul subsides to native peace ;
From tedious Grandeur's faded charms withdraws,
A sudden foe to Splendor and Applause ;
Greatly deferring his arrears of fame,
'Till men and angels jointly shout his name.
O pride celestial ! which can pride disdain ;
O blest'd ambition ! which can ne'er be vain.

From one fam'd Alpine hill, which props the sky,
In whose deep womb unfathom'd waters ly,
Here burst the Rhone and sounding Po, there flint
In infant rills the Danube and the Rhine ;

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VOL.

From the rich store one fruitful urn supplies,
Whole kingdoms smile, a thousand harvests rise.

In Brunswic such a source the muse adores,
Which public blessings thro' half Europe pours.
When his heart burns with such a godlike aim,
Angels and George are rivals for the fame:
George, who in sores can soft affections raise,
And charm envenom'd satire into praise.

Nor human rage alone his pow'r perceives,
But the mad winds, and the tumultuous waves *.
Ev'n storms (Death's fiercest ministers!) forbear,
And, in their own wild empire, learn to spare.
Thus, Nature's self, supporting man's decree,
Stiles Britain's sovereign, Sovereign of the sea.

While sea and air, great Brunswic, shook our state,
And sported with a king's and kingdom's fate,
Depriv'd of what she lov'd, and press'd with fear
Of ever losing what she held most dear,
How did Britannia, like Achilles †, weep,
And tell her sorrows to the kindred deep;
Hang o'er the floods, and, in devotion warm,
Strive for thee with the surge, and fight the storm!

What felt thy Walpole, pilot of the realm?
Our Palinurus ‡ slept not at the helm;
His eye ne'er clos'd; long since inur'd to wake,
And outwatch every star for Brunswic's sake.
By thwarting passions tofs'd, by cares oppress'd,
He found the tempest pictur'd in his breast.
But, now, what joys that gloom of heart dispel,
No pow'rs of language — but his own, can tell;
His own, which nature and the graces form
At will, to raise, or hush the civil storm.

* The king in danger by sea. † Hom. Il. lib. I.

‡ Ecce Deus ramum Lethaeo rore madentem, &c.

Virg. l. V.

A
K E Y
T O T H E
UNIVERSAL PASSION.
S A T I R E I.

— Gives applause to B — e, or to me.
Blackmore, (Sir Richard.)

— Churchmen scripture, for the classics, quit,
Polite apostates from God's grace, to wit.

N. B. Virgil, Horace, Terence, Catullus, Tibullus, Propertius, Manilius, Lucretius, Longinus, Ciceronis opera, Caesaris comment. Homer, &c. were published by Bishop Hare, Dr Bentley, Dr Davis, Dr Clarke, Dr Pearce, &c.

S — e's humour.

Steele (Sir Richard.)

P — y's eloquence.

Pulteney (William, Esq.)

If at his title T — had dropt his quill, &c.

Dr Trapp, when professor of poetry in the university of Oxford, wrote *Prælectiones Poeticae*, Poetical Lectures, which were deservedly esteemed; but upon his blank-verse version of Virgil, volume the first, Doctor Evans of St John's college, Oxon, sent the following distich:

Read the commandments, Trapp, translate no further,
For there 'tis written, Thou shalt do no murder.

A. is depos'd, and B. with pomp restor'd.

This alludes to Mr Theobald's publication of a book, intitled, *Shakespeare Restor'd*, in opposition to Mr Pope's edition of that author.

C — dos he'll out-do.

Chandos (duke of)

— B — l — ton, thy taste is not so true. Burlington, (Earl of)
Not F — t — n's self more Pavian charms has known;
Nor is good P — b — ke more in love with Stone.

Sir Andrew Fountain, and the late Earl of Pembroke, both great admirers of antique statues.

Put off at night with lady B—'s hair.

The venerable grey-headed Countess of Bristol.

Fewer grave lords to S—pe discreetly bend.

Mr Scroope, a great money-lender.

S A T I R E II.

Paul Black, who gave name to a tulip, was an honest, toping, old citizen of London, and a great stock-jobber.

T—n turn'd upholsterer, &c.

Tonson (Jacob) fitted up many libraries of gilt books for South-Sea cockcombs, 1720.

Leaves to O— Orrery, (Charles Earl of)

D— Dorset, (Earl of) the poet's patron.

Miss D— tottering. Miss Duncomb.

the Stagyrite. Aristotle.

Hence, D—, that opennass of heart. Dodington.

S—pe in wit, in breeding D—l—no.

Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield. Deloraine (Lord)

S A T I R E III.

H—y's eyes unmercifully keen. Lady Hervey.

Well, H—r, dost thou thy master serve.

Heiddegges, director of the masquerades.

S A T I R E IV.

While C— mourns, &c.

Anthony Collins, Esq; founder of the sect of Free-thinkers.

C—, who makes so merry with the Creed.

The same A. Collins.

Ar—t is a fool, and F— a sage.

E—y will fright you E— engage.

Dr Arbuthnot, Daniel de Foe, Sir Charles Sedley.

S— is the worst of friends. Suffex.

E—y is fair. Duchess of Queensberry.

S— the foremost toymen of his time.

Sloan (Sir Hans), alluding to his Museum.

Unhappy J—y. Lady Jersey.

B—le shines in council, M—t in the sight :

P—l—m's magnificent, but J— can write.

Boyle, (Charles), Earl of Orrery. Mordaunt, (Charles),

Earl of Peterborow. Pelham, Duke of Newcastle.

John Dennis.

Will H—t pardon, if I dare commend;

H—t with zeal, a patron, and a friend?

148 UNIVERSAL PASSION.

*A——ll true wit is Audacious to restore :
And D——t smiles if Phœbus smil'd before.
P——ke, in years, the long-liv'd arts admires,
And Henrietta like a muse inspires.*

Harcourt (Lord Chancellor.) Argyll (Duke of.) Dorset
(Duke of.) Thomas Pembroke (late Earl of.)

Lady Henrietta Cavendish Holles Harley.

Character of Augustus, in the conclusion, applied to his late
Majesty, (George I.)

S A T I R E V.

Foubert has the forming of the fair.

Major Foubert, a Riding-master.

Sir H——s.

Sir Hans Sloan, M. D.

*The fair philosopher to Rowley * flies.*

Lady D——.

Dashwood or Dysart.

* The late Mr Rowley, an eminent mathematical instru-
ment-maker, under St Dunstan's church in Fleet-street.

S A T I R E VI.

*Zinck, the greatest master in miniature, and enamel paint-
ing, in Europe.*

H——y the first wit——

Lord Hervey.

Cruel R——d.

Duke of Richmond.

G——n.

Lady Betty Germain.

H——, P——, B——.

Hervey, Pearce, Blount, (Ladies.)

C——s.

Collins (Anthony, Esq.)

*T——n, Archbishop Tillotson's, and Dr Burnet's doctrine
of the non-eternity of hell-torments.*

K——p.

Mrs Kemp, keeper of an assembly.

Carolina's heart, &c.

Acknowledgment of the late Queen's favours to the
author.

O D E S,

OCCASIONED BY HIS

M A J E S T Y's

ROYAL

ENCOURAGEMENT

O F T H E

S E A - S E R V I C E.

N 3

I think myself obliged to recommend to you a consideration of the greatest importance : and I should look upon it as a great happiness, if, at the beginning of my reign, I could see the foundation laid of so great and necessary a work, as the increase and encouragement of our seamen in general; that they may be invited, rather than compelled by force and violence, to enter into the service of their country, as oft as occasion shall require it: a consideration worthy the representatives of a people great and flourishing in trade and navigation. This leads me to mention to you the case of Greenwich-hospital, that care may be taken, by some addition to that fund, to render comfortable and effectual that charitable provision, for the support and maintenance of our seamen, worn out, and become decrepit by age and infirmities, in the service of their country. [SPEECH, Jan. 27. 1727-8.]

T O T H E
K I N G.

M.DCC.XXVIII.

I.

OLD Ocean's praise
Demands my lays;
A truly British theme I sing;
A theme so great,
I dare complete,
And join with Ocean, Ocean's king.

II.

The Roman ode
Majestic flow'd;
In stream divinely clear, and strong;
In sense, and sound,
Thebes roil'd profound;
The torrent roar'd, and foam'd along.

III.

Let Thebes, nor Rome,
So fam'd, presume
To triumph o'er a northern isle;
Late time shall know
The North can glow,
If dread Augustus deign to smile.

IV.

The Naval crown
Is all his own!
Our fleet, if war, or commerce call,
His will performs
Through waves and storms,
And rides in triumph round the ball.

V.

No former race,
 With strong embrace,
 This theme to ravish durst aspire ;
 With virgin charms
 My soul it warms,
 And melts melodious on my lyre.

VI.

My lays I file
 With cautious toil :
 Ye graces ! turn the glowing lines ;
 On anvils neat
 Your strokes repeat ;
 At every stroke the work refines !

VII.

How music charms !
 How metre warms !
 Parent of actions good and brave !
 How vice it tames !
 And worth inflames !
 And holds proud empire o'er the grave !

VIII.

Jove mark'd for man
 A scanty span,.
 But lent him wings to fly his doom ;
 Wit scorns the grave ;
 To wit he gave
 The life of gods ! immortal bloom !

IX.

Since years will fly,
 And pleasures die,
 Day after day, as years advance ;
 Since, while life lasts,
 Joy suffers blasts,
 From frowning fate, and fickle chance ;

X.

Nor life is long ;
But soon we throng,
Like autumn leaves death's pallid shore ;
We make, at least,
Of bad the best,
If in life's phantom, fame, we soar.

XI.

Our strains divide
The laurel's pride ;
With those we list to life, we live ;
By fame enroll'd
With heroes bold,
And share the blessings which we give.

XII.

What hero's praise
Can fire my lays,
Like his with whom my lay begun,
" Justice sincere,
" And courage clear,
" Rise, the two columns of his throne.

XIII.

" How form'd for sway !
" Who look, obey ;
" They read the monarch in his port ;
" Their love and awe
" Supply the law ;
" And his own lustre makes the court."

XIV.

On yonder height,
What golden light
Triumphant shines ? and shines alone ?
Unrivall'd blaze !
The nations gaze !
'Tis not the sun ; 'tis Britain's throne.

XV.

Our monarch, there,
 Rear'd high in air,
 Should tempests rise, disdains to bend ;
 Like British oak,
 Derides the stroke ;
 His blooming honours far extend !

XVI.

Beneath them lyes,
 With lifted eyes,
 Fair Albion like an amorous maid ;
 While interest wings
 Bold foreign kings
 To fly, like eagles, to his shade.

XVII.

At his proud foot
 The sea, pour'd out,
 Immortal nourishment supplies ;
 Thence wealth and state,
 And power and fate,
 Which Europe reads in George's eyes.

XVIII.

From what we view,
 We take the clue,
 Which leads from great to greater things :
 Men doubt no more,
 But gods adore,
 When such resemblance shines in kings.

O C E A N.

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O C E A N.

A N

O D E.

Let the sea make a noise, let the floods clap their hands.
Psal. xcvi.

I.

SWEET rural scene
 Of flocks and green!
 At careless ease my limbs are spread;
 All nature still,
 But yonder rill;
 And list'ning pines nod o'er my head:

II.

In prospect wide,
 The boundless tide!
 Waves cease to foam, and winds to roar;
 Without a breeze,
 The curling seas
 Dance on, in measure, to the shore.

III.

Who sings the source
 Of wealth and force?
 Vast field of commerce, and big war,
 Where wonders dwell!
 Where terrors swell!
 And Neptune thunders from his car?

IV.

Where? where are they,
 Whom Paean's ray
 Has touch'd, and bid divinely rave?
 What, none aspire?
 I snatch the lyre,
 And plunge into the foaming wave.

V.

The wave resounds !
 The rock rebounds !
 The Nereids to my song reply !
 I lead the choir,
 And they conspire,
 With voice and shell, to lift it high.

VI.

They spread in air,
 Their bosoms fair,
 Their verdant tresses pour behind ;
 The billows beat
 With nimble feet,
 With notes triumphant swell the wind.

VII.

Who love the shore,
 Let those adore
 The god Apollo, and his Nine,
 Parnassus' hill,
 And Orpheus' skill ;
 But let Arion's harp be mine.

VIII.

The main ! the main !
 Is Britain's reign ;
 Her strength, her glory is her fleet ;
 The main ! the main !
 Be Britain's strain ;
 As Tritons strong, as Syrens sweet.

IX.

Thro' nature wide,
 Is nought deserv'd
 So rich in pleasure or surprise ;
 When all-serene,
 How sweet the scene ?
 How dreadful when the billows rise !

X.

And storms deface
The fluid glass,
In which e'er while Britannia fair
Look'd down with pride,
Like Ocean's bride,
Adjusting her majestic air ?

XI.

When tempests cease,
And hush'd in peace,
The flatten'd furies smoothly spread,
Deep silence keep,
And seem to sleep,
Recumbent on their oozy bed ;

XII.

With what a trance,
The level glance
Unbroken shoots along the seas !
Which tempt from shore
The painted oar,
And every canvas courts the breeze !

XIII.

When rushes forth
The frowning North
On black'ning billows, with what dread
My shuddering soul
Beholds them rowl,
And hears their roarings o'er my head ?

XIV.

With terror, mark,
Yon flying bark !
Now centre-deep descend the brave ;
Now tofs'd on high,
It takes the sky,
A feather on the tow'ring wave !

XV.

Now spins around
In whirls profound ;
Now whelm'd ; now pendent near the clouds ;
Now flunn'd it reels
'Midst thunder's peals ;
And now fierce lightning fires the shrouds.

XVI.

All æther burns !
Chaos returns !
And blends, once more, the seas and skies.
No space between
Thy bosom green,
O deep ! and the blue concave lyes.

XVII.

The northern blast,
The shatter'd mast,
The syrt, the whirlpool, and the rock,
The breaking spout,
The stars gone out,
The boiling strait, the monsters shock.

XVIII.

Let others fear ;
To Britain dear
Whate'er promotes her daring claim ;
Those terrors charm,
Which keep her warm,
In chace of honest gain or fame.

XIX.

The stars are bright
To cheer the night,
And shed, thro' shadows, temper'd fire ;
And Phœbus flames
With burnish'd beams,
Which some adore, and all admire.

XX.

Are then the seas
Outshone by these?
Bright Theris! thou art not outshone;
With kinder beams,
And softer gleams,
Thy bosom wears them as thy own.

XXI.

There, set in green,
Gold-stars are seen,
A mantle rich! thy charms to wrap;
And when the sun
His race hath run,
He falls enamour'd in thy lap.

XXII.

Those clouds whose dyes
Adorn the skies,
That silver snow, that pearly rain,
Has Phœbus stole
To grace the pole,
The plunder of th' invaded main!

XXIII.

The gaudy bow,
Whose colours glow,
Whose arch with so much skill is bent,
To Phœbus' ray,
Which paints so gay,
By thee the wat'ry woof was lent.

XXIV.

In chambers deep,
Where waters sleep,
What unknown treasures pave the floor?
The pearl in rows
Pale lustre throws;
The wealth immense, which storms devour.

XXV.

From Indian mines
With proud designs
The merchant sworn, digs golden ore :
The tempests rise,
And seize the prize,
And toss him breathless on the shore.

XXVI.

His son complains
In pious strains,
“ Ah! cruel thirst of gold,” he cries ;
Then ploughs the main,
In zeal for gain,
The tears yet swelling in his eyes.

XXVII.

Thou wat’ry vast!
What mounds are cast
To bar thy dreadful flowings o’er ?
Thy proudest foam
Must know its home ;
But rage of gold disdains a shore.

XXVIII.

Gold pleasure buys ;
But pleasure dies,
Too soon the gross fruition cloy ;
Tho’ raptures court,
The sense is short ;
But Virtue kindles living joys ;

XXIX.

Joys felt alone !
Joys ask’d of none !
Which Time’s and Fortune’s arrows miss ;
Joys that subsist,
Tho’ fates resist,
An unprecious, endless bliss !

XXX.

The foul refin'd
 Is most enclin'd
 To every moral excellence:
 All vice is dull,
 A knave's a fool;
 And Virtue is the child of Sense.

XXXI.

The virtuous mind,
 Nor wave, nor wind,
 Nor civil rage, nor tyrant's frown,
 The shaken ball,
 Nor planets' fall,
 From its firm basis can dethrone.

XXXII.

This Britain knows,
 And therefore glows
 With gen'rous passions, and expends
 Her wealth and zeal
 On public weal,
 And brightens both by godlike ends.

XXXIII.

What end so great,
 As that which late
 Awoke the genius of the main,
 Which tow'ring rose,
 With George to close,
 And rival great Eliza's reign!

XXXIV.

A voice has flown
 From Britain's throne,
 To re-inflame a grand design;
 That voice shall rear
 Yon * fabric fair,
 As Nature's rose at the Divine.

* A new fund for Greenwich hospital recommended from the throne.

XXXV.

When Nature sprung,
Blest angels sung,
And shouted o'er the rising ball;
For strains as high
As man's can fly,
These sea-devoted honours call.

XXXVI.

From boist'rous seas,
The lap of ease
Receives our wounded, and our old;
High domes ascend!
Stretch'd arches bend!
Proud columns swell! wide gates unfold!

XXXVII.

Here, soft-reclin'd,
From wave, from wind,
And Fortune's tempest safe ashore,
To cheat their care,
Of former war
They talk the pleasing shadows o'er.

XXXVIII.

In lengthen'd tales,
Our fleet prevails;
In tales, the lenitives of age!
And o'er the bowl,
They fire the soul
Of list'ning youth to martial rage.

XXXIX.

Unhappy they!
And falsely gay!
Who bask for ever in success;
A constant feast
Quite palls the taste,
And long enjoyment is distress.

XL.

When, after toil,
His native soil
The panting mariner regains,
What transport flows
From bare repose !
We reap our pleasures from our pains.

XLI.

Ye warlike slain !
Beneath the main,
Wrapt in a wat'ry winding-sheet ;
Who bought with blood
Your country's good,
Your country's * full-blown glory great.

XLII.

What pow'rful charm
Can death disarm ?
Your long, your iron slumbers break !
By Jove, by Fame,
By George's name,
Awake ! awake ! awake ! awake !

XLIII.

With spiral shell,
Full-blasted tell,
That all your wat'ry realms should ring :
Your pearl alcoves,
Your coral groves,
Should echo theirs, and Britain's king.

XLIV.

As long as stars
Guide mariners,
As Carolina's virtues please,
Or suns invite
The ravish'd sight,
The British flag shall sweep the seas.

* Written soon after King George I.'s accession.

XLV.

Peculiar both !
Our soil's strong growth,
And our bold natives' hardy mind ;
Sure Heav'n bespoke
Our hearts and oak,
(To give a master to mankind.

XLVI.

That noblest birth
Of teeming earth,
Of forests fair that daughter proud,
To foreign coasts
Our grandeur boasts,
And Britain's pleasure speaks aloud :

XLVII.

Now big with war,
Sends fate from far,
If rebel realms their fate demand ;
Now, sumptuous spoils
Of foreign soils
Pours in the bosom of our land.

XLVIII.

Hence, Britain lays
In scales, and weighs
The fates of kingdoms, and of kings ;
And as she frowns
Or smiles, on crowns
A night, or day of glory springs.

XLIX.

Thus ocean swells
The streams and rills,
And to their borders lifts them high ;
Or else withdraws
The mighty cause,
And leaves their famish'd channels dry.

A
S E A - P I E C E :

CONTAINING

I.

The British S A I L O R ' S Exultation.

II.

His P R A Y E R before Engagement.

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* Annals

VOL.

D E D I C A T I O N.

T O

Mr V O L T A I R E.

I.

MY muse, a bird of passage, flies
 From frozen climes to milder skies;
 From chilling blasts she seeks thy chearing beam,
 A beam of favour, here deny'd;
 Conscious of faults, her blushing pride
 Hopes an asylum in so great a name.

II.

To dive full deep in ancient days*,
 The warrior's ardent deeds to raise,
 And monarchs aggrandize;—the glory, thine;
 Thine is the drama, how renown'd!
 Thine, Epic's loftier trump to sound;—
 But let Arion's sea-strung harp be mine.

III.

But where's his dolphin? Know'st thou where?
 May that be found in thee, Voltaire!
 Save thou from harm my plunge into the wave:
 How will thy name illustrious raise
 My sinking song! Mere mortal lays,
 So patronis'd, are rescu'd from the grave.

IV.

"Tell me, say'st thou, who courts my smile?
 "What stranger stray'd from yonder isle?"—
 No stranger, Sir! tho' born in foreign climes:
 On Dorset downs, when Milton's page,
 With Sin and Death, provok'd thy rage,
 Thy rage provok'd, who sooth'd with gentle rhymes:

* Annals of the Empire, Charles XII. and Lewis XIV.

V.

Who kindly couch'd thy censure's eye,
 And gave thee clearly to descry
 Sound Judgment giving law to Fancy strong;
 Who half inclin'd thee to confess,
 Nor could thy modesty do less,
 That Milton's blindness lay not in his song.

VI.

But such debates long since are flown;
 For ever set the suns that shone
 On airy pastimes, ere our brows were grey:
 How shortly shall we both forget,
 To thee my patron, I, my debt,
 And thou to thine, for Prussia's golden key.

VII.

The present, in oblivion cast,
 Full soon shall sleep, as sleeps the past;
 Full soon the wide distinction die between
 The frowns, and favours of the great;
 High-flush'd success, and pale defeat;
 The Gallic gaiety, and British spleen.

VIII.

Ye wing'd, ye rapid moments! stay:
 Oh friend! as deaf as rapid, they;
 Life's little drama done, the curtain falls!
 Dost thou not hear it? I can hear,
 Though nothing strikes the listening ear;
 Time groans his last! ETERNAL loudly calls!

IX.

Nor calls in vain; the call inspires
 Far other counsels, and desires,
 Than once prevail'd; we stand on higher ground;
 What scenes we see!—Exalted aim!
 With ardors new our spirits flame;
 Ambition bless'd! with more than laurels crown'd.

A

S E A - P I E C E.

O D E T H E F I R S T.

The British Sailor's EXULTATION.

I.

IN lofty sounds let those delight,
 Who brave the foe, but fear the fight;
 And bold in words, of arms decline the stroke:
 'Tis mean to boast; but great to lend
 To foes the counsel of a friend,
 And warn them of the vengeance they provoke.

II.

From whence arise these loud alarms?
 Why gleams the South with brandish'd arms?
 War, bath'd in blood, from curs'd ambition springs:
 Ambition mean! ignoble pride!
 Perhaps their ardors may subside,
 When weigh'd the wonders Britain's sailor sings.

III.

Hear, and revere.—At Britain's awful nod,
 From each enchanted grove, and wood,
 Hastes the huge oak, or shadeless forest leaves;
 The mountain pines assume new forms,
 Spread canvas-wings, and fly through storms,
 And ride o'er rocks, and dance on foaming waves.

IV.

She nods again : the lab'ring earth
 Discloses a tremendous birth ;
 In smoking rivers runs her molten ore ;
 Thence, monsters of enormous size,
 And hideous aspect, threat'ning rise,
 Flame from the deck, from trembling bastions roar.

V.

These ministers of Fate fulfil,
 On empires wide, an island's will,
 When thrones unjust wake vengeance : know, ye
 In sudden night, and ponderous balls, [pow'rs!
 And floods of flame, the tempest falls,
 When brave Britannia's awful senate lours.

VI.

In her grand council * she surveys
 In patriot picture, what may raise,
 Of insolent attempts a warm disdain ;
 From Hope's triumphant summit thrown,
 Like darted lightning, swiftly down
 The wealth of Ind, and confidence of Spain.

VII.

Britannia sheaths her courage keen,
 And spares her nitrous magazine ;
 Her cannon slumber, till the proud aspire,
 And leave all law below them ; then they blaze !
 They thunder from resounding seas,
 Touch'd by their injur'd master's soul of fire.

VIII.

Then furies rise ! the battle raves !
 And rends the skies ! and warms the waves !
 And calls a tempest from the peaceful deep,
 In spite of Nature, spite of Jove,
 While all serene and hush'd above,
 Tumultuous winds in azure chambers sleep.

* House of Lords.

IX.

A thousand deaths the bursting bomb
Hurls from her disembowel'd womb;
Chain'd, glowing globes, in dread alliance join'd,
Red-wing'd by strong, sulphureous blasts,
Sweep, in black whirlwinds, men, and masts;
And leave sing'd, naked, blood-drown'd decks behind.

X.

Dwarf laurels rise in tented fields;
The wreath immortal, Ocean yields;
There War's whole sling is shot, whole fire is spent,
Whole Glory blooms! how pale, how tame,
How lambent is Bellona's flame!
How her storms languish on the continent!

XI.

From the dread front of ancient War,
Less terror frown'd; her scythed car,
Her castled elephant, and batt'ring beam,
Stoop to these engines which deny
Superior terrors to the sky,
And boast their clouds, their thunder and their flame.

XI.

The flame, the thunder, and the cloud,
The night by day, the sea of blood,
Hosts whirl'd in air, the yell of sinking throngs,
The graveless dead, an ocean warm'd,
A firmament by mortals storm'd,
To patient Britain's angry brow belongs.

XIII.

Or do I dream? or do I rave?
Or see I Vulcan's footy cave,
Where Jove's red bolts the giant brothers frame?
Those swarthy gods of toil and heat,
Loud peals on mountain-anvils beat,
And panting tempests rouse the roaring flame.

XIV.

Ye sons of Ætna! hear my call;
 Unfinish'd let those bawbles fall,
 Yon shield of Mars, Minerva's helmet blue:
 Your strokes suspend, ye brawny throng!
 Charm'd by the magic of my song,
 Drop the feign'd thunder, and attempt the true.

XV.

Begin: and first take rapid flight*,
 Fierce flame, and clouds of thickest night,
 And ghastly terror paler than the dead;
 Then borrow from the north his roar,
 Mix groans, and deaths; one phial pour
 Of wrong'd Britannia's wrath; and it is made:
 Gaul starts, and trembles—at your dreadful trade.

* Alluding to Virgil's description of thunder.

ODE THE SECOND.

In which is the

Sailor's PRAYER before an Engagement.

I.

SO form'd the bolt, ordain'd to break
 Gaul's haughty plan, and Bourbon shake;
 If Britain's crimes support not Britain's foes,
 And edge their swords: O Pow'r Divine!
 If blest'd by Thee the bold design,
 Embattled hosts a single arm o'erthrows.

II.

Ye warlike dead, who fell of old
 In Britain's cause, by Fame enroll'd
 In deathless annal! deathless deeds inspire;
 From oozy beds, for Britain's sake,
 Awake, illustrious chiefs! awake;
 And kindle in your sons paternal fire.

III.

The day commission'd from above,
 Our worth to weigh, our hearts to prove,
 If war's full shock too feeble to sustain;
 Or firm to stand its final blow,
 When vital streams of blood shall flow,
 And turn to crimson the discolour'd main;

IV.

That day's arriv'd, that fatal hour!—

" Hear us, O hear, Almighty Pow'r!

" Our guide in counsel, and our strength in fight!

" Now War's important die is thrown,

" If left the day to man alone,

" How blind is wisdom, and how weak is might!

V.

" Let prostrate hearts, and awful fear,

" And deep remorse, and sighs sincere

" For Britain's guilt, the wrath divine appease;

" A wrath, more formidable far,

" Than angry Nature's wasteful war,

" The whirl of tempests, and the roar of seas.

VI.

" From out the deep to Thee we cry,

" To Thee, at Nature's help on high!

" Steer Thou our conduct, dread Omnipotence!

" To Thee for succour we resort;

" Thy favour is our only port;

" Our only rock of safety thy defence.

VII.

" O Thou, to whom the lions roar,

" And, not unheard, thy boon implore!

" Thy throne our bursts of cannon loud invoke:

" Thou canst arrest the flying ball;

" Or send it back, and bid it fall

" On those, from whose proud deck the thunder broke.

VIII.

" Britain, in vain, extends her care

" To climes remote *, for aids in war;

" Still farther must it stretch to crush the foe;

" There's one alliance, one alone,

" Can crown her arms, or fix her throne;

" And that alliance is not found below.

* Russia.

IX.

- " Ally Supreme! we turn to Thee;
 " We learn obedience from the sea;
 " With seas, and winds, henceforth, thy laws fulfil;
 " 'Tis thine our blood to freeze, or warm;
 " To rouse, or hush the martial storm,
 " And turn the tide of conquest, at thy will.

X.

- " 'Tis thine to beam sublime renown,
 " Or quench the glories of a crown;
 " 'Tis thine to doom, 'tis thine from death to free;
 " Or turn aside his levell'd dart,
 " Or pluck it from the bleeding heart:—
 " There we cast anchor, we confide in Thee.

XI.

- " Thou, who hast taught the north to roar,
 " And streaming lights * nocturnal pour,
 " Of frightful aspect! when proud foes invade,
 " Their blasted pride with dread to seize,
 " Bid Britain's flags, as meteors, blaze;
 " And GEORGE depute to thunder in thy stead.

XII.

- " The right alone is bold and strong;
 " Black, hovering clouds appall the wrong
 " With dread of vengeance:—Nature's awful Sire!
 " Less than one moment should'st thou frown,
 " Where is puissance, and renown?
 " Thrones tremble, empires sink, or worlds expire.

XIII.

- " Let GEORGE the just chastise in vain:
 " Thou who dost curb the rebel main,
 " To mount the shore when boiling billows rave!
 " Bid George repel a bolder tide,
 " The boundless swell of Gallic pride,
 " And check Ambition's overwhelming wave.
 " * Aurora Borealis.

XIV.

- " And when (all milder means withstood)
" Ambition, tam'd by loss of blood,
" Regains her reason; then, on angels' wings,
" Let Peace descend, and shouting greet,
" With peals of joy, Britannia's fleet,
" How richly freighted! it triumphant brings
" The poise of kingdoms, and the fate of kings."

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M. DCC. XXX.

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E P I S T L E I.

T O

Mr P O P E.

WHILST you at Twick'nam plan the future
wood,

Or turn the volumes of the wise and good,
Our Senate meets; at parties, parties bawl,
And pamphlets stun the streets, and load the stall:
So rushing tides bring things obscene to light,
Foul wrecks emerge, and dead dogs swim in sight;
The civil torrent foams, the tumult reigns,
And Codrus' prose works up, and Lico's strains.
Lo! what from cellars rise, what rush from high,
Where speculation's roosted near the sky;
Letters, essays, sock, buskin, satire, song,
And all the garret thunders on the throng!

O Pope! I burst; nor can, nor will refrain;
I'll write; let others, in their turn, complain;
Truce, truce, ye Vandals! my tormented ear
Less dreads a pillory than pamphleteer;
I've heard myself to death: and plagu'd each hour,
Shan't I return the vengeance in my pow'r?
For who can write the true absurd like me?——

Thy pardon, Codrus! who, I mean, but thee?

Pope! if like mine or Codrus were thy style,
The blood of vipers had not stain'd thy file;
Merit less solid, less despite had bred,
They had not bit, and then they had not bled.
Fame is a public mistress, none enjoys,
But more or less his rival's peace destroys.

V O L. I.

Q

With Fame in just proportion Envy grows;
 The man that makes a character, makes foes:
 Slight, peevish insects round a genius rise,
 As a bright day awakes the world of flies;
 With hearty malice, but with feeble wing,
 (To shew they live) they flutter and they sting:
 But as by depredations wasps proclaim
 The fairest fruit, so these the fairest fame.

Shall we not censure all the motly train,
 Whether with ale irriguous, or Champagne?
 Whether they tread the vale of prose, or climb,
 And whet their appetites on cliffs of rhyme;
 The college sloven, or embroider'd spark,
 The purple prelate, or the parish-clerk,
 The quiet *Quidnunc*, or demanding prig,
 The plaintiff Tory, or defendant Whig;
 Rich, poor, male, female, young, old, gay or sad,
 Whether extremely witty, or quite mad;
 Profoundly dull, or shallowly polite;
 Men that read well, or men that only write;
 Whether peers, porters, tailors, tune their reeds,
 And measuring words to measuring shapes succeeds:
 For bankrupts write when ruin'd shops are shut,
 As maggots crawl from out a perish'd nut.
 His hammer this, and that his trowel quits;
 And wanting sense for tradesmen, serve for wits.
 By thriving men subsists each other trade,
 Of every broken craft a writer's made:
 Thus his material, paper, takes its birth,
 From tatter'd rags of all the stuff on earth.

Hail, fruitful Isle! to thee alone belong
 Millions of wits, and brokers in old song;
 Thee well a land of liberty we name,
 Where all are free to scandal and to shame:
 Thy sons by print may set their hearts at ease,
 And be mankind's contempt whene'er they please;

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Like trodden filth, their vile and abject sense
Is unperceiv'd, but when it gives offence.
Their heavy prose our injur'd reason tires,
Their verse immoral kindles loose desires;
Our age they puzzle, and corrupt our prime;
Our sport and pity, punishment and crime.

What glorious motives urge our authors on,
Thus to undo, and thus to be undone?
One loses his estate, and down he sits,
To shew (in vain!) he still retains his wits.
Another marricks, and his dear proves keen,
He writes as an Hypnotic for the spleen.
Some write confin'd by physic, some by debt,
Some for 'tis Sunday, some because 'tis wet:
Thro' private pique some do the public right,
And love their king and country out of spight.
Another writes because his father writ,
And proves himself a bastard by his wit.

Has Lico learning, humour, thought profound?
Neither: why write then? he wants twenty pound.
His belly, not his brains this impulse give;
He'll grow immortal, for he cannot live.
He rubs his awful front, and takes his ream,
With no provision made but of his theme;
Perhaps a title has his fancy smit,
Or a quaint motto, which he thinks has wit.
He writes, in inspiration puts his trust;
Tho' wrong his thoughts, the gods will make them
just:

Genius directly from the gods descends,
And who by labour would distrust his friends?
Thus having reason'd with consummate skill,
In immortality he dips his quill;
And since blank paper is deny'd the press,
He mingles the whole alphabet by guess,

In various sets, which various words compose,
Of which, he hopes, mankind the meaning knows.

So sounds spontaneous from the Sybil broke,
Dark to herself the wonders which she spoke;
'The priests found out the meaning if they could,
And nations star'd at what none understood.

Clodio dress'd, danc'd, drank, visited. (the whole
And great concern of an immortal soul!)
Oft have I said, "Awake! exist! and strive
"For birth! nor think to loiter is to live!"
As oft I overheard the dæmon say,
Who daily met the loit'rer in his way,
"I'll meet the youth at White's:" the youth replies,
"I'll meet thee there;" and falls his sacrifice;
His fortune squander'd, leaves his virtue bare
To ev'ry bribe, and blind to ev'ry snare:
Clodio for bread his indolence must quit,
Or turn a foldier, or commence a wit.
Such heroes have we! all, but life, they stake;
How must Spain tremble, and the German shake!
Such writers have we! all, but sense, they print;
Ev'n George's praise is dated from the mint.
In arms contemptible, in arts profane,
Such swords, such pens, disgrace a monarch's reign.
Reform your lives before ye thus aspire,
And steal (for you can steal) celestial fire.

O the just contrast! O the beauteous strife!
"Twixt their cool writings and Pindaric life;
They write with phlegm, but then they live with fire;
They cheat the lender, and their works the buyer.

I reverence misfortune, not deride;
I pity poverty, but laugh at pride:
For who so sad, but must some mirth confess
At gay Castruchio's miscellaneous dress?
Tho' there's but one of the dull works he wrote,
There's ten editions of his old-lac'd coat!

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These, Nature's commoners, who want a home,
 Claim the wide world for their majestic dome:
 They make a private study of the street,
 And looking full on every man they meet,
 Run fouse against his chops; who stands amaz'd
 To find they did not see, but only gaz'd.
 How must these bards be rapt into the skies!
 You need not read, you feel their extasies.

Will they persist? 'tis madness; Lintot run,
 See them confin'd—"O that's already done."
 Most, as by leaves, by the works they print,
 Have took, for life, possession of the mint.
 If you mistake, and pity these poor men,
Est ulubris, they cry, and write again.

Such wits their nuisance manfully expose,
 And then pronounce just judges learning's foes.
 O frail conclusion! the reverse is true,
 If foes to learning, they'd be friends to you.
 Treat them, ye judges, with an honest scorn,
 And weed the cockle from the generous corn:
 There's true good nature in your disrespect;
 In justice to the good, the bad neglect.
 For immortality, if hardships plead,
 It is not theirs who write, but ours who read.

But, O! what wisdom can convince a fool;
 But that 'tis dulness to conceive him dull?
 'Tis sad experience takes the censor's part,
 Conviction, not from reason, but from smart.

A virgin-author, recent from the press,
 The sheets yet wet, applauds his great success;
 Surveys them, reads them, takes their charms to bed.
 Those in his hand, and glory in his head,
 'Tis joy too great, a fever of delight!
 His heart beats thick, nor close his eyes all night;
 But rising the next morn to clasp his fame,
 He finds that without sleeping he could dream:

So sparks (they say) take goddesses to bed,
And find next day the devil in their stead.

In vain advertisements the town o'erspread;
They're epitaphs, and say the work is dead.
Who pres for fame, but small recruits will raise,
'Tis volunteers alone can give the bays.

A famous author visits a great man,
Of his immortal work displays the plan,
And says, "Sir, I'm your friend; all fear dismiss;
"Your glory, and my own, shall live by this;
"Your pow'r is fix'd, your fame thro' time convey'd,
"And Britain Europe's Queen—if I am paid."
A statesman has his answer in a trice;
"Sir, such a genius is beyond all price,
"What man can pay for this?"—Away he turns;
His work is folded, and his bosom burns.
His patron he will patronize no more;
But rushes, like a tempest, out of door.
Lost is the patriot, and extinct his name!
Out comes the piece, another, and the same;
For *A*, his magic pen evokes an *O*,
And turns the tide of Europe on the foe.
He rams his quill with scandal and with scoff,
But 'tis so very foul, it won't go off:
Dreadful his thunders, while unprinted, roar;
But when once publish'd, they are heard no more.
Thus distant bugbears fright, but, nearer draw,
The block's a block, and turns to mirth your awe.

Can those oblige, whose heads and hearts are such?
No, every party's tainted by their touch.
Infected persons fly each public place;
And none, or enemies alone, embrace;
To the foul fiend their every passion's sold;
They love, and hate, *extempore*, for gold.
What image of their fury can we form?
Dulness and rage, a puddle in a storm.

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Rest they in peace? if you are pleas'd to buy,
 To swell your sails, like Lapland wings, they fly:
 Write they with rage? the tempest quickly flags,
 A state-Ulysses tames 'em with his bags;
 Let him be what he will, Turk, Pagan, Jew;
 For Christian ministers of state are few.

Behind the curtain lurks the fountain-head,
 That pours his politics thro' pipes of lead,
 Which far and near ejaculate, and spout
 O'er tea and coffee, poison to the rout.
 But when they have bespatter'd all they may,
 The statesman throws his filthy squirts away.

With golden forceps, these, another takes,
 And state elixirs of the vipers makes.

The richest statesman wants wherewith to pay
 A servile sycophant, if well they weigh
 How much it costs the wretch to be so base;
 Nor can the greatest pow'rs enough disgrace,
 Enough chastise, such prostitute applause,
 If well they weigh how much it stains their cause.

But are our writers ever in the wrong!
 Does Virtue ne'er seduce the venal tongue?
 Yes; if well brib'd, for Virtue's self they fight;
 Still in the wrong, tho' champions for the right:
 Whoe'er their crimes for interest only quit,
 Sin on in virtue, and good deeds commit.

Nought but inconstancy Britannia meets,
 And broken faith in their abandon'd sheets;
 From the same hand how various is the page!
 What civil war their brother pamphlets wage!
 Tracts battle tracts, self-contradictions glare;
 Say, is this lunacy?—I wish it were.
 If such our writers, startled at the sight,
 Felons may biefs their stars they cannot write!

How justly Proteus' transmigrations fit
 The monstrous changes of a modern wit!

Now, such a gentle stream of eloquence
 As seldom rises to the verge of sense;
 Now, by mad rage transform'd into a flame,
 Which yet fit engines well apply'd can tame;
 Now, on immodest trash the swine obscene
 Invites the town to sup at Drury-Lane;
 A dreadful lion now, he roars at pow'r,
 Which sends him to his brothers at the Tow'r;
 He's now a serpent, and his double tongue
 Salutes, nay licks the feet of those he stung.
 What knot can bind him, his evasion such?
 One knot he well deserves, which might do much.

The flood, flame, swine, the lion and the snake,
 Those five-fold monsters modern authors make.
 The snake reigns most; snakes, Pliny says, are bred,
 When the brain's perish'd in a human head.
 Ye groveling, trodden, whipt, stript, turncoat things,
 Made up of venom, volumes, stains and stings!
 Thrown from the tree of knowledge, like you, curs'd
 To scribble in the dust, was snake the first.

What if the figure should in fact prove true?
 It did in Elkena, why not in you?
 Poor Elkena, all other changes past,
 For bread, in Smithfield dragons hiss'd at last,
 Spit streams of fire to make the butchers gape,
 And found his manners suited to his shape:
 Such is the fate of talents misapplied,
 So liv'd your prototype, and so he died.

Th' abandon'd manners of our writing train,
 May tempt mankind to think religion vain;
 But in their fate, their habit and their mien,
 That gods there are is eminently seen.
 Heav'n stands absolv'd by vengeance on their pen,
 And marks the murderers of fame from men.
 Thro' meagre jaws they draw their venal breath,
 As ghastly as their brothers in Macbeth.

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Their feet thro' faithless leather meet the dirt,
And oftner chang'd their principles than shirt;
The transient vestments of these frugal men
Hasten to paper for our mirth again.

Too soon, (O merry melancholy fate!)
They beg in rhyme, and warble thro' a grate:
The man lampoon'd, forgets it at the sight;
The friend thro' pity gives, the foe thro' spight;
And tho' full conscious of his injur'd purse,
Lintot relents, nor Curl can wish them worse.
So fare the men, who writers dare commence
Without their patent, probity and sense.

From these their politics our *Quilnunes* seek,
And Saturday's the learning of the week.
These labouring wits, like paviors, mend our ways,
With heavy, huge, repeated, flat essays;
Ram their coarse nonsense down, tho' ne'er so dull,
And hem at ev'ry thump upon your skull.
These staunch-bred writing-hounds begin the cry,
And honest Folly echoes to the lie.

O how I laugh, when I a blockhead see,
Thanking a villain for his probity!
Who stretches out a most respectful ear,
With snares for woodcocks in his holy leer;
It tickles thro' my soul to hear the cock's
Sincere encomium on his friend the fox,
Sole patron of his liberties and rights!
While graceless Reynard listens—'till he bites.

As when the trumpet sounds, th' o'erloaded state
Discharges all her poor and profligate;
Crimes of all kinds dishonour'd weapons wield,
And prisons pour their filth into the field:
Thus Nature's refuse, and the dregs of men,
Compose the black militia of the pen.

E P I S T L E II.

From OXFORD.

ALL write at London; shall the rage abate
 Here where it most should shine, the muses seat?
 Where, mortal or immortal as they please,
 The learn'd may chuse eternity or ease?
 Has not a * ROYAL PATRON wisely strove
 To woo the muse in her Athenian grove?
 Added new strings to her harmonious shell,
 And giv'n new tongues to those who spoke so well?
 Let these instruct, with Truth's illustrious ray
 Awake the world, and scare our owls away.

Meanwhile, O friend! indulge me if I give
 Some needful precepts how to write and live:
 Serious should be an author's final views;
 Who write for pure amusement, ne'er amuse.

An author! 'tis a venerable name!
 How few deserve it, and what numbers claim!
 Unblest with sense above their peers refin'd,
 Who shall stand up dictators to mankind!
 Nay, who dare shine if not in virtue's cause,
 That sole proprietor of just applause?

Ye restless men, who pant for letter'd praise,
 With whom would you consult to gain the bays?—
 With those great authors whose fam'd works you read?
 'Tis well; go then, consult the laurel'd shade.
 What answer will the laurel'd shade return?
 Hear it and tremble! he commands you burn
 The noblest works his envy'd genius writ
 That boast of nought more excellent than wit.
 If this be true, as 'tis a truth most dread,
 Woe to the page which has not that to plead!
 Fontaine and Chaucer, dying, wish'd unwrote
 The sprightliest efforts of their wanton thought:

* His late Majesty's benefaction for modern languages.

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Sidney and Waller, brightest sons of fame,
 Condemn'd the charm of ages to the flame :
 And in one point is all true wisdom cast,
 To think that early we must think at last.

Immoral wits, ev'n dead, break Nature's laws,
 Injurious still to Virtue's sacred cause,
 And their guilt growing as their bodies rot,
 (Revers'd ambition!) pant to be forgot.

Thus ends your courted fame : does lucre then,
 The sacred thirst of gold betray your pen ?
 In prose 'tis blameable, in verse 'tis worse,
 Provokes the muse, extorts Apollo's curse ;
 His sacred influence never shou'd be sold,
 'Tis arrant Simony to sing for gold :
 'Tis immortality should fire your mind ;
 Scorn a less paymaster than all mankind.

If bribes you seek, know this, ye writing tribe !
 Who writes for virtue has the largest bribe ;
 All's on the party of the virtuous man ;
 The good will surely serve him if they can ;
 The bad, when interest or ambition guide,
 And 'is at once their interest and their pride :
 But should both fail to take him to their care,
 He boasts a greater friend, and both may spare.

Letters to man uncommon light dispense,
 And what is virtue but superior sense ?
 In parts and learning you who place your pride,
 Your faults are crimes, your crimes are doubly dy'd.
 What is a scandal of the first renown,
 But letter'd knaves, and Atheists in a gown ?

'Tis harder far to please than give offence ;
 The least misconduct damns the brightest sense :
 Each shallow pate that cannot read your name,
 Can read your life, and will be proud to blame.
 Flagitious manners make impressions deep
 On those that o'er a page of Milton sleep :

Nor in their dulness think to save your shame;
True, these are fools, but wise men say the same.

Wits are a despicable race of men,
If they confine their talents to the pen;
When the man shocks us, while the writer shines,
Our scorn in life, our envy in his lines.
Yet proud of parts, with prudence some dispense,
And play the fool because they're men of sense.
What instances bleed recent in each thought,
Of men to ruin by their genius brought?
Against their wills what numbers ruin shun,
Purely thro' want of wit to be undone?
Nature has shewn, by making it so rare,
That wit's a jewel which we need not wear;
Of plain sound sense life's current coin is made,
With that we drive the most substantial trade.

Prudence protects and guides us, wit betrays,
A splendid source of ill ten thousand ways;
A certain snare to miseries immense;
A gay prerogative from common sense;
Unless strong judgment that wild thing can tame,
And break to paths of virtue and of fame.

But grant your judgment equal to the best,
Sense fills your head, and genius fires your breast;
Yet still forbear: your wit (consider well)
'Tis great to shew, but greater to conceal;
As it is great to seize the golden prize
Of place or power; but greater to despise.

If still you languish for an author's name;
Think private merit less than public fame,
And fancy not to write is not to live;
Deserve, and take the great prerogative.
But ponder what it is; how dear 'twill cost,
To write one page which you may justly boast.

Sense may be good, yet not deserve the press:
Who write, an awful character profess;

The world as pupil of their wisdom claim,
And for their stipend an immortal fame :
Nothing but what is solid or refin'd,
Shou'd dare ask public audience of mankind.

Severely weigh your learning and your wit :
Keep down your pride by what is nobly writ :
No writer fam'd in your own way pass o'er ;
Much trust example, but reflection more :
More had the Antients writ, they more had taught,
Which shews some work is left for modern thought.

This weigh'd; perfection know, and known adore,
Toil, burn for that, but do not aim at more :
Above, beneath it, the just limits fix ;
And zealously prefer four lines to six.

Write and rewrite, blot out and write again,
And for its swiftness ne'er applaud your pen.
Leave to the jockeys that Newmarket praise,
Slow runs the Pegasus that wins the bays.
Much time for immortality to pay,
Is just and wise : for less is thrown away.
Time only can mature the labouring brain ;
Time is the father, and the midwife pain :
The same good sense that makes a man excel,
Still makes him doubt he ne'er has written well.
Downright impossibilities they seek ;
What man can be immortal in a week ?

Excuse no fault, tho' beautiful, 'twill harm ;
One fault shocks more than twenty beauties charm.
Our age demands correctness ; Addison,
And you, this commendable hurt have done.
Now writers find, as once Achilles found,
The whole is mortal, if a part's unsound.

He that strikes out, and strikes not out the best,
Pours lustre in, and dignifies the rest :
Give e'er so little, if what's right be there,
We praise for what you burn, and what you spare :

The part you burn smells sweet before the shrine,
And is as incense to the part divine.

Nor frequent write, tho' you can do it well,
Men may too oft, tho' not too much excel.
A few good works gain fame; more sink their price;
Mankind are fickle, and hate paying twice:
They granted you writ well; what can they more,
Unless you let them praise for giving o'er?

Do boldly what you do, and let your page
Smile, if it smiles, and if it rages, rage.
So faintly Lucius censures and commends,
That Lucius has no foes except his friends.

Let satire less engage you than applause;
It shews a generous mind to wink at flaws:
Is genius yours? be yours a glorious end,
Be your king's, country's, truth's, religion's friend;
The public glory by your own beget;
Run nations, run posterity in debt.
And since the fam'd alone make others live,
First have that glory you presume to give.

If satire charms, strike faults, but spare the man:
'Tis dull to be as witty as you can.
Satire recoils whenever charg'd too high;
Round your own fame the fatal splinters fly.
As the soft plume gives swiftness to the dart,
Good breeding sends the satire to the heart.

Painters and surgeons may the structure scan,
Genius and morals be with you the man:
Defaults in those alone shou'd give offence;
Who strikes the person, pleads his innocence.
My narrow-minded satire can't extend
To Codrus' form, I'm not so much his friend.
Himself shou'd publish that (the world agree)
Before his works, or in the pillory.
Let him be black, fair, tall, short, thin or fat,
Dirty or clean, I find no theme in that.

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Is that call'd humour? it has this pretence;
 'Tis neither virtue, breeding, wit or sense.
 Unless you boast the genius of a Swift,
 Beware of humour, the dull rogue's last shift.

Can others write like you? your task give o'er;
 'Tis printing what was publish'd long before.
 Nought peculiar thro' your labours run,
 They're duplicates, and twenty are but one.
 Think frequently, think close, read nature, turn
 Men's manners o'er, and half your volumes burn
 To nurse with quick reflection be your strife,
 Thoughts born from present objects, warm from life:
 When most unsought, such inspirations rise,
 Slighted by fools, and cherish'd by the wise:
 Expect peculiar fame from these alone;
 These make an author, these are all your own.

Life, like their bibles, coolly men turn o'er,
 Hence unexperienc'd children of threescore.
 True, all men think of course, as all men dream;
 And if they slightly think, 'tis much the same.

Letters admit not of a half renown,
 They give you nothing, or they give a crown.
 No work e'er gain'd true fame, or ever can,
 But what did honour to the name of man.

Weighty the subject, cogent the discourse,
 Clear be the style, the very sound of force,
 Easy the conduct, simple the design,
 Striking the moral, and the soul divine:
 Let nature, art; and judgment, wit exceed;
 O'er learning reason reign; o'er that, your creed:
 Thus Virtue's seeds at once, and laurels, grow;
 Do thus, and rise a Pope, or a Despreau.
 And when your genius exquisitely shines,
 Live up to the full lustre of your lines:
 Parts but expose those men who virtue quit,
 A fallen angel is a fallen wit;

And they plead Lucifer's detested cause,
Who for bare talents challenge our applause.

Would you restore just honours to the pen?

From able writers rise to worthy men. [strain?

"Who's this with nonsense, nonsense would re-

"Who's this, (they cry), so vainly schools the vain?

"Who damns our trash, with so much trash replete;

"As, three ells round, huge Cheyne rails out at meat?"

Shall I, with Bavius, then, my voice exalt,
And challenge all mankind to find one fault?

With huge examens overwhelm my page,

And darken reason with dogmatic rage?

As if, one tedious volume writ in rhyme,

In prose a duller cou'd excuse the crime?

Sure, next to writing, the most idle thing

Is gravely to harangue on what we sing.

At that tribunal stands the writing tribe,

Which nothing can intimidate or bribe:

Time is the judge; Time has nor friend nor foe;

False fame must wither, and the true will grow.

Arm'd with this truth, all critics I defy;

For if I fall, by my own pen I die;

While snarlers strive with proud, but fruitless pain,

To wound immortals, or to slay the slain.

Sore press'd with danger, and in awful dread

Of twenty pamphlets levell'd at my head,

Thus have I forg'd a buckler in my brain

Of recent form to serve me this campaign;

And safely hope to quit the dreadful field

Delug'd with ink, and sleep behind my shield;

Unless dire Codrus rouses to the fray

In all his might, and damns me—for a day.

As turns a flock of geese, and on the green,

Poke out their foolish necks in aukward spleen,

(Ridiculous in rage!) to hiss, not bite;

So war their quills, when sons of dulness write.

A
PARAPHRASE

ON

P A R T

OF THE

BOOK OF JOB.

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P A R A P H R A S E

On Part of the

B O O K O F J O B*.

THREE happy Job † long-liv'd in regal state,
 Nor saw the sumptuous East a prince so great;
 Whose worldly stores in such abundance flow'd,
 Whose heart with such exalted virtue glow'd:
 At length misfortunes take their turn to reign,
 And ills on ills succeed, a dreadful train!
 What now but deaths, and poverty, and wrong,
 The sword wide-wasting, the reproachful tongue,

* It is disputed among the critics who was the author of the book of Job: some give it to Moses, some to others. As I was engaged in this little performance, some arguments occurred to me, which favour the former of these opinions; which arguments I have sung into the following notes, where little else is to be expected.

† The Almighty's speech, chap. xxxviii, &c. which is what I paraphrase in this little work, is by much the finest part of the noblest and most ancient poem in the world. Dr Patrick says, its grandeur is as much above all other poetry, as thunder is louder than a whisper. In order to set this distinguished part of the poem in a fuller light, and give the reader a clearer conception of it, I have abridged the preceding and subsequent parts of the poem, and joined them to it: so that this piece is a sort of an epitome of the whole book of Job.

I use the word Paraphrase, because I want another which might better answer to the uncommon liberties I have taken. I have omitted, added, and transposed. The Mountain, the Comer, the Sun, and other parts, are entirely added; those upon the Peacock, the Lion, &c. are much enlarged: and I have thrown the whole into a method more suitable to

And spotted plagues, that mark'd his limbs all o'er
 So thick with pains, they wanted room for more?
 A change so sad what mortal heart cou'd bear?
 Exhausted woe had left him nought to fear,
 But gave him all to grief: low earth he prest,
 Wept in the dust, and sorely smote his breast.
 His friends around the deep affliction mourn'd,
 Felt all his pangs, and groan for groan return'd;
 In anguish of their hearts their mantles rent,
 And seven long days in solemn silence spent;
 A debt of rev'rence to distress so great!
 Then Job contain'd no more, but curs'd his fate:
 His day of birth, its inauspicious light.
 He wishes sunk in shades of endless night,
 And blotted from the year; nor fears to crave
 Death, instant death, impatient for the grave;
 That seat of bliss, that mansion of repose,
 Where rest and mortals are no longer foes;
 Where counsellors are hush'd, and mighty kings,
 O happy turn! no more are wretched things.

His words were daring, and displeas'd his friends;
 His conduct they reprove, and he defends;
 And now they kindled into warm debate,
 And sentiments oppos'd with equal heat;
 Fix'd in opinion, both refuse to yield,
 And summon all their reason to the field.

our notions of regularity. The judicious, if they compare this piece with the original, will, I flatter myself, find the reasons for the great liberties I have indulged myself in through the whole.

Longinus has a chapter on interrogations, which shews that they contribute much to the sublime. This speech of the Almighty is made up of them. Interrogation seems indeed the proper style of majesty incensed. It differs from other manner of reproof, as bidding a person execute himself, does from a common execution; for he that asks the guilty a proper question, makes him, in effect, pass sentence on himself.



So high at length their arguments were wrought,
 They reach'd the last extent of human thought;
 A pause ensu'd. When lo! Heav'n interpos'd,
 And awfully the long contention clos'd.
 Full o'er their heads, with terrible surprise,
 A sudden whirlwind blacken'd all the skies;
 (They saw, and trembled!) from the darkness broke
 A dreadful voice, and thus th' Almighty spoke:

Who gives his tongue a loose so bold and vain,
 Censures my conduct, and reproves my reign?
 Lifts up his thought against me from the dust,
 And tells the world's Creator what is just?
 Of late so brave, now list a dauntless eye,
 Face my demand, and give it a reply.
 Where didst thou dwell at nature's early birth?
 Who laid foundations for the spacious earth?
 Who on its surface did extend the line,
 Its form determine, and its bulk confine?
 Who fix'd the corner-stone? what hand, declare,
 Hung it on nought, and fasten'd it in air?
 When the bright morning-stars in concert sung,
 When heav'n's high arch with loud Hosannas rung,
 When shouting sons of God the triumph crown'd,
 And the wide concave thunder'd with the sound.
 Earth's num'rous kingdoms, hast thou view'd them
 all?

And can thy span of knowledge grasp the ball?

The book of Job is well known to be dramatic, and, like the tragedies of old Greece, is fiction built on truth. Probably this most noble part of it, the Almighty speaking out of the whirlwind (so suitable to the after practice of the Greek stage, when there happened *dignus vindice nodus*) is fictitious; but it is fiction more agreeable to the time in which Job lived, than to any since. Frequent before the law were the appearances of the Almighty after this manner, Exod. chap. xix. Ezek. chap. i. &c. Hence is he said to "dwell in thick darkness: and have his way in the whirlwind."

Who heav'd the mountain, which sublimely stands,
And casts its shadow into distant lands?

Who, stretching forth his sceptre o'er the deep,
Can that wild world in due subjection keep?
I broke the globe, I scoop'd its hollow side,
And did a basin for the floods provide;
I chain'd them with my word; the boiling sea
Work'd up in tempests heard my great decree;
“ * Thus far thy floating tide shall be convey'd;
“ And here, O main, be thy proud billows stay'd.”

Hast thou explor'd the secrets of the deep,
Where, shut from use, unnumber'd treasures sleep;
Where down a thousand fathoms from the day,
Springs the great fountain, mother of the sea?
Those gloomy paths did thy bold foot e'er tread,
Whole worlds of waters rowling o'er thy head?

Hath the cleft centre open'd wide to thee?
Death's inmost chambers didst thou ever see?
E'er knock at his tremendous gate, and wade
To the black portal thro' th' incumbent shade?
Deep are those shades, but shades still deeper hide
My counsels from the ken of human pride

Where dwells the light, in what refulgent dome!
And where has darkness made her dismal home?
Thou know'st, no doubt, since thy large heart is
fraught

With ripen'd wisdom through long ages brought,

* There is a very great air in all that precedes, but this is signally sublime. We are struck with admiration to see the vast and ungovernable ocean receiving commands, and punctually obeying them; to find it like a managed horse, raging, tossing, and foaming, but by the rule and direction of its master. This passage yields in sublimity to that of “ Let there be light,” &c. so much only, as the absolute government of nature yields to the creation of it.

The like spirit in these two passages is no bad concurrent argument, that Moses is author of the book of Job.

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Since nature was call'd forth when thou wast by,
And into being rose beneath thine eye.

Are mists begotten? who their father knew?
From whom descend the pearly drops of dew?
To bind the stream by night what hand can boast,
Or whiten morning with the hoary frost?
Whose pow'ful breath, from northern regions blown,
Touches the sea, and turns it into stone;
A sudden desert spreads o'er realms defac'd,
And lays one half of the creation waste?

Thou know'st me not, thy blindness cannot see
How vast a distance parts thy GOD from thee.
Canst thou in whirlwinds mount aloft? Canst thou
In clouds and darkness wrap thy awful brow?
And, when day triumphs in meridian light,
Put forth thy hand, and shade the world with night?

Who launch'd the clouds in air, and bid them rowl
Suspended seas aloft, from pole to pole?
Who can refresh the burning sandy plain,
And quench the summer with a waste of rain?
Who in rough deserts, far from human toil
Made rocks bring forth, and desolation smile?
There blooms the rose, where human face ne'er shone,
And spreads its beauties to the sun alone.

To check the show'r who lifts his hand on high,
And shuts the sluices of th' exhausted sky,
When earth no longer mourns her gaping veins,
Her naked mountains, and her russet plains,
But new in life a chearful prospect yields
Of shining rivers, and of verdant fields;
When groves and forests lavish all their bloom,
And earth and heav'n are fill'd with rich perfume?
Hast thou ne'er scal'd my wint'ry skies, and seen
Of hail and snows my northern magazine?
These the dread treasures of mine anger are,
My fund of vengeance for the day of war,

When clouds rain death, and storms, at my command,
Rage thro' the world, or waste a guilty land.

Who taught the rapid winds to fly so fast,
Or shakes the centre with his eastern blast?
Who from the skies can a whole deluge pour?
Who strikes thro' Nature with the solemn roar
Of dreadful thunder? points it where to fall,
And in fierce light'ning wraps the flying ball!—
Not he who trembles at the darted fires,
Falls at the sound, and in the flash expires.

Who drew the comet out to such a fire,
And pour'd his flaming train o'er half the skies?
Did thy resentment hang him out? does he
Glare on the nations, and denounce from thee?

Who on low earth can moderate the rein
That guides the stars along th' etherial plain;
Appoint their seasons, and direct their course,
'Their lustre brighten, and supply their force?
Canst thou the skies' benevolence restrain,
And cause the Pleiades to shine in vain?
Or, when Orion sparkles from his sphere,
'Thaw the cold season, and unbind the year?
Bid Mazaroth his destin'd station know,
And teach the bright Arcturus where to glow?
Mine is the night, with all her stars; I pour
Myriads, and myriads I reserve in store.

Dost thou pronounce where day-light shall be born,
And draw the purple curtain of the morn?
Awake the sun, and bid him come away,
And glad the world with his obsequious ray?
Hast thou enthron'd in flaming glory driv'n
Triumphant round the spacious ring of heav'n?
That pomp of light what hand so far displays,
'That distant earth lyes basking in the blaze?

Who did the soul with her rich pow'rs invest,
And light up reason in the human breast,

To shine, with fresh increase of lustre, bright,
 When stars and sun are set in endless night?
 To these my various questions make reply.
 Th' Almighty spoke, and, speaking, shook the sky.

What then, Chaldean fire, was thy surprise?
 Thus thou, with trembling heart, and downcast eyes,
 "Once and again, which I in groans deplore,
 "My tongue has err'd, but shall presume no more:
 "My voice is in eternal silence bound,
 "And all my soul falls prostrate to the ground."

He ceas'd: when lo! again th' Almighty spoke:
 The same dread voice from the black whirlwind broke.

Can that arm measure with an arm divine?
 And canst thou thunder with a voice like mine?
 Or in the hollow of thy hand contain
 The bulk of waters, the wide-spreading main,
 When mad with tempests all the billows rise
 In all their rage, and dash the distant skies?

Come forth in beauty's excellence array'd,
 And be the grandeur of thy pow'r display'd;
 Put on omnipotence, and frowning make
 The spacious round of the creation shake;
 Dispatch thy vengeance, bid it overthrow
 Triumphant Vice, lay lofty tyrants low,
 And crumble them to dust: when this is done,
 I grant thy safety lodg'd in thee alone;
 Of thee thou art, and may'st undaunted stand
 Behind the buckler of thine own right hand.

Fond man! the vision of a moment made!
 Dream of a dream! and shadow of a shade!
 What worlds hast thou produc'd, what creatures fram'd,
 What insects cherish'd, that thy God is blam'd?
 When * pain'd with hunger the wild raven brood
 Loud calls on God importunate for food,

* Another argument that Moses was the author, is, that
 most of the creatures here mentioned are Egyptian. The

Who hears their cry, who grants their hoarse request,
And stills the clamour of the craving nest?

Who in the stupid † ostrich has subdu'd
A parent's care, and fond inquietude?
While far she flies, her scatter'd eggs are found,
Without an owner, on the sandy ground;
Cast out on fortune, they at mercy lie,
And borrow life from an indulgent sky;
Adopted by the sun, in blaze of day,
They ripen under his prolific ray;
Unmindful she, that some unhappy tread
May crush her young in their neglected bed;
What time she skims along the field with speed*,
She scorns the rider, and pursuing steed †.

reason given why the raven is particularly mentioned as an object of the care of providence, is, because by her clamorous and importunate voice, she particularly seems always calling upon it; thence *νοταρσεν α νοταξ*, *Aelian.* l. 2. c. 48. is *to ask earnestly*. And since there were ravens on the bank of the Nile, more clamorous than the rest of that species, those probably are meant in that place.

† There are many instances of this bird's stupidity; let two suffice. First, it covers its head in the reeds, and thinks itself all out of sight.

“ Stat lumine clauso

“ Ridendum revoluta caput, creditque latere

“ Quae non ipsa videt” ————— *Cloud.*

Secondly, They that go in pursuit of them, draw the skin of an ostrich's neck on one hand, which proves a sufficient lure to take them with the other.

They have so little brain that Heliogabulus had six hundred heads for his supper.

Here we may observe, that our judicious as well as sublime author just touches the great points of distinction in each creature, and then hastens to another. A description is exact when you cannot add, but what is common to another thing; nor withdraw, but something peculiarly belonging to the thing described. A likeness is lost in too much illustration, as a meaning often in too much illustration.

* Here is marked another peculiar quality of this creature, which neither flies nor runs directly, but has a motion com-

How rich the peacock † what bright glories run
 From plume to plume, and vary in the sun!
 He proudly spreads them to the golden ray,
 Gives all his colours, and adorns the day,
 With conscious state the spacious round displays,
 And slowly moves amid the waving blaze.

Who taught the hawk to find, in seasons wise,
 Perpetual summer, and a change of skies?
 When clouds deform the year, she mounts the wind,
 Shoots to the south, nor fears the storms behind;
 The sun returning, she returns again,
 Lives in his beams, and leaves ill days to men.

Tho' strong the hawk *, tho' practis'd well to fly,
 An eagle drops her in a lower sky:
 An eagle when, deserting human fight,
 She seeks the sun in her unweary'd flight:
 Did thy command her yellow pinion lift
 So high in air, and seat her on the clift,

pos'd of both, and using its wings as sails, makes great speed.

"Vesta velut Lybiae venantium vocibus ales

"Cum premetur calidus cursu transmittit arenas,

"Inque modum veli sinuatis flammine pennis

"Pulverulenta volat"——— *Cloud. in Entr.*

† Xenophon says, Cyrus had horses that could overtake the goat and the wild ass; but none that could reach this creature. A thousand golden ducats, or a hundred camels, was the stated price of a horse that could equal their speed.

‡ Though this bird is but just mentioned in my author, I could not forbear going a little farther, and spreading those beautiful plumes (which are there shut up) into half a dozen lines. The circumstance I have marked of his opening his plumes to the sun, is true. "Expandit colores adverso
 "maxime sole, quia sic fulgentius radiant." Plin. l. x. c. 20.

* Thuanus (de re accip.) mentions a hawk that flew from Paris to London in a night.

And the Egyptians, in regard to its swiftness, made it their symbol for the wind; for which reason we may sup-

Where far above thy world she dwells alone,
And proudly makes the strength of rocks her own;
Thence wide o'er nature takes her dread survey †,
And with a glance predestinates her prey?
She feasts her young with blood, and hov'ring o'er
Th' unslaughter'd host, enjoys the promis'd gore.

Know'st thou how many moons *, by me assign'd,
Rowl o'er the mountain goat, and forest hind,
While pregnant they a mother's load sustain?
They bend in anguish, and cast forth their pain.
Hale are their young, from human frailties freed,
Walk unsustain'd, and unassisted feed;
They live at once, forsake the dam's warm side,
Take the wide world, with Nature for their guide,
Bound o'er the lawn, or seek the distant glade,
And find a home in each delightful shade.

Will the tall reem, which knows no lord but me,
Lowe at the crib, and ask an alms of thee?
Submit his unworn shoulder to the yoke,
Break the stiff clod, and o'er thy furrow smoke?

pose the hawk, as well as the crow above, to have been a bird of note in Egypt.

† The eagle is said to be of so acute a sight, that when she is so high in the air that man cannot see her, she can discern the smallest fish under water. My author accurately understood the nature of the creatures he describes, and seems to have been a naturalist as well as a poet, which the next note will confirm.

* The meaning of this question is, Knowest thou the time and circumstances of their bringing forth? For to know the time only was easy, and had nothing extraordinary in it; but the circumstances had something peculiarly expressive of God's providence, which makes the question proper in this place. Pliny observes, that the hind with young is by instinct directed to a certain herb called Sefelis, which facilitates the birth. Thunder also (which looks like the more immediate hand of providence) has the same effect, Psal. xxix. In so early an age to observe these things, may fill our author a naturalist.

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Since great his strength, go trust him void of care,
Lay on his neck the toil of all the year,
Bid him bring home the seasons to thy doors,
And cast his load among the gather'd stores.

Didst thou from service the wild ass discharge,
And break his bonds, and bid him live at large,
Thro' the wide waste his ample mansion roam,
And lose himself in his unbounded home?

By Nature's hand magnificently fed,
His meal is on the range of mountains spread;
As in pure air aloft he bounds along,
He sees in distant smoke the city throng,
Conscious of freedom, scorns the smother'd train,
The threat'ning driver, and the servile rein.

Survey the warlike horse! didst thou invest
With thunder his robust distended chest?
No sense of fear his dauntless soul allays;
'Tis dreadful to behold his nostrils blaze:
To paw the vale he proudly takes delight,
And triumphs in the fulness of his might;
High-raised he snuffs the battle from afar,
And burns to plunge amid the raging war,
And mocks at death, and throws his foam around,
And in a storm of fury shakes the ground.
How does his firm, his rising heart advance
Full on the brandish'd sword, and shaken lance,
While his fix'd eye-balls meet the dazzling shield,
Gaze, and return the light'ning of the field!
He sinks the sense of pain in gen'rous pride,
Nor feels the shaft that trembles in his side,
But neighs to the shrill trumpet's dreadful blast
Till death; and when he groans, he groans his last.

But fiercer still the lordly lion stalks,
Grimly majestic in his lonely walks:
When round he glares, all living creatures fly,
He clears the desert with his rowling eye.

Say, mortal, does he rouse at thy command,
 And roar to thee, and live upon thy hand?
 Dost thou for him in forests bend thy bow,
 And to his gloomy den the morsel throw,
 Where bent on death he hid his tawny brood,
 And couch'd in dreadful ambush, pant for blood;
 Or stretch'd on broken limbs, consume the day
 In darkness wrapt, and slumber o'er their prey?
 By the pale moon they take their destin'd round*,
 And lash their sides, and furious tear the ground:
 Now shrieks and dying groans the desert fill;
 They rage, they rend, their ravenous jaws distil
 With crimson foam; and when the banquet's o'er,
 They stride away, and paint their steps with gore:
 In flight alone the shepherd puts his trust,
 And shudders at the talon in the dust.

Mild is my Behemoth, tho' large his frame,
 Smooth is his temper, and repress'd his flame,
 While unprovok'd: this native of the flood
 Lifts his broad foot, and puts ashore for food:
 Earth sinks beneath him as he moves along
 To seek the herbs, and mingle with the throng.
 See with what strength his harden'd loins are bound,
 All over proof, and shut against a wound;
 How like a mountain cedar moves his tail,
 Nor can his complicated sinews fail:
 Built high and wide, his solid bones surpass
 The bars of steel, his ribs are ribs of brass;
 His post majestic, and his armed jaw,
 Give the wide forest, and the mountain law:
 The mountains feed him; there the beasts admire
 The mighty stranger, and in dread retire;

* Pursuing their prey by night is true of most wild beasts, particularly the lion, Psal. civ. 20. The Arabians have one among their 500 names for the lion, which signifies *The Hunter by Moonshine*.

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At length his greatness nearer they survey,
Grazed in his shadow, and his eye obey.
The fens and marshes are his cool retreat,
His noon-tide shelter from the burning heat ;
Their sedgy bosoms his wide couch are made,
And groves of willows give him all their shade :

His eye drinks Jordan up, when fir'd with drought,
He trusts to turn its current down his throat ;
In less'n'd waves it creeps along the plain,
He sinks a river, and he thirsts again *.

Go to the Nile †, and from its fruitful side,
Cast forth thy line into the swelling tide ;
With slender hair Leviathan command,
And stretch his vastness on the loaded strand :
Will he become thy servant, will he own
Thy lordly nod, and tremble at thy frown,
Or with his sport amuse thy leisure day,
And bound in silk with thy soft maidens play ?

Shall pompous banquets swell with such a prize,
And the bowl journey round his ample size ?
Or the debating merchants share the prey,
And various limbs to various marts convey ?
Thro' his firm skull what steel its way can win ?
What forceful engine can subdue his skin ?
Fly far, and live ; tempt not his matchless might ;
The bravest shrink to cowards in his fight,

* " Cephæsi glaciale caput quo fuetos anhelant

" Ferre sitem Python, anemque avertere ponto."

Stat. Theb. v. 349.

" Qui spiris tegeret montes, hauriret hiatu

" Pluminio," &c.

Claud. pref. in Ruf.

Let not then this hyperbole seem too much for an eastern poet, though some commentators of name strain hard in this place for a new construction, through fear of it.

† The taking the crocodile is most difficult. Diodorus says, they are not to be taken but by iron nets. When Augustus conquered Egypt, he struck a medal, the impress of which was a crocodile chained to a palm-tree, with this inscription, *NEMO ANTEA RELIGAVIT*.

The rashest dare not rouse him up †; who then
Shall turn on me, among the sons of men?

Am I a debtor? hast thou ever heard
Whence come the gifts which are on me conferr'd?
My lavish fruits a thousand vallies fill,
And mine the herds that graze a thousand hills;
Earth, sea, and air, all nature is my own,
And stars, and sun, are dust beneath my throne:
And dar'st thou with the world's great Father vie,
Thou, who dost tremble at my creature's eye?

At full my huge Leviathan shall rise,
Boast all his strength, and spread his wondrous size.
Who, great in arms, e'er stripp'd his shining mail,
Or crown'd his triumph with a single scale?
Whose heart sustains him to draw near? behold
Destruction yawns, his spacious jaws unfold*,
And, marshall'd round the wide expanse, disclose
Teeth edg'd with death, and crowding rows on rows:
What hideous fangs on either side arise,
And what a deep abyfs between them lyes?
Metè with thy lance, and with thy plummet sound,
The one how long, the other how profound.

His bulk is charg'd with such a furious soul,
That clouds of smoke from his spread nostrils rowl,
As from a furnace; and, when rous'd his ire,
Fate issues from his jaws in streams of fire ‡:

† This alludes to a custom of this creature, which is,
when fated with fish, to come ashore and sleep among the
reeds.

* The crocodile's mouth is exceeding wide. When he
gapes, says Pliny, "sit totum os." Martial says to his old
woman,

"Cum comparata rictibus tuis ora

"Nilivus habet crocodilis angusta."

So that the expression there is barely just.

‡ This too is nearer truth than at first view may be ima-
gined. The crocodile, say the naturalists, lying long under
water, and being there forced to hold its breath, when it

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The rage of tempests, and the roar of seas,
Thy terror, this thy great Superior please;
Strength on his ample shoulder sits in state,
His well-join'd limbs are dreadfully complete,
His flakes of solid flesh are slow to part,
As steel his nerves, as adamant his heart.

When late awak'd he rears him from his floods,
And stretching forth his stature to the clouds,
Writhes in the sun aloft his scaly height,
And strikes the distant hills with transient light,
Far round are fatal damps of terror spread,
The mighty fear, nor blush to own their dread.

* Large is his front; and when his burnish'd eyes
Lift their broad lids, the morning seems to rise.

emerges, the breath long repress is hot, and bursts out so violently, that it resembles fire and smoke. The horse suppresses not his breath by any means so long, neither is he so fierce or animated; yet the most correct of poets ventures to use the same metaphor concerning him:

"Collectumque premens volvit sub naribus ignem."

By this and the foregoing note I would caution against a false opinion of the eastern boldness, from passages in them ill understood.

* "His eyes are like the eye-lids of the morning." I think this gives us as great an image of the thing it would express, as can enter the thought of man. It is not improbable that the Egyptians stole their hieroglyphic for the morning, which is the crocodile's eye, from this passage, though no commentator I have seen mentions it. It is easy to conceive how the Egyptians should be both readers and admirers of the writings of Moses, whom I suppose the author of this poem.

I have observed already, that three or four of the creatures here described are Egyptian; the two last are notoriously so, they are the river-horse and the crocodile, those celebrated inhabitants of the Nile; and on these two our author chiefly dwells. It would have been expected from an author more remote from that river than Moses, in a catalogue of creatures produced to magnify the Creator, to have dwelt on the two largest works of his hand, viz. the elephant and the whale. This is so natural an expectation that some commentators have rendered Behemoth and Le-

In vain may death in various shapes invade,
 The swift-wing'd arrow, the descending blade;
 His naked breast their impotence defies,
 The dart rebounds, the brittle faulchion flies:
 Shut in himself the war without he hears,
 Safe in the tempest of their rattling spears;
 The cumber'd strand their wasted vollics strow;
 His sport, the rage and labour of the foe.

His pastimes like a caldron boil the flood,
 And blacken ocean with the rising mud;
 The billows feel him as he works his way;
 His hoary footsteps shine along the sea;
 The foam high-wrought with white divides the green,
 And distant sailors point where death has been.

His like earth bears not on her spacious face,
 Alone in nature stands his dauntless race,
 For utter ignorance of fear renown'd;
 In wrath he rolls his baleful eye around,
 Makes ev'ry swoln disdainful heart subside;
 And holds dominion o'er the sons of pride.

Then the Chaldean eas'd his lab'ring breast,
 With full conviction of his crime oppress'd:

"Thou can'st accomplish all things, LORD of might!
 "And every thought is naked to thy sight:
 "But oh! thy ways are wonderful, and ly
 "Beyond the deepest reach of mortal eye.
 "Oft have I heard of thine Almighty pow'r,
 "But never saw thee till this dreadful hour.
 "O'erwhelm'd with shame, the LORD of life I see,
 "Abhor myself, and give my soul to thee:
 "Nor shall my weakness tempt thine anger more:
 "Man is not made to question, but adore."

viathan, the elephant and whale, though the descriptions in our author will not admit of it; but Moses being (as we may well suppose) under an immediate terror of the Hippopotamus and Crocodile, from their daily mischiefs and ravages around them, it is very accountable why he should permit them to take place.

A P P E N D I X

T O

VOLUME the FIRST.

CONTAINING

Several Poems omitted in the former Editions.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following pieces are omitted in the editions of Dr Young's works said to be revised and corrected by the Author; but are here inserted, to gratify those who would wish to be possessed of a complete collection of this Author's works.

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VOL.

V E R S E S

Occasioned by

That famous Piece of the CRUCIFIXION,

Done by

MICHAEL ANGELO*.

WHILE his Redeemer on his canvas dies,
 Stabb'd at his feet his brother welt'ring lyes :
 The daring artist, cruelly serene,
 Views the pale cheek and the distorted mien ;
 He drains off life by drops, and, deaf to cries,
 Examines every spirit as it flies :
 He studies torment, dives in mortal woe,
 To rouse up ev'ry pang repeats his blow ;
 Each rising agony, each dreadful grace,
 Yet warm transplanting to his Saviour's face.
 O glorious theft ! O nobly wicked draught !
 With its full charge of death each feature fraught !
 Such wond'rous force the magic colours boast,
 From his own skill he starts, in horror lost.

* Who obtained leave to treat a malefactor, condemned to be broke upon the wheel, as he pleased for this purpose. The man being extended, this wonderful artist directed that he should be stabbed in such parts of the body as he apprehended would occasion the most excruciating torture, that he might represent the agonies of death in the most natural manner.

VOL. I.

T

ON THE
 DEATH of Queen ANNE,
 AND THE
 ACCESSION of King GEORGE.

Inscribed to

JOSEPH ADDISON, Esq.

Secretary to their Excellencies the Lords Justices,
 in the year 1714.

—Gaudia curis.

Hor.

SIR, I have long, and with impatience, sought
 To ease the fulness of my grateful thought:
 My fame at once, and duty to pursue,
 And please the public, by respect to You.

Tho' you, long since beyond Britannia known,
 Have spread your country's glory with your own;
 To me you never did more lovely shine,
 Than when so late the kindled wrath divine
 Quench'd our ambition in great Anna's fate,
 And darken'd all the pomp of human state.
 Tho' you are rich in fame, and fame decay,
 Tho' rais'd in life, and greatness fade away,
 Your lustre brightens: virtue cuts the gloom
 With purer rays, and sparkles near a tomb.

Know, Sir, the great esteem and honour due,
 I chose, that moment, to profess to you,

When sadness reign'd, when fortune, so severe,
 Had warm'd our bosoms to be most sincere,
 And when no motive could have force to raise
 A serious value, and provoke my praise,
 But such as rise above, and far transcend
 Whatever glories with this world shall end,
 Then shining forth, when deepest shades shall blot
 The sun's bright orb, and Cato be forgot.

I sing!—But ah! my theme I need not tell!
 See ev'ry eye with conscious sorrow swell:
 Who now to verse would raise his humble voice
 Can only shew his duty, not his choice.
 How great the weight of grief our hearts sustain!
 We languish, and to speak is to complain.

Let us look back, (for who too oft can view
 That most illustrious scene, for ever new!)
 See all the seasons shine on Anna's throne,
 And pay a constant tribute, not their own.
 Her summer heats not fruits alone bestow,
 They reap the harvest, and subdue the foe:
 And when black storms confess the distant sun,
 Her winters wear the wreaths her summers won.
 Revolving pleasures in their turn appear,
 And triumphs are the product of the year.
 To crown the whole, great joys in greater cease,
 And glorious victory is lost in peace.

Whence this profusion on our favour'd isle?
 Did partial fortune on our virtue smile?
 Or did the sceptre, in great Anna's hand,
 Stretch forth this rich indulgence o'er our land?
 Ungrateful Britain! quit thy groundless claim;
 Thy queen and thy good fortune are the same.

Hear, with alarms, our trumpets fill the sky;
 'Tis Anna reigns! the Gallic squadrons fly.
 We spread our canvas to the southern shore;
 'Tis Anna reigns! the South resigns her store.

Her virtue smoothes the tumult of the main,
And swells the field with mountains of the slain;
Argyll and Churchill but the glory share,
While millions ly subdu'd by Anna's pray'r.

How great her zeal! how fervent her desire!
How did her soul in holy warmth expire!
Constant devotion did her time divide,
Not set returns of pleasure or of pride:
Not want of rest, or the sun's parting ray,
But finish'd duty, limited the day.
How sweet succeeding sleep! what lovely themes
Smil'd in her thoughts, and soften'd all her dreams!
Her royal couch descending angels spread,
And join'd their wings, a shelter o'er her head.

Tho' Europe's wealth and glory claim'd a part,
Religion's cause reign'd mistress of her heart:
She saw, and griev'd to see the mean estate
Of those who round the hallow'd altar wait;
She shed her bounty, piously profuse,
And thought it more her own in sacred use.

Thus on his furrow see the tiller stand,
And fill with genial seed his lavish hand;
He trusts the kindness of the fruitful plain,
And providently scatters all his grain.

What strikes my sight! does proud Augusta rise
New to behold, and awfully surprize?
Her lofty brow more num'rous turrets crown,
And sacred domes on palaces look down:
A noble pride of piety is shown,
And temples cast a lustre on the throne.
How would this work another's glory raise!
But Anna's greatness robs her of the praise.
Drown'd in a greater blaze it disappears.
Who dry'd the widow's and the orphan's tears?
Who stoop'd from high to succour the distress'd,
And reconcile the wounded heart to rest?

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Great in her goodness, well could we perceive,
 Whoever sought, it was a Queen that gave.
 Misfortune lost her name; her guiltless frown
 But made another debtor to the Crown;
 And each unfriendly stroke from Fate we bore,
 Became our title to the regal store.

Thus injur'd trees adopt a foreign shoot,
 And their wounds blossom with a fairer fruit.

Ye numbers, who on your misfortunes thriv'd,
 When first the dreadful blast of fame arriv'd,
 Say what a shock, what agonies you felt,
 How did your souls with tender anguish melt!
 That grief, which living Anna's love suppress'd,
 Shook like a tempest every grateful breast.
 A second fate our sinking fortunes try'd!
 A second time our tender parents dy'd!

Heroes returning from the field we crown,
 And deify the haughty victor's frown;
 His splendid wealth too rashly we admire,
 Catch the disease, and burn with equal fire.
 Wisely to spend is the great art of gain;
 And one reliev'd transcends a million slain.
 When time shall ask, where once Ramilia lay,
 Or Danube flow'd that swept whole troops away,
 One drop of water that refresh'd the dry,
 Shall raise a fountain of eternal joy.

But, ah! to that unknown and distant date,
 Is Virtue's great reward push'd off by Fate;
 Here random shafts in every breast are found,
 Virtue and Merit but provoke the wound.

August in native worth, and regal state,
 Anna sat arbitress of Europe's fate;
 To distant realms did ev'ry accent fly,
 And nations watch'd each motion of her eye.
 Silent, nor longer awful to be seen,
 How small a spot contains the mighty Queen!

No throng of suppliant princes mark the place,
Where Britain's greatness is compos'd in peace:
The broken earth is scarce discern'd to rise,
And a stone tells us where the monarch lyes.

Thus end maturest honours of a crown!
This is the last conclusion of renown!

So when, with idle skill, the wanton boy
Breathes through his tube, he sees, with eager joy,
The trembling bubble, in its rising small,
And, by degrees, expands the glitt'ring ball.
But when, to full perfection blown, it flies
High in the air, and shines in various dyes,
The little monarch, with a falling tear,
Sees his world burst at once, and disappear.

'Tis not in sorrow to reverse our doom;
No groans unlock th' inexorable tomb;
Why then this fond indulgence of our woe!
What fruit can rise, or what advantage flow!
Yes, this advantage from our deep distress,
We learn how much in George the gods can bless:
Had a less glorious princess left the throne,
But half the hero had at first been shown;
An Anna falling, all the King employs,
To vindicate from guilt our rising joys:
Our joys arise, and innocently shine,
Auspicious Monarch! what a praise is thine!

Welcome, great stranger, to Britannia's throne!
Nor let thy country think thee all her own.
Of thy delay how oft did we complain!
Our hopes reach'd out, and met thee on the main.
With pray'r we smooth'd the billows for thy fleet;
With ardent wishes fill'd thy swelling sheet;
And when thy foot took place on Albion's shore,
We bending blest'd the gods, and ask'd no more.
What hand but thine should conquer, and compose,
Join those whom int'rest joins, and chace our foes?

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Repel the daring youth's presumptuous aim,
And by his rival's greatness give him fame?
Now in some foreign court he may sit down,
And quit, without a blush, the British crown.
Secure his honour, though he lose his store,
And take a lucky moment to be poor.

Nor think, great Sir, now first, at this late hour,
In Britain's favour, you exert your power;
To us, far back in time, I joy to trace
The num'rous tokens of your princely grace.
Whether you chuse to thunder on the Rhine,
Inspire grave councils, or in courts to shine:
In the more scenes your genius was display'd,
The greater debt was on Britannia laid:
They all conspir'd this mighty man to raise,
And your new subjects proudly share the praise.

All share; but may not we have leave to boast,
That we contemplate, and enjoy it most?
This ancient nurse of arts, indulg'd by Fate,
On gentle Isis' bank a calm retreat,
For many rolling ages justly fam'd,
Has through the world her loyalty proclaim'd;
And often pour'd (too well the truth is known!)
Her blood and treasure to support the throne;
For England's church her latest accent strain'd,
And freedom with her dying hand retain'd;
No wonder then her various ranks agree,
In all the fervencies of zeal for thee.
What though thy birth a distant kingdom boast,
And seas divide thee from the British coast?
The crown's impatient to inclose thy head;
Why stay thy feet? the cloth-of-gold is spread.
Our strict obedience thro' the world shall tell,
That king's a Briton who can govern well.

L E T T E R

T O

Mr. TICKELL.

Occasioned by the

D E A T H

Of the Right Honourable

JOSEPH ADDISON, Esq; 1719.

—Tu nunc eris alter ab illo.

Virg.

O LONG with me in Oxford groves confin'd,
 In social arts, and sacred friendship join'd;
 Fair Isis' sorrow, and fair Isis' boast,
 Lost from her side, but fortunately lost;
 Thy wonted aid, my dear companion, bring,
 And teach me thy departed friend to sing.
 A darling theme! once pow'ful to inspire,
 And now to melt the muses' mournful choir:
 Now, and now first, we freely dare commend
 His modest worth, nor shall our praise offend.

Early he bloom'd amid the learned train,
 And ravish'd Isis listen'd to his strain;
 See, see, she cry'd, old Maro's muse appears,
 Wak'd from her slumber of two thousand years:
 Her finish'd charms to Addison she brings,
 Thinks in his thought, and in his numbers sings.

All read transported his pure classic page,
Read, and forget their climate and their age.

The state, when now his rising fame was known,
Th' unrivall'd genius challeng'd for her own;
Nor wou'd that one for scenes of action strong,
Shou'd let a life evaporate in song.
As health and strength the brightest charms dispense,
Wit is the blossom of the soundest sense.
Yet few, how few with lofty thought inspir'd,
With quickness pointed, and with rapture fir'd;
In conscious pride, their own importance find,
Blind to themselves, as the hard world is blind!
Wit they esteem a gay, but worthless pow'r,
The slight amusement of a leisure hour;
Unmindful that, conceal'd from vulgar eyes,
Majestic wisdom wears the bright disguise.

Poor Dido fondled thus with idle joy
Dread Cupid lurking in the Trojan boy;
Lightly she toy'd, and trifled with his charms,
And knew not that a god was in her arms.

Who greatest excellence of thought cou'd boast,
In action too have been distinguish'd most.
This Somers knew, and Addison sent forth
From the malignant regions of the North,
To be matur'd in more indulgent skies,
Where all the vigour of the soul can rise;
Thro' warmer veins where sprightlier spirits run,
And sense enliven'd sparkles in the sun.
With secret pain the prudent patriot gave
The hopes of Britain to the rolling wave,
Anxious the charge to all the stars resign'd,
And plac'd a confidence in sea and wind.

Aufonia soon receiv'd her wond'ring guest,
And equal wonder in her turn confess'd,
To see her fervors rival'd by the pole,
Her lustre beaming from a northern soul:

In like surprisè was her Aeneas lost,
 To find his picture grace a foreign coast.
 Now the wide field of Europe he surveys,
 Compares her kings, her thrones and empires weight,
 In ripen'd judgment and consummate thought:
 Great work! by Nassau's favour cheaply bought.

He now returns to Britain a support,
 Wise in her senate, graceful in her court:
 And when the public welfare would permit,
 The source of learning, and the soul of wit.
 O Warwick! (whom the muse is fond to name,
 And kindles, conscious of her future theme),
 O Warwick! by divine contagion bright,
 How early didst thou catch his radiant light!
 By him inspir'd how shine before thy time,
 And leave thy years, and leap into thy prime!

On some warm bank, thus, fortunately born,
 A rose-bud opens to a summer's morn,
 Full blown ere noon her fragrant pride displays,
 And shews th' abundance of her purple rays.

Wit, as her bays, was once a barren tree;
 We now surpris'd her fruitful branches see;
 Or, orange like, till his auspicious time
 It grew indeed, but shiver'd in our clime:
 He first the plant to richer gardens led,
 And fix'd indulgent in a warmer bed.
 The nation pleas'd enjoys the rich produce,
 And gathers from her ornament her use.

When loose from public cares the grove he sought,
 And fill'd the leisure interval with thought,
 The various labours of his easy page,
 A chance amusement, polish'd half an age.
 Beyond this truth old bards could scarce invent,
 Who durst to frame a world by accident.

What he has sung, how early, and how well,
 The Thames shall boast, and Roman Tyber tell.

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A glory more sublime remains in store,
 Since such his talents, that he sung no more.
 No fuller proof of pow'r th' Almighty gave,
 Making the sea, than curbing her proud wave.

Nought can the genius of his works transcend,
 But their fair purpose and important end ;
 To rouse the war for injur'd Europe's laws ;
 To steel the patriot in great Brunswic's cause ;
 With virtue's charms to kindle sacred love,
 Or paint th' eternal bow'rs of bliss above.
 Where hadst thou room, great author ! where to roll
 The mighty theme of an immortal soul ?
 Through paths unknown, unbeaten, whence were
 brought

Thy proofs so strong for immaterial thought ?

One let me join, all other may excel ;

" How could a mortal essence think so well ?"

But why so large in the great writer's praise ?

More lofty subjects should my numbers raise :

In him (illustrious rivalry !) contend

The statesman, patriot, Christian, and the friend !

His glory such, it borders on disgrace

To say he sung the best of human race.

In joy once join'd, in sorrow now for years,

Partner in grief and brother of my tears,

Tickell, accept this verse, thy mournful due :

Thou farther shalt the sacred theme pursue ;

And as thy strain describes the matchless man,

Thy life shall second what thy muse began.

Tho' sweet the numbers, tho' a fire divine

Dart thro' the whole, and burn in ev'ry line ;

Who strives not for that excellence he draws,

Is stain'd by fame, and suffers from applause.

But haste to thy illustrious task ; prepare

The noble work well trusted to thy care ;

228 A LETTER TO MR TICKELL

The gift bequeathed by Addison's command,
To Craggs made sacred by his dying hand.
Collect the labours, join the various rays;
The scatter'd light in one united blaze;
Then bear to him so true, so truly lov'd,
In life distinguish'd, and in death approv'd,
Th' immortal legacy. — He hangs a while
In gen'rous anguish o'er the glorious pile;
With anxious pleasure the known page-reviews,
And the dear pledge with falling tears bedews.
What tho' thy tears pour'd o'er thy godlike friend,
Thy other cares for Britain's weal suspend;
Think not, O patriot, while thy eyes o'erflow,
Those cares suspended for a private woe;
Thy love to him is to thy country shown,
He mourns for her who mourns for Addison.

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Vol.

T H E
FOREIGN ADDRESS;
OCCASIONED BY THE
BRITISH FLEET,
AND THE
POSTURE OF AFFAIRS,
M.DCC.XXXIV.

Written in the character of a SAILOR.

Musa dedit fidibus divos puerosque Deorum. Hor.

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T H E
FOREIGN ADDRESS;
O N T H E
POSTURE OF AFFAIRS.

YE guardian gods! who wait on kings,
And gently touch the secret springs
Of rising thought, solicit, I beseech,
For a poor stranger, come from far;
Procure a suppliant traveller
Ease of access, and the soft hour of speech.

II.

'Tis gain'd : hail, monarchs great and wise!
From distant climes, and dusky skies,
O'er seas and lands I flew, your ear to claim :
Yours is the sun, and purple vine;
Deep in the frozen north I pine;
Nor vine, nor sun could warm me like my theme.

III.

A theme how great! on yonder tide
A leafless forest spreading wide
The labour of the deep, my muse surveys :
A Fleet, whose empire o'er the wave
You grant, Time strengthens, Nature gave;
Now big with death, the terror of the seas!

IV.

Ye great by sea! ye shades ador'd!
Who fir'd the bomb, and bath'd the sword,
Arise! arise! arise! 'tis Britain charms;
Arise, ye boast of former wars!
And pointing to your glorious scars,
Rouse me to verse, your martial sons to arms.

V.

'Tis done: and see, sweet Clio brings
 From heav'n her deep-resounding strings:
 Clio! the * god which gave thy charming shell,
 Demands its most exalted strain,
 To sing the sov'reign of the main:
 Of Ocean's queen what wonders wilt thou tell?

IV.

Such wonders as may pass for sport,
 Or vision in a southern court:
 But, mighty Thrones! those truths which make me
 Your fathers saw, your sons shall see: [glow,
 Then quit your infidelity;
 Some truths 'tis better to believe than know.

VII.

Believe me, Kings! at Britain's nod,
 From each enchanted grove and wood,
 Huge oaks stalk down th' unshaded mountain's side;
 The lofty pines assume new forms,
 Fly round the globe, and live in storms;
 And tread and triumph on the word'ring tide.

VIII.

She nods again: the lab'ring earth
 Discloses a stupendous birth:
 In smoking rivers runs her molten ore:
 Thence, monsters of enormous size,
 And hideous nature, frowning rise,
 Flame from the deck, from trembling bastions roar,

IX.

These ministers of wrath fulfil,
 On empires wide, an island's will:
 Ye nations! know; know, all ye scepter'd pow'rs!
 In sulph'rous night, and massy balls,
 And floods of flame, the tempest falls,
 When stern Britannia's awful senate lours.

* Neptune.

X.

Bold is the style, when hearts are bold!
Would Britain have her anger told?
O! never let a meaner language sound,
Than that which thro' black æther rous'd,
Than that which prostrates human souls,
And rocks pale realms, when angry Jove has frown'd.

XI.

In peace she sheaths her courage keen,
And spares her nitrous magazine;
Her cannon slumber at the world's desire;
But, give just cause, at once they blaze,
At once they thunder from the seas,
Touch'd by their injur'd master's soul of fire.

XII.

Then Furies rise! the battle raves!
And rends the skies, and warms the waves,
And calls a tempest from the peaceful deep,
In spite of nature, spite of Jove,
While all serene, and hush'd above,
The boist'rous winds in azure chambers sleep.

XIII.

This, this, my Monarchs! is the scene
For hearts of proof, for gods of men;
Here War's whole sting is shot, whole heart is spent!
You sport in arms; how pale, how tame,
How lambent is Bellona's flame,
How her storms languish on the continent!

XIV.

A swarm of deaths the mighty bomb
Now scatters from her glowing womb;
Now the chain'd bolts in dread alliance join'd,
Red-wing'd with an expanding blast,
Sweep, in black whirlwinds, man and mast,
And leave a sing'd and naked hull behind.

XV.

Now—but I'm struck with pale despair;
 My Patrons! what a burst was there!
 The strong-ribb'd barques at once dislodging fly!
 Infatiate death! compendious fate!
 Deep wound to some brave bleeding state!
 One moment's guilt a thousand heroes die.

XVI.

The great, gay, graceful, young and brave,
 (Short obsequies!) the fable wave
 Involves in endless night: ye graveless dead!
 Where are your conquests? now you rove
 Pale, pensive, thro' the coral grove,
 Or shrink from Britain in your oozy bed.

XVII.

While virgins fair, with tender toil,
 Of fragrant blooms their gardens spoil,
 Low ly the brows for which the wreath's design'd,
 In sea-weed wrapt; alas! how vain
 The hope, the joy, the grief, the pain,
 The love, and godlike valour of mankind?

XVIII.

Of brass his heart who durst explore,
 Shut up in triple brass and more,
 Who when explor'd the secret durst explain?
 How, in one instant, at one blow,
 The maiden's sigh, the mother's throe,
 Of half a widow'd land to render vain.

XIX.

See! yon cowl'd friar in his cell,
 With sulphur, flame, and crucible:
 And can the charms of gold that saint inspire!
 O cursed cause! O curs'd event!
 O wond'rous pow'r of accident!
 He rivals gods, and sets the globe on fire.

XX.

But the rank growth of modern ill,
Too well deserv'd that fatal skill,
The skill by which Destruction swiftly runs;
And seas, and lands, and worlds lays waste,
With far more terror, far more haste,
Than ancient Nimrod, and his haughty sons.

XXI.

In frown and force old war must yield;
The chariot scyth'd, which mow'd the field,
The ram, the castled elephant were tame,
Tame to rang'd ordnance, which denies
Superior terror to the skies,
And claims the cloud, the thunder, and the flame.

XXII.

The flame, the thunder, and the cloud,
The night by day, the sea of blood,
Hosts whirl'd in air, the yell, the sinking throng,
The graveless dead, an ocean warm'd,
A firmament by mortals storm'd,
To wrong'd Britannia's angry brow belong.

XXIII.

Or do I dream, or do I rave?
Or do I see the gloomy cave,
Where Jove's red bolts the giant brothers frame?
The swarthy gods of toil and heat
Loud peals on mountain-anvils beat,
And panting tempests rouse the roaring flame.

XXIV.

Ye sons of Ætna! hear my call;
Let your unfinish'd labours fall,
That shield of Mars, Minerva's helmet blue:
Suspend your toils, ye brawny throng!
Charm'd by the magic of my song,
Drop the feign'd thunder, and attempt the true.

XXV.

Begin; and first take winged flight,
 Fierce flames, and clouds of thickest night,
 And trembling terror, paler than the dead;
 Then borrow from the north his roar,
 Mix groans and death; one vial pour
 Of dread Britannia's wrath, and it is made.

XXVI.

Yet, Peace celestial! may thy charms,
 Still fire our breasts, tho' clad in arms:
 If scenes of blood avenging fates decree,
 For thee the sword brave Britons wield;
 For thee, charge o'er th' embattled field;
 Or plunge thro' seas, thro' crimson seas for thee.

XXVII.

Even now for peace the gods are press'd;
 We woo the nations to be bless'd;
 For peace, victorious Kings! we call to you:
 For peace, on pinions of the dove,
 Soft emblem of eternal love!
 Thro' trackless air, and desert skies I flew.

XXVIII.

My * former lays of rough contents,
 Of waves, and wars, and armaments,
 Were but as peals of ordnance to confess
 Your height of dignity, to clear
 Your deaf, your late-obstructed ear,
 And wake attention to more mild address.

XXIX.

Have I not heard you both declare,
 Your hearts detest the purple war,
 And melt in anguish for the world's repose!
 Hail then! all hail! your wish is crown'd,
 Your godlike zeal thro' time renown'd,
 Thro' Europe bless'd; with joy her heart o'erflows.

* The foregoing stanzas.

XXX.

Your friend, your brother of the North,
 To meet your arms, comes smiling forth,
 And leads soft-handed peace : how pow'rful he !
 His num'rous race, the blossoms bright
 Of golden empire, radiant fight !
 Endless beam on into eternity.

XXXI.

What long allies ! — the virgin train
 Your most obdurate foes may gain :
 See, how their charms in lineal lustre shine !
 Thro' ev'ry genuine branch, the fire
 Has darted rays of temper'd fire ;
 The mother breath'd soft air, and bloom divine:

XXXII.

How fair the field ! ye * Aonian bees !
 The flow'rs ambrosial scndly seize,
 Luxurious draw the sweet Hyblean strain ;
 That gods may lean from heav'n to hear,
 And my thron'd patron's ravish'd ear
 The soul's rich nectar drink, and thirst again.

XXXIII.

Even mine they taste ; and with success :
 Ambition's fumes my strains repress ;
 The fever flies ; no noxious thoughts ferment ;
 No frenzy, taking friends for foes ;
 The pulse subsides ; they seek repose ;
 Nor I my winged embassy repent.

XXXIV.

No : by the blood of Blenheim's plain,
 I swear, the rumour'd war is vain ;
 Shall Gallic faith and friendship ever cease ?
 I swear by Europe's lovely dread,
 I swear by great Eliza's shade,
 The wise Iberian is the friend of peace.

* Ye poets.

XXXV.

Yet, lest I fail, (for prophets old
 Not all infallibly foretold),
 We set our naval terrors in array.
 Know, Britons ! an AUGUSTUS reigns ;
 If foes compel, send forth your chains,
 While haughty thrones, uncensur'd, might obey.

XXXVI.

O could I sing as you have fought !
 I'd raise a monument of thought,
 Bright as the sun ! — how you burn at my heart !
 How the drums all around,
 Soul-rising resound !
 Swift drawn from the thigh,
 How the swords flame on high !
 How the cannon, deep knell !
 Fates of kingdoms foretell !
 How to battle, to battle, our fathers brave part,
 How to battle, to conquest, to triumph we dart !

XXXVII.

But who gives conquest ? He, whose ray
 To darkness turns the blaze of day ;
 Whose boundless favour far outflows the main ;
 Whose pow'r the raging waves can still,
 And curb more rebel human will, —
 With peace, O ! bless us, or in war sustain.

XXXVIII.

Dost thou sustain ? — Ye twinkling fry !
 That swim the seas, glide gently by ;
 Tho' your scales glitter, tho' your numbers swarm,
 Ah ! gently glide, for life's dear sake ;
 Nor dare Leviathan awake,
 Who spouts a river, and who breathes a storm.

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XXXIX.

And now, who censures this address?
 Thus, crowns, states, common men make peace:
 They swell, sooth, double, dive, swear, pray, defy:
 And when rank int'rest has prevail'd,
 And artifice the treaty seal'd,
 Stark love and conscience own the bastard tye.

XL.

Ambassadors, ye mouths of Kings!
 Ye missive monarchs! empire's wings!
 What tho' the muse your province proudly chose;
 'Tis a reprisal fairly made,
 Her province you long since invade,
 Ye perfect poets! in the vale of prose.

XLI.

More safe, O muse! that humble vale,
 Than the proud surge and stormy gale:
 Thy dang'rous seas with wrecks are cover'd o'er:
 Dulness and frenzy curse thy streams,
 Rocks, infamous for murder'd names!
 O! strike thy swelling sails, and make to shore.

XLII.

While warmer climes, in cooler strains,
 Or tented fields, or dusty plains,
 The bleeding horse, and horseman hurl to ground;
 'Tis mine to sing, and sing the first,
 That mighty shock, that dreadful burst
 Of war, which bellows thro' the seas profound.

XLIII.

Nor mean the song, or great my blame;
 When such the patrons, such the theme,
 Who might not glow, soar, paint, with rage divine?
 Truth, simple truth, I proudly dress
 In Fancy's robe; her flow'ry vest
 Dipp'd in the curious colours of the Nine.

240 . ON THE POSTURE, &c.

XLIV.

But, ah ! 'tis past ; I sink ; I faint ;
Nor more can glow, or soar, or paint ;
The resfluent raptures from my bosom rowl ;
To heav'n returns the sacred maid,
And all her golden visions fade,
Ne'er to revisit my tumultuous soul.

XLV.

My vocal shell ! which Thetis form'd
Beneath the waves, which Venus warm'd
With all her charms, (if ancient tales be true),
And in thy pearly bosom glow'd
Ere Pagan silver chords bestow'd ;
My shell ! which Clio gave, which kings applaud,
Which Europe's bleeding genius call'd abroad,
Adieu, pacific lyre ! my laurell'd thrones ! adieu.
Hear, Atticus ! your sailor's song ; I sing, I live for you.

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THE
 INSTALMENT,
 M D C C X X V I

To the Right Honourable

Sir ROBERT WALPOLE.

Quædam meritis.

Hor.

WITH invocations some their breasts inflame;
 I need no muse, a Walpole is my theme.

Ye mighty dead! ye garter'd sons of praise!
 Our morning stars! our boast in former days!
 Which hov'ring o'er, your purple wings display,
 Lur'd by the pomp of this distinguish'd day,
 Stoop and attend: by one the knee be bound;
 One, throw the mantle's crimson folds around;
 By that, the sword on his proud thigh be plac'd,
 This clasp the di'mond girdle round his waist;
 His breast, with rays, let just Godolphin spread;
 Wise Burleigh plant the plumage on his head:
 And Edward own, since first he fix'd the race,
 None press'd fair Glory with a swifter pace.

When Fate would call some mighty genius forth,
 To wake a drooping age to godlike worth,
 Or aid some fav'rite king's illustrious toil,
 It bids his blood with gen'rous ardour boil;
 His blood, from Virtue's celebrated source,
 Pour'd down the steep of time, a lengthen'd course!

That men prepar'd may just attention pay,
Warn'd by the dawn to mark the glorious day,
When all the scatter'd merits of his line,
Collected to a point intensely shine.

See, Britain! see thy Walpole shine from far,
His azure ribbon and his radiant star;
A star that, with auspicious beams, shall guide
Thy vessel safe thro' Fortune's roughest tide.

If Peace still smiles, by this shall Commerce steer,
A finish'd course, in triumph round the sphere;
And gath'ring tribute from each distant shore,
In Britain's lap the world's abundance pour.
If war's ordain'd, this star shall dart its beams
Thro' that black cloud, which rising from the Thames,
With thunder form'd of Brunswic's wrath, is sent
To claim the seas, and awe the continent:
This shall direct it where the bolt to throw,
A star for us, a comet to the foe.

At this the muse shall kindle, and aspire:
My breast, O Walpole, glows with grateful fire;
The streams of royal bounty, turn'd by thee,
Refresh the dry domains of poesy.
My fortune shews, when arts are Walpole's care,
What slender worth forbids us to despair;
Be this thy partial smile from censure free;
'Twas meant for Merit, tho' it fell on me.

Since Brunswic's smile has authoriz'd my muse,
Chaste be her conduct, and sublime her views.
False praises are the whoredoms of the pen,
Which prostitute fair Fame to worthless men.
This profanation of celestial fire,
Makes fools despise what Wisdom should admire.
Let those I praise to distant times be known,
Not by their author's merit, but their own.
If others think the task is hard, to weed
From verse rank Flattery's vivacious seed,

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And rooted deep; one means must set them free;
Patron! and Patriot! let them sing of thee.

While vulgar trees ignoble honours wear,
Nor those retain when winter chills the year;
The gen'rous orange, fav'rite of the sun,
With vig'rous charms can thro' the seasons run;
Defies the storm with her tenacious green;
And flow'rs and fruits in rival pomp are seen;
Where blossoms fall, still fairer blossoms spring;
And midst their sweets the feather'd poets sing.

On Walpole thus, may pleas'd Britannia view
At once her ornament, and profit too;
The fruit of service, and the bloom of fame,
Matur'd and gilded by the royal beam.
He, when the nipping blasts of Envy rise,
His guilt can pity, and its rage despise;
Let fall no honours, but securely great,
Unfaded holds the colour of his fate:
No winter knows, tho' rustling factions press;
By wisdom deeply rooted in success:
One glory shed, a brighter is display'd *;
And the charm'd muses shelter in his shade.

O how I long, enkindled by the theme,
In deep eternity to launch thy name!
Thy name in view, no rights of verse I plead,
But what chaste Truth indites, old Time shall read.

" Behold! a man of ancient faith and blood,
" Which soon beat high for arts, and public good:
" Whose glory great, but natural appears,
" The genuine growth of services and years;
" No sudden exhalation drawn on high,
" And fondly gilt by partial majesty:
" One bearing greatest toils with greatest ease;
" One born to serve us, and yet born to please;

* Knight of the Bath, and then of the Garter.

" Whom, while our rights in equal scales he lays,
 " The prince may trust, and yet the people praise;
 " His genius ardent, yet his judgment clear,
 " His tongue is flowing, and his heart sincere;
 " His counsel guides, his temper cheers our isle,
 " And smiling, gives three kingdoms cause to smile."

Joy then to Britain, bless'd with such a son;
 To Walpole joy, by whom the prize is won;
 Who nobly conscious meets the smiles of Fate;
 'True greatness lyes in daring to be great.
 Let dastard souls, in affectation, run
 To shades, nor wear bright honours fairly won;
 Such men prefer, misled by false applause,
 The pride of modesty to Virtue's cause.
 Honours, which make the face of Virtue fair,
 'Tis great to merit, and 'tis wise to wear;
 'Tis holding up the prize to public view,
 Confirms grown Virtue, and inflames the new;
 Heightens the lustre of our age and clime,
 And sheds rich seeds of worth for future time.

Proud chiefs alone, in fields of slaughter fam'd,
 Of old, this azure bloom of glory claim'd.
 As when stern Ajax pour'd a purple flood,
 The violet rose, fair daughter of his blood.
 Now rival wisdom dares the wreath divide,
 And both Minervas rise in equal pride;
 Proclaiming loud, a monarch fills the throne,
 Who shines illustrious, not in wars alone.
 Let Fame look lovely in Britannia's eyes;
 They coldly court desert, who Fame despise:
 For what's ambition but fair Virtue's fail?
 And what applause but her propitious gale?
 When swell'd with that, she fleets before the wind
 To glorious aims, as to the port design'd;
 When chain'd, without it, to the lab'ring oar,
 She toils! she pants! nor gains the flying shore:

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From her sublime pursuits, or turn'd aside
By blasts of Envy, or by Fortune's tide :
For one that has succeeded, ten are lost,
Of equal talents, ere they make the coast.

Then let Renown to worth divine incite,
With all her beams, but throw those beams aright.
Then Merit droops, and Genius downward tends,
When godlike Glory like our land descends.
Cassom the Garter long confin'd to few ;
And gave to Birth, exalted Virtue's due :
Walpole has thrown the proud inclosure down ;
And high desert embraces fair renown.
Tho' rivall'd, let the Peerage smiling see,
(Smiling in justice to their own degree),
This proud reward of majesty bestow'd
On worth like that, whence first the peerage flow'd.
From frowns of Fate Britannia's bliss to guard,
Let subjects merit, and let kings reward.
Gods are most gods by giving to excel ;
And kings most like them, by rewarding well.

Though strong the twanging nerve, and drawn
aright,
Short is the winged arrow's upward flight ;
But if an eagle it transfix on high,
Lodg'd in the wound it soars into the sky.

Thus while I sing thee with unequal lays,
And wound perhaps that worth I mean to praise ;
Yet I transcend myself, I rise in fame,
Not lifted by my genius, but my theme.

No more ; for in this dread suspense of Fate,
Now kingdoms fluctuate, and in dark debate
Weigh peace and war, now Europe's eyes are bent
On mighty Brunswic, for the great event,
Brunswic, of kings the terror or defence !
Who dare detain thee at a world's expence ?

RESIGNATION.

IN

TWO PARTS.

AND A

POSTSCRIPT.

To Mrs B*****.

My soul shall be satisfied even as it were with marrow and
fatness; when my mouth praiseth thee with joyful lips.

Psaln lxxiii.

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RESIGNATION.

PART I.

THE days how few, how short the years
 Of man's too rapid race,
 Each leaving, as it swiftly flies,
 A shorter in its place ?

They who the longest lease enjoy,
 Have told us, with a sigh,
 That, to be born, seems little more
 Than to begin to die.

Numbers there are who feel this truth,
 With fears alarm'd ; and yet
 In life's delusions lull'd asleep,
 This weighty truth forget.

And am not I to these a-kin ?
 Age slumbers o'er the quill ;
 Its honour blots whate'er it writes,
 And am I writing still ?

Conscious of nature in decline,
 And languor in my thoughts,
 To soften censure, and abate
 Its rigour on my faults,

Permit me, Madam, ere to you
 The promis'd verse I pay,
 To touch on felt infirmity,
 Sad sister of decay.

One world deceas'd, another born,
 Like Noah they behold,
 O'er whose white hairs and furrow'd brows
 Too many suns have roll'd.

Happy the patriarch ! he rejoic'd
His second world to see ;
My second world, tho' gay the scene,
Can boast no charms for me.

To me this brilliant age appears
With desolation spread ;
Near all with whom I liv'd, and smil'd,
Whilst life was life, are dead ;

And with them died my joys ; the grave
Has broken nature's laws ;
And clos'd, against this feeble frame,
Its partial cruel jaws ;

Cruel to spare ! Condemn'd to life !
A cloud impairs my sight ;
My weak hand disobeys my will,
And trembles as I write.

What shall I write ? Thalia ! tell ;
Say, long-abandon'd muse !
What field of fancy shall I range ?
What subject shall I chuse ?

A choice of moment high inspire,
And rescue me from shame,
For doating on thy charms so late,
By grandeur in my theme.

Beyond the themes, which most admire,
Which dazzle, or amaze ;
Beyond renown'd exploits of war,
Bright charms, or empire's blaze,

Are themes which, in a world of woe,
Can best appease our pain ;
And, in an age of gaudy guilt,
Gay folly's flood restrain ;

Amidst the storms of life support
A calm, unshaken mind ;
And with unfading laurels crown
The brow of the resign'd.

O RESIGNATION ! yet unsung,
Untouch'd by former strains ;
Tho' claiming ev'ry muse's smile,
And ev'ry poet's pains ;

Beneath life's ev'ning solemn shade,
I dedicate my page
To thee, thou safest guard of youth !
Thou sole support of age !

All other duties crescents are
Of virtue faintly bright ;
The glorious consummation, thou !
Which fills her orb with light ;

How rarely fill'd ! the love divine
In evils to discern :
This the first lesson which we want,
The latest which we learn :

A melancholy truth ! For know,
Could our proud hearts resign,
The distance greatly would decrease
'Twixt human and divine.

But tho' full noble is my theme,
Full urgent is my call
To soften sorrow, and forbid
The bursting tear to fall ;

The task I dread : dare I to leave
Of humble prose the shore,
And put to sea ? a dang'rous sea !
What throngs have sunk before !

How proud the poet's billows swell!
 The God! the God! his boast;
 A boast how vain! what wrecks abound!
 Dead bards stench every coast.

What then am I? shall I presume,
 On such a moulted wing,
 Above the general wreck to rise,
 And, in my winter, sing;

When nightingales, when sweetest bards
 Confine their charming song
 To summer's animating heats,
 Content to warble young?

Yet, write I must; a lady * sues;
 How shameful her request?
 My brain in labour for dull rhyme?
 Her's teeming with the best!

But you a stranger will excuse,
 Nor scorn his feeble strain;
 To you a stranger, but, through fate,
 No stranger to your pain.

The ghost of grief deceas'd ascends,
 His old wound bleeds anew;
 His sorrows are recall'd to life
 By these he sees in you:

Too well he knows the twisted strings
 Of ardent hearts combin'd;
 When rent afunder, how they bleed,
 How hard to be resign'd:

Those tears you pour, his eyes have shed;
 The pang you feel, he felt;
 Thus nature, loud as virtue, bids
 His heart at yours to melt.

* Mrs M—.

But what can heart, or head suggest ?

What sad experience say ?

Through truths austere, to peace we work
Our rugged, gloomy way :

What are we ? whence ? for what ? and whither ?

Who know not, needs must mourn ;

But Thought, bright daughter of the skies !
Can tears to triumph turn.

Thought is our armour, 'tis the mind's
Impenetrable shield,

When sent by fate, we meet our foes
In fore affliction's field ;

It plucks the sprightly mask from ills,
Forbids pale fear to hide
Beneath that dark disguise, a friend,
Which turns affection's tide.

Affection frail ! train'd up by sense,
From reason's channel strays ;
And whilst it blindly points at peace,
Our peace to pain betrays.

Thought winds its fond, erroneous stream
From daily-dying flow'rs,
To nourish rich, immortal blooms,
In amaranthine bow'rs ;

Whence throngs, in extasy, look down
On what once shock'd their sight ;
And thank the terrors of the past,
For ages of delight.

All withers here ; who most possess
Are losers by their gain.
Stung by full proof, that, bad at best,
Life's idle All is vain :

Vain, in its course, life's murm'ring stream;
Did not its course offend,
But murmur cease; life, then, would seem
Still vainer, from its end.

How wretched! who, through cruel fate,
Have nothing to lament,
With the poor alms this world affords,
Deplorably content?

Had not the Greek his world mistook,
His wish had been most wise;
To be content with but one world,
Like him, we should despise.

Of earth's revenue would you state
A full account, and fair?
We hope; and hope; and hope; then cast
the total up—despair.

Since vain all here, all future, vast,
Embrace the lot assign'd;
Heav'n wounds to heal; its frowns are friends,
Its strokes severe, most kind.

But in laps'd nature rooted deep,
Blind error domineers;
And on fools errands, in the dark,
Sends out our hopes and fears;

Bids us for ever pains deplore,
Our pleasures overprize:
These oft persuade us to be weak;
Those urge us to be wise.

From virtue's rugged path to right;
By pleasure are we brought
To flow'ry fields of wrong, and there
Pain thides us for our fault:

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Yet whilst it chides, it speaks of peace,
If folly is withstood ;
And says, time pays an easy price,
For our eternal good.

In earth's dark cot, and in an hour,
And in delusion great,
What an œconomist is man,
To spend his whole estate,

And beggar an eternity ?
For which as he was born,
More worlds than one against it weigh'd,
As feathers he should scorn.

Say not, your loss in triumph leads
Religion's feeble strife ;
Joys future amply reimburse
Joys bankrupts of this life.

But not deferr'd your joy so long,
It bears an early date ;
Affliction's ready pay in hand,
Befriends our present state.

What are the tears which trickle down
Her melancholy face,
Like liquid pearl ? like pearls of price,
They purchase lasting peace.

Grief softens hearts, and curbs the will,
Impetuous passion tames,
And keeps insatiate, keen desire,
From launching to extremes.

Thro' time's dark womb, our judgment right,
If our dim eye was thrown,
Clear should we see, the will divine
Has but forestall'd our own.

• At variance with our future wish,
 Self-sever'd, we complain;
 If so, the wounded, not the wound
 Must answer for the pain.

The day shall come, and swift of wing,
 Tho' you may think it slow,
 When, in the list of fortune's smiles,
 You'll enter frowns of woe.

For mark the path of providence;
 This course it has pursu'd,
 "Pain is the parent, woe the womb—
 "Of sound, important good."

Our hearts are fasten'd to this world
 By strong and endless ties;
 And ev'ry sorrow cuts a string,
 And urges us to rise.

'Twill sound severe—yet rest assur'd
 I'm studious of your peace;
 Tho' I should dare to give you joy—
 Yes, joy of his decease:

An hour shall come (you question this).
 An hour, when you shall bless,
 Beyond the brightest beams of life,
 Dark days of your distress.

Hear then without surprize a truth,
 A daughter truth to this,
 Swift turns of fortune often tie
 A bleeding heart to bliss.

Esteem you this a paradox?
 My sacred motto read;
 A glorious truth! divinely sung
 By one whose heart had bled.

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To Resignation swift he flew,
In her a friend he found ;
A friend, which blest'd him with a smile
When gasping with his wound.

On earth nought precious is obtain'd
But what is painful too ;
By travel, and to travel born,
Our sabbaths are but few :

To real joy we work our way,
Encountering many a shock,
Ere found what truly charms ; as found
A Venus in the block.

In some disaster, some severe
Appointment for our sins,
That mother blessing, (not so call'd)
True happiness, begins.

No martyr e'er defy'd the flames,
By stings of life unvest ;
First rose some quarrel with this world,
Then passion for the next.

You see, then, pangs are parent-pangs,
The pangs of happy birth ;
Pangs, by which only can be born
True happiness on earth.

The peopled earth look all around,
Or thro' time's records run !
And say, What is a man unstruck ?
It is a man undone.

This moment, am I deeply stung——
My bold pretence is try'd ;
When vain man boasts, Heav'n puts to proof
The vauntings of his pride ;

Now need I, madam! your support.—

How exquisite the smart!

How critically tim'd the * news

Which strikes me to the heart!

The pangs of which I spoke, I feel:

If worth like thine, is born,

O long belov'd! I bless the blow,

And triumph, whilst I mourn.

Nor mourn I long; by grief subdu'd

Be reason's empire shown;

Deep anguish comes by Heaven's decree,

Continues by our own;

And when continu'd past its point,

Indulg'd in length of time,

Grief is disgrace, and, what was fate,

Corrupts into a crime:

And shall I, criminally mean,

Myself and subject wrong?

No: my example shall support

The subject of my song

Madam! I grant, your loss is great,

Nor little is your gain;

Let that be weigh'd; when weigh'd aright,

It richly pays your pain.

When Heaven would kindly set us free,

And earth's enchantment end,

It takes the most effectual means,

And robs us of a FRIEND:

But such a friend!—and sigh no more?

'Tis prudent; but severe:

Heaven aid my weakness, and I drop

All sorrow——with this tear.

* The death of Mr Richardson.

Perhaps your settled grief to-soothe
I should not vainly strive,
But with soft balm your pain assuage,
Had he been still alive ;

Whose frequent aid brought kind relief,
In my distress of thought,
Ting'd with his beams my cloudy page,
And beautify'd a fault.

To touch our passions' secret springs,
Was his peculiar care ;
And deep his happy genius div'd
In bosoms of the fair ;

Nature, which favours to the few
All art beyond imparts,
To him presented, at his birth,
The key of human hearts :

But not to me by him bequeath'd
His gentle smooth address ;
His tender hand to touch the wound
In throbbings of distress :

Howe'er, proceed I must, unblest'd
With Esculapian art :
Know, love sometimes, mistaken love !
Plays disaffection's part :

Nor lands, nor seas, nor suns, nor stars,
Can soul from soul divide ;
They correspond from distant worlds,
Tho' transports are deny'd ;

Are you not, then, unkindly kind ?
Is not your love severe ?
O! stop that crystal source of woe ;
Nor wound him with a tear.

As those above from human bliss
Receive encrease of joy ;
May not a stroke from human woe,
In part, their peace destroy ?

He lives in those he left ;——to what ?
Your, now, paternal care :
Clear from its cloud your brighten'd eye,
It will discern him there ;

In features, not of form alone,
But those, I trust, of mind,
Auspicious to the public weal,
And to their fate resign'd.

Think on the tempests he sustain'd ;
Revolve his battles won ;
And let those prophesy your joy
From such a father's son :

Is consolation what you seek ?
Fare, then, his martial fire ;
And animate to flame the sparks
Bequeath'd him by his fire.

As nothing great is born in haste,
Wise Nature's time allow ;
His father's laurels may descend,
And flourish on his brow.

Nor, Madam ! be surpris'd to hear,
That laurels may be due
Not more to heroes of the field,
(Proud boasters !) than to you :

Tender as is the female frame,
Like that brave man you mourn,
You are a soldier, and to fight
Superior battles born ;

Beneath a banner nobler far,
 Than ever was unfurl'd
 In fields of blood; a banner bright!
 High-wav'd o'er all the world.

It, like a streaming meteor, casts
 An universal light;
 Sheds day, sheds more, eternal day:
 On nations whelm'd in night:

Beneath that banner, what exploit
 Can mount our glory higher,
 Than to sustain the dreadful blow,
 When those we love expire?

Go forth a moral Amazon;
 Arm'd with undaunted thought;
 The battle won, tho' costing dear,
 You'll think it cheaply bought:

The passive hero, who sits down
 Unactive, and can smile
 Beneath affliction's galling load,
 Out-acts a Cæsar's toil;

The billows stain'd by slaughter'd foes,
 Inferior praise afford;
 Reason's a bloodless conqueror,
 More glorious than the sword.

Nor can the thunder of huzzas
 From shooting nations, cause
 Such sweet delight, as from your heart
 Soft whispers of applause:

The dear deceas'd so fam'd in arms,
 With what delight he'll view
 His triumphs on the main outdone,
 Thus conquer'd, twice, by you!

Share his delight; take heed to shun
Of bosoms most diseas'd
That odd distemper, an absurd
Reluctance to be pleas'd :

Some seem in love with Sorrow's charms,
And that foul fiend embrace :
This temper let me justly brand,
And stamp it with disgrace :

Sorrow! of horrid parentage!
Thou second-born of hell!
Against Heaven's endless mercies pour'd,
How dar'st thou to rebel?

From black and noxious vapours bred,
And nurs'd by want of thought,
And to the door of Frenzy's self
By perseverance brought :

Thy most inglorious, coward tears
From brutal eyes have ran;
Smiles, incommunicable smiles!
Are radiant marks of man;

They cast a sudden glory round
Th' illumin'd human face;
And light, in sons of honest joy,
Some beams of Moses' face.

Is Resignation's lesson hard?
Examine, we shall find
That duty gives up little more
Than anguish of the mind.

Resign; and all the load of life
That moment you remove,
Its heavy tax, ten thousand cares
Devolve on one above;

Who bids us lay our burden down
On his Almighty hands,
Softens our duty to relief,
To blessing a command.

For joy what cause? how ev'ry sense
Is courted from above
The year around, with presents rich,
The growth of endless love!

But most o'erlook the blessings pour'd,
Forget the wonders done,
And terminate, wrapt up in sense,
Their prospect at the sun;

From that, their final point of view,
From that their radiant goal:
On travel infinite of thought,
Sets out the nobler soul,

Broke loose from Time's tenacious ties,
And Earth's involving gloom,
To range at large its vast domain,
And talk with worlds to come:

They let unmark'd, and unemploy'd
Life's idle moments run:
'And doing nothing for themselves,
Imagine nothing done;

Fatal mistake! their fate goes on,
Their dread account proceeds,
And their not-doing is set down
Amongst their darkest deeds;

Though man sits still, and takes his ease,
God is at work on man;
No means, no moment unemploy'd,
To bless him, if he can.

But man consents not, boldly bent
 To fashion his own fate ;
 Man, a mere bungler in the trade,
 Repents his crime too late ;

Hence loud laments : let me thy cause,
 Indulgent Father ! plead ;
 Of all the wretches we deplore,
 Not one by Thee was made.

What is thy whole creation fair ?
 Of love divine the child ;
 Love brought it forth ; and from its birth,
 Has o'er it fondly smil'd :

Now, and thro' periods distant far,
 Long ere the world began,
 Heav'n is, and has in travel been,
 Its birth the good of man ;

Man holds in constant service bound
 The blust'ring winds and seas ;
 Nor suns disdain to travel hard
 Their master, man, to please :

To final good the worst events
 Thro' secret channels run ;
 Finish for man their destin'd course,
 As 'twas for man begun.

One point (observ'd, perhaps, by few)
 Has often smote, and smites
 My mind, as demonstration strong ;
 That Heaven in man delights ;

What's known to man of things unseen,
 Of future worlds or fates ?
 So much, nor more, than what to man's
 Sublime affairs relates :

What's revelation then ? a list,
 An inventory just
 Of that poor insect's goods, so late
 Call'd out of night, and dust.

What various motives to rejoice !
 To render joy sincere,
 Has this no weight ? Our joy is felt
 Beyond this narrow sphere :

Would we in heav'n a new heav'n create,
 And double its delight ?
 A smiling world, when heav'n looks down,
 How pleasing in its sight !

Angels stoop forward from their thrones
 To hear its joyful lays,
 As incense sweet enjoy, and join,
 Its aromatic praise.

Have we no cause to fear the stroke
 Of Heav'n's avenging rod,
 When we presume to counteract
 A sympathetic God ?

If we resign, our patience makes
 His rod an harmless wand ;
 If not, it darts a serpent's sting,
 Like that in Moses' hand ;

Like that, it swallows up what'er
 Earth's vain magicians bring,
 Whose baffled arts would boast below
 Of joys a rival spring.

Consummate love ! the list how large
 Of blessings from thy hand ?
 To banish sorrow, and be blest'd,
 Is thy supreme command :

Are such commands but ill obey'd?

Of bliss shall we complain?

The man who dares to be a wretch,

Deserves still greater pain?

Joy is our duty, glory, health;

The sunshine of the soul;

Our best encomium on the Pow'r

Who sweetly plans the whole :

Joy is our Eden still possess'd :

Begone, ignoble grief!

'Tis joy makes gods, and men exalts,

Their nature, our relief;

Relief, for man to that must stoop,

And his due distance know;

Transport's the language of the skies,

Content the style below.

Content is joy; and joy in pain,

Is joy and virtue too;

Thus, whilst good present we possess,

More precious we pursue :

Of joy the more we have in hand,

The more have we to come;

Joy, like our money, interest bears,

Which daily swells the sum.

" But how to smile; to stem the tide

" Of nature in our veins;

" Is it not hard to weep in joy?

" What then to smile in pains?"

Victorious joy! which breaks the clouds,

And struggles thro' a storm,

Proclaims the mind as great as good,

And bids it doubly charm :

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If doubly charming in our sex,
A sex, by nature, bold ;
What then in yours ? 'Tis di'mond there,
Triumphant o'er our gold.

And should not this complaint repress,
And check the rising sigh ?
Yet farther opiate to your pain,
I labour to supply.

Since spirits greatly damp'd distort
Ideas of delight,
Look thro' the medium of a friend,
To set your notions right.

As tears the sight, grief dims the soul ;
Its object dark appears ;
True friendship, like a rising sun,
The soul's horizon clears.

A friend's an optic to the mind ;
With sorrow clouded o'er ;
And gives it strength of sight to see
Redress unseen before.

Reason is somewhat rough in man ;
Extremely smooth and fair,
When she, to grace her manly strength,
Assumes a female air :

A * friend you have, and I the same,
Whose prudent, soft address,
Will bring to life those healing thoughts,
Which dy'd in your distress ;

That friend the spirit of my theme
Extracting for your ease,
Will leave to me the dreg, in thoughts
Too common ; such as these ;

* Mrs M————

" Let those lament, to whom full bowls
Of sparkling joys are giv'n;
That triple bane inebriates life,
Imbitters death, and hazards heav'n:

Woe to the soul at perfect ease!
'Tis brewing perfect pains;
Lull'd reason sleeps, the pulse is king;
Despotic body reigns:

Have you ne'er pity'd joy's gay scenes,
And deem'd their glory dark?
Alas! poor Envy! she's stone-blind,
And quite mistakes her mark:

Her mark lyes hid in sorrow's shades,
But sorrow well subdu'd;
And in proud Fortune's frown defy'd
By meek, unborrow'd good,

By Resignation; all in that
A double friend may find,
A wing to heav'n, and, while on earth,
The pillow of mankind:

On pillows void of down, for rest
Our restless hopes we place;
When hopes of heav'n ly warm at heart,
Our hearts repose in peace:

'That peace, which Resignation yields,
Who feel alone can guess;
'Tis disbeliev'd by marm'ring minds,
They must conclude it less:

The loss, or gain, of that alone
Have we to hope, or fear;
That fate controuls, and can invert
The seasons of the year:

O! the dark days, the year around,
Of an impatient mind;
Thro' clouds, and storms, a summer breaks,
To shine on the resign'd:

While man, by that, of ev'ry grace
And virtue is possess'd;
Foul vice her pandæmonium builds
In the rebellious breast.

By Resignation we defeat
The worst that can annoy;
And suffer, with far more repose,
Than worldlings can enjoy.

From small experience this I speak;
O! grant to those I love,
Experience fuller far, ye pow'rs!
Who form our fates above.

My love where due, if not to those
Who leaving grandeur came,
To shine on age in mean recess,
And light me to my theme?

A theme themselves! a theme how rare!
The charms, which they display,
To triumph over captive-heads,
Are set in bright array:

With his own arms proud man's o'ercome,
His boasted laurels die;
Learning and genius, wither grown,
To female bosoms fly.

This revolution, fix'd by fate,
In fable was foretold;
The dark prediction puzzled wits,
Nor could the learn'd unfold:

But as those * ladies works I read,
 They darted such a ray,
 The latent sense burst out at once,
 And shone in open day :

So burst full ripe, distended fruits,
 When strongly strikes the sun ;
 And from the purple grape unpress'd,
 Spontaneous nectars run.

Pallas, ('tis said), when Jove grew dull,
 Forsook his drowsy brain ;
 And sprightly leap'd into the throne
 Of wisdom's brighter reign :

Her helmet took ; that is, she rays
 Of formidable wit ;
 And lance, — or, genius most acute,
 Which lines immortal writ ;

And Gorgon shield, — or, pow'r to fright
 Man's folly, dreadful shone ;
 And many a blockhead (easy change !)
 Turn'd instantly to stone.

Our authors male, as then did Jove,
 Now scratch a damag'd head,
 And call for what once quarter'd there,
 But find the goddess fled.

The fruit of knowledge, golden fruit !
 That once forbidden tree,
 Hedg'd in by surly man, is now
 To Britain's daughters free :

In Eve (we know) of fruit so fair
 The noble thirst began ;
 And they, like her, have caus'd a fall,
 A fall of fame in man :

* Mrs M——, Mrs C——.

And since of genius in our sex,
 O Addison! with thee
 The sun is set, how I rejoice
 This sister lamp to set!

It sheds, like Cynthia, silver beams
 On man's nocturnal state;
 His lessen'd light, and languid pow'rs,
 I show, whilst I relate.

P A R T II.

BUT what in either sex beyond
 All parts our glory crowns?
 "In ruffling seasons to be calm,
 "And smile while fortune frowns."

Heav'n's choice is safer than our own;
 Of ages past enquire,
 What the most formidable fate?
 "To have our own desire."

If, in your wrath, the worst of foes
 You wish extremely ill;
 Expose him to the thunder's stroke,
 Or that of his own will.

What numbers rushing down the steep
 Of inclination strong,
 Have perish'd in their ardent wish!
 With ardent, ever wrong!

'Tis Resignation's full reverse,
 Most wrong, as it implies
 Error most fatal in our choice,
 Detachment from the skies.

By closing with the skies we make
Omnipotence our own;
That done, how formidable ill's
Whole army is o'erthrown!

No longer impotent and frail,
Ourselves above we rise:
We scarce believe ourselves below!
We trespass on the skies!

The Lord and soul and source of all,
Whilst man enjoys his ease,
Is executing human will,
In earth, and air, and seas.

Beyond us, what can angels boast?
Archangels what require?
Whate'er below, above, is done,
Is done as—we desire.

What glory this for man so mean,
Whose life is but a span?
This is meridian majesty!
This, the sublime of man!

Beyond the boast of pagan song
My sacred subject shines;
And for a spoil the lustre takes
Of Rome's exalted lines.

"All, that the sun surveys, subdu'd,
"But Cato's mighty mind"—
How grand! most true; yet far beneath
The soul of the resign'd:

To more than kingdoms, more than worlds,
To passion that gives law;
Its matchless empire could have kept
Great Cato's pride in awe;

That fatal pride, whose cruel point
Transfix'd his noble breast;
Far nobler! if his fate sustain'd
Had left to Heaven the rest;

Then he the palm had borne away,
At distance Caesar thrown;
Put him off cheaply with the world,
And made the skies his own.

What cannot Resignation do?
It wonders can perform:
That pow'ful charm, "Thy will be done,"
Can lay the loudest storm.

Come, Resignation! then, from fields,
Where, mounted on the wing,
A wing of flame, blest'd martyrs' souls
Ascended to their King:

Who is it calls thee? One whose need
Transcends the common size;
Who stands in front against a foe
To which none equal rise:

In front he stands, the brink he treads
Of an eternal state;
How dreadful his appointed post!
How strongly arm'd by fate

His threat'ning foe! what shadows deep
O'erwhelm his gloomy brow!
His dart tremendous:—at fourscore
My sole asylum, thou.

Haste then, O Resignation! haste,
'Tis thine to reconcile
My foe and me; at thy approach,
My foe begins to smile.

O! for that summit of my wish,
 Whilst here I draw my breath,
 That promise of eternal life,
 A glorious smile in death;

What sight, heav'n's azure arch beneath,
 Hath most of heav'n to boast?
 The man resign'd; at once serene,
 And giving up the ghost.

At Death's arrival they shall smile,
 Who not in life o'er gay,
 Serious and frequent thought send out
 To meet him in his way:

My gay coëvals! (such there are),
 If happiness is dear;
 Approaching death's alarming day
 Discreetly let us fear:

The fear of death is truly wise,
 Till wisdom can rise higher;
 And, arm'd with pious fortitude,
 Death, dreaded once, desire:

Grand climacteric vanities
 The vainest will despise;
 Shock'd when beneath the snow of age,
 Man immaturally dies:

But am not I myself the man?
 No need abroad to roam
 In quest of faults to be chastis'd;
 What cause to blush at home!

In life's decline, when men relapse
 Into the sports of youth,
 The second child out-fools the first,
 And tempts the lash of truth:

Shall a mere truant from the grave
With rival boys engage?
His trembling voice attempt to sing,
And ape the poet's rage?

Here, madam! let me visit one,
My fault who partly shares,
And tell myself, by telling him,
What more becomes our years;

And if your breast with prudent zeal
For Resignation glows,
You will not disapprove a just
Repentment at its foes.

In youth, V—taire! our foibles plead
For some indulgence due;
When heads are white, their thoughts and aims
Should change their colour too:

How are you cheated by your wit!
Old age is bound to pay,
By Nature's law, a mind discreet,
For joys it takes away:

A mighty change is wrought by years,
Reversing human lot;
In age 'tis honour to ly hid,
'Tis praise to be forgot;

The wise, as flow'rs, which spread at noon,
And all their charms expose,
When ev'ning damps, and shades descend
Their evolutions close.

What tho' your muse has nobly soar'd,
Is that our true sublime?
Ours, hoary friend! is to prefer
Eternity to time:

RESIGNATION. Part II.

Why close a life so justly fam'd
With such bold trash as this * ?

This for renown? yes, such as makes
Obscurity a bliss :

Your trash with mine at open war,
Is obstinately bent †,
Like wits below, to sow your tares
Of gloom and discontent :

With so much sunshine at command,
Why light with darkness mix ?
Why dash with pain our pleasure ? why
Your Helicon with Styx ?

Your works in our divided minds
Repugnant passions raise,
Confound us with a double stroke,
We shudder, whilst we praise ;

A curious web, as finely wrought
As genius can inspire,
From a black bag of poison spun,
With horror we admire.

Mean as it is, if this is read
With a disdainful air,
I can't forgive so great a foe
To my dear friend V—taire :

Early I knew him, early prais'd,
And long to praise him late ;
His genius greatly I admire,
Nor would deplore his fate ;

A fate how much to be deplor'd,
At which our nature starts !
Forbear to fall on your own sword,
To perish by your parts :

* Candide.

† Second part.

Part II.

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“ But great your name.”—To feed on air
 Were then immortals born ?
 Nothing is great, of which more great,
 More glorious is the scorn.

Can fame your carcase from the worm
 Which gnaws us in the grave,
 Or soul from that which never dies,
 Applauding Europe, save ?

But fame you lose ; good sense alone
 Your idol, praise can claim ;
 When wild wit murders happiness,
 It puts to death our fame :

Nor boast your genius ; talents bright
 Ev’n dunces will despise,
 If in your western beams is miss’d
 A genius for the skies :

Your taste too fails ; what most excels
 True taste must relish most ;
 And what, to rival palms above,
 Can proudest laurels boast ?

Sound heads salvation’s helmet * seek,
 Resplendent are its rays,
 Let that suffice ; it needs no plume
 Of sublunary praise.

May this enable couch’d V—taire
 To see that—All is right †,
 His eye, by flash of wit struck blind,
 Restoring to its sight ;

If so, all’s well : who much have err’d,
 That much have been forgiv’n ;
 I speak with joy, with joy he’ll hear,
 “ V——taires are, now, in heav’n.”

* Ephes. vi. 17.

† Which his romance ridicules.

Nay, such philanthropy divine,
So boundless in degree,
Its marvellous of love extends
(Stoop most profound!) to me:

Let others cruel stars arraign,
Or dwell on their distress;
But let my page, for mercies pour'd,
A grateful heart express:

Walking, the present GOD was seen,
Of old, in Eden fair:
The GOD as present, by plain steps
Of providential care,

I behold passing through my life;
His awful voice I hear;
And, conscious of my nakedness,
Would hide myself for fear:

But where the trees, or where the clouds
Can cover from his sight?
Naked the centre to that eye,
To which the sun is night.

As yonder glittering lamps on high
Through night illumin'd roll;
May thoughts of Him by whom they shine,
Chace darkness from my soul;

My soul, which reads his hand as clear
In my minute affairs,
As in his ample manuscript
Of sun, and moon, and stars;

And knows him not more bent aright
To wield that vast machine,
Than to correct one erring thought
In my small world within;

A world that shall survive the fall
Of all his wonders here:
Survive, when suns ten thousand drop,
And leave a darken'd sphere.

Yon matter gross, how bright it shines!
For time how great his care?
Sure spirit and eternity
Far richer glories share:

Let those our hearts impress, on those
Our contemplation dwell;
On those my thoughts how justly thrown,
By what I now shall tell?

When backward with attentive mind
Life's labyrinth I trace,
I find him far myself beyond
Propitious to my peace:

Through all the crooked paths I trod,
My folly he pursu'd;
My heart astray, to quick return
Importunately woo'd:

Due Resignation home to press
On my capricious will,
How many rescues did I meet,
Beneath the mask of ill!

How many foes in ambush laid
Beneath my soul's desire!
The deepest penitents are made
By what we most admire.

Have I not sometimes, (real good
So little mortals know!)
Mounting the summit of my wish,
Profoundly plung'd in woe?

I rarely plann'd, but cause I found
My plan's defeat to bless;
Oft I lamented an event;
It turn'd to my success:

By sharpen'd appetite to give
To good intense delight,
'Through dark and deep perplexities
He led me to the right.

And is not this the gloomy path,
Which you are treading now?
The path most gloomy leads to light,
When our proud passions bow:

When lab'ring under fancy'd ill,
My spirits to sustain,
He kindly cur'd with sovereign draughts
Of unimagi'd pain:

Pain'd Sense from Fancy's tyranny
Alone can set us free:
A thousand miseries we feel,
'Till sunk in misery.

Cloy'd with a glut of all we wish,
Our wish we relish less:
Success, a sort of suicide,
Is ruin'd by success.

Sometimes he led me near to death,
And pointing to the grave,
Bid Terror whisper kind advice,
And taught the tomb to save.

To raise my thoughts beyond where worlds
As spangles o'er us shine,
One day he gave, and bid the next
My soul's delight resign.

We to ourselves, but through the means
Of mirrors, are unknown ;
In this my fate can you descry
No features of your own ?

And if you can, let that excuse
These self-recording lines ;
A record modesty forbids,
Or to small bound confines.

In grief why deep ingulph'd ? You see
You suffer nothing rare ;
Uncommon grief for common fate ?
That wisdom cannot bear.

When streams flow backward to their source,
And humbled flames descend,
And mountains wing'd shall fly aloft,
Then human sorrows end :

But human prudence too must cease,
When sorrows domineer,
When fortitude has lost its fire,
And freezes into fear :

The pang most poignant of my life
Now heightens my delight ;
I see a fair creation rise
From Chaos and old Night :

From what seem'd horror and despair,
The richest harvest rose ;
And gave me in the nod divine
An absolute repose.

Of all the blunders of mankind,
More gross, or frequent, none,
Than in their grief and joy misplac'd,
Eternally are shown.

But whither points all this parade ?

It says, that near you lyes

A book, perhaps, yet unperus'd,

Which you should greatly prize :

Of self-perusal, science rare !

Few know the mighty gain ;

Learn'd prelates, self-unread, may read

Their Bibles o'er in vain.

Self-knowledge, which from heav'n itself

(So sages tell us) came,

What is it, but a daughter fair

Of my maternal theme ?

Unletter'd, and untravel'd men

An oracle might find,

Would they consult their own contents,

The Delphos of the mind.

Enter your bosom, there you'll find

A revelation new,

A revelation personal,

Which none can read but you ;

There will you clearly read reveal'd

In your enlighten'd thought,

By mercies manifold, through life,

To fresh remembrance brought,

A mighty Being ! and in him

A complicated friend,

A father, brother, spouse ; no dread

Of death, divorce, or end :

Who such a matchless friend embrace,

And lodge him in their heart,

Full well, from agonies exempt,

With other friends may part :

As when o'erloaded branches bear
Large clusters big with wine,
We scarce regret one falling leaf
From the luxuriant vine.

My short advice to you may sound
Obscure, or somewhat odd,
Tho' 'tis the best that man can give,
"Ev'n be content with God."

Thro' love he gave you the deceas'd,
Thro' greater took him hence;
This reason fully could evince,
Tho' murmur'd at by sense.

This friend far past the kindest kind,
Is past the greatest great;
His greatness let me touch in points
Not foreign to your state:

His eye, this instant, reads your heart;
A truth less obvious hear;
This instant its most secret thoughts
Are sounding in his ear:

Dispute you this? O! stand in awe,
And cease your sorrow; know,
That tear now trickling down, he saw
Ten thousand years ago;

And twice ten thousand hence, if you
Your temper reconcile
To reason's bound, will he behold
Your prudence with a smile;

A smile which thro' eternity
Diffuses so bright rays,
The dimmest deifies ev'n guilt,
If guilt, at last, obeys:

Your guilt (for guilt it is to mourn,
When such a sov'reign reigns) !
Your guilt diminish ; peace pursue ;
How glorious peace in pains !

Here, then, your sorrows cease ; if not,
Think how unhappy they,
Who guilt encrease by streaming tears,
Which guilt should wash away ;

Of tears that gush profuse restrain ;
Whence burst those dismal sighs ?
They from the throbbing breast of one
(Strange truth !) most happy rise ;

Not angels (hear it, and exult !)
Enjoy a larger share
Than is indulg'd to you, and yours,
Of God's impartial care ;

Anxious for each, as if on each
His care for all was thrown ;
For all his care as absolute,
As all had been but one.

And is he then so near ! so kind !——
How little then, and great,
That riddle, Man ? O ! let me gaze
At wonders in his fate ;

His fate, who yesterday did crawl
A worm from darkness deep,
And shall, with brother-worms, beneath
A turf, to-morrow sleep ;

How mean !—and yet, if well obey'd
His mighty master's call,
The whole creation for mean man
Is deem'd a boon too small :

Too small the whole creation deem'd
For emmits in the dust!

Account amazing! yet most true;

My song is bold, yet just:

Man born for infinite, in whom

No period can destroy

The pow'r in exquisite extremes

To suffer, or enjoy;

Give him earth's empire (if no more)

He's beggar'd, and undone!

Imprison'd in unbounded space!

Benighted by the sun!

For what's the sun's meridian blaze

To the most feeble ray

Which glimmers from the distant dawn

Of uncreated day?

'Tis not the poet's rapture feign'd

Swells here, the vain to please;

The mind most sober kindles most

At truths sublime as these;

They warm ev'n me.—I dare not say,

Divine ambition strove

Not to bless only, but confound,

Nay fright us with its love;

And yet so frightful what, or kind,

As that the rending rock,

The darken'd sun and rising dead,

So formidably spoke?

And are we darker than that sun?

Than rocks more hard, and blind?

We are;—if not to such a God

In agonies resign'd.

Yes, even in agonies forbear
 To doubt almighty love;
 Whate'er endears eternity,
 Is mercy from above;

What most imbitters time, that most
 Eternity endears,
 And thus by plunging in distress,
 Exalts us to the spheres;

Joy's fountain-head! where bliss o'er bliss,
 O'er wonders wonders rise,
 And an Omnipotence prepares
 Its banquet for the wise;

Ambrosial banquet! rich in wines
 Nectareous to the soul!
 What transports sparkle from the stream,
 As angels fill the bowl!

Fountain profuse of ev'ry bliss!
 Good-will immense prevails:
 Man's line can't fathom its profound;
 An angel's plummet fails.

Thy love and might, by what they know
 Who judge, nor dream of more;
 They ask a drop, how deep the sea?
 One sand, how wide the shore?

Of thy exuberant good will,
 Offended Deity!
 The thousandth part who comprehends,
 A deity is he.

How yonder ample azure field
 With radiant worlds is sown!
 How tubes astonish us with those
 More deep in Ether thrown!

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THE RESIGNATION.

And those beyond of brighter worlds
Why not a million more?
In lieu of answer, let us all
Fall prostrate and adore.

Since thou art infinite in pow'r,
Nor thy indulgence less;
Since man quite impotent, and blind,
Oft drops into distress;

Say, what is Resignation? 'Tis
Man's weakness understood;
And wisdom grasping, with an hand
Far stronger, every good.

Let rash repiners stand appal'd,
In thee who dare not trust;
Whose abject souls, like demons dark,
Are murm'ring in the dust:

For man to murmur or repine
At what by thee is done,
No less absurd than to complain
Of darkness in the sun.

Who would not, with an heart at ease,
Bright eye, unclouded brow,
Wisdom and goodness at the helm,
The roughest ocean plough?

What tho' I'm swallow'd in the deep?
Tho' mountains o'er me roar?
JEHOVAH reigns! as Jonah safe
I'm landed, and adore:

Thy will is welcome, let it wear
Its most tremendous form;
Roar waves! rage winds! I know, that thou
Canst save me by a storm.

From thee immortal spirits born,
 To thee, their fountain, flow,
 If wise; as curl'd around to theirs
 Meand'ring streams below :

Not less compell'd by Reason's call,
 To thee our souls aspire,
 Than to thy skies, by Nature's law,
 High mounts material fire :

To thee aspiring they exult ;
 I feel my spirits rise,
 I feel myself thy son, and pant
 For patrimonial skies.

Since ardent thirst of future good,
 And gen'rous sense of past,
 To thee man's prudence strongly ties,
 And binds affection fast ;

Since great thy love, and great our want,
 And men the wisest blind,
 And bliss our aim ; pronounce us all
 Distracted, or resign'd ;

Resign'd thro' duty, int'rest, shame ;
 Deep shame ! dare I complain,
 When (wond'rous truth !) in heav'n itself
 Joy ow'd its birth to pain ?

And pain for me ! for me was drain'd
 Gall's overflowing bowl ;
 And shall one drop, to murmur bold
 Provoke my guilty soul ?

If pardon'd this, what cause, what crime
 Can indignation raise ?
 The sun was lighted up to shine,
 And man was born to praise :

RESIGNATION

And when to praise thee man shall cease,
Or sun to strike the view;
A cloud dishonours both; but man's
The blacker of the two:

For oh! ingratitude how black!
With most profound amaze
At love, which man belov'd o'erlooks,
Astonish'd angels gaze.

Praise cheers, and warms, like gen'rous wine;
Praise, more divine than pray'r:
Pray'r points our ready path to heav'n;
Praise is already there.

Let plausible Resignation rise,
And banish all complaint;
All virtues thronging into one,
It finishes the faint;

Makes the man bless'd, as man can be;
Life's labours renders light;
Darts beams thro' Fate's incumbent gloom,
And lights our sun by night:

'Tis Nature's brightest ornament,
The richest gift of grace,
Rival of angels, and supreme
Proprietor of peace;

Nay, peace beyond, no small degree
Of rapture 'twill impart;

Know, Madam! "when your heart's in heav'n,
"All heav'n is in your heart."

But who to heav'n their hearts can raise?
Deny'd divine support,
All virtue dies; support divine
The wise with ardor court:

DESIGNATION. Part II.

When pray'r partakes the seraph's fire,
 'Tis mounted on his wing,
 Darts thro' heav'n's crystal gates, and gains
 Sure audience of its king.

The lab'ring soul from sore distress
 That bless'd expedient frees ;
 I see you far advanc'd in peace ;
 I see you on your knees :

How on that posture has the beam
 Divine for ever shone ?
 And humble heart, God's * other seat !
 The rival of his throne.

And stoops Omnipotence so low ?
 And condescends to dwell
 Eternity's inhabitant,
 Well-pleas'd, in such a cell ?

Such honour how shall we repay ?
 How treat our guest divine ?—
 The sacrifice supreme be slain !
 Let self-will die : resign.

Thus far, at large, on our disease ;
 Now, let the cause be shown,
 Whence rises, and will ever rise,
 The dismal human groan :

What our sole fountain of distress ?
 Strong passion for this scene ;
 That trifles makes important, things
 Of mighty moment mean.

When earth's dark maxims poison shed
 On our polluted souls,
 Our hearts and int'rests fly as far
 Asunder, as the poles ;

* Isaiah lvii. 15.

Part II. RESIGNATION

Like princes in a cottage nurs'd
Unknown their royal race,
With abject aims, and sordid joys,
Our grandeur we disgrace.

O! for an Archimides new,
Of moral pow'rs possess'd
The world to move, and quite expel
That traitor from the breast.

No small advantage may be reap'd
From thought whence we descend;
From weighing well, and prizing weigh'd,
Our origin and end:

From far above the glorious sun
To this dim scene we came:
And may, if wise, for ever bask
In great JEHOVAH's beam:

Let that bright beam on reason rous'd
In awful lustre rise,
Earth's giant-ills are dwarf'd at once,
And all disquiet dies:

Earth's glories too their splendor lose,
Those phantoms charm no more;
Empire's a feather for a fool,
And Indian mines are poor:

Then levell'd quite, whilst yet alive,
The monarch and his slave;
Nor wait unlighten'd minds to learn
That lesson from the grave;

A George the Third would then be low
As Lewis in renown,
Could he not boast of glory more
Than sparkles from a crown.

RESIGNATION. Part II.

What human glory rises high
As human glory can;
When, though the king is truly great,
Still greater is the man:

The man is dead, where virtue fails,
And though the monarch proud
In grandeur shines, his gorgeous robe
Is but a gaudy shroud.

Wisdom! where art thou? none on earth
Though grasping wealth, fame, pow'r,
But what, O Death! through thy approach,
Is wiser every hour.

Approach how swift! how unconfin'd!
Worms feast on viands rare;
These little epicures have kings
To grace their bill of fare:

From kings what resignation due
To that Almighty will,
Which thrones bestows, and when they fail,
Can throne them higher still!

Who truly great? the good, and brave,
The masters of a mind
The will divine to do resolv'd,
To suffer it resign'd.

Madam! if that may give it weight,
The trifle you receive
Is dated from a solemn scene,
The border of the grave;

Where strongly strikes the trembling soul
Eternity's dread pow'r,
As rushing on it through the thin
Partition of an hour.

Part II. RESIGNATION

Hear this, V—taire ! but this from me ;

Runs hazard of your frown :

However, spare it ; ere you die

Such thoughts will be your own :

In mercy to yourself forbear

My notions to chastise,

Left unawares the gay V—taire

Should blame V—taire the wife :

Fame's trumpet rattling in your ear,

Now makes us disagree ;

When a far louder trumpet sounds,

V—taire will close with me.

How shocking is that modesty,

Which keeps some honest men

From urging what their hearts suggest,

When brav'd by folly's pen,

Assaulting truths, of which in all

Is sown the sacred seed !

Our constitution's orthodox,

And closes with our creed :

What then are they, whose proud conceits

Superior wisdom boast ?

Wretches, who fight their own belief,

And labour to be lost.

Tho' vice, by no superior joys

Her heroes keeps in pay ;

Thro' pure disinterested love

Of ruin they obey ;

Strict their devotion to the wrong

Tho' tempted by no prize ;

Hard their commandments, and their creed

A magazine of lies,

RESIGNATION. Part II.

From Fancy's forge : gay Fancy smiles
At Reason plain, and cool ;
Fancy, whose curious trade it is
To make the finest fool.

V—take! long life's the greatest curse
That mortals can receive,
When they imagine the chief end
Of living is to live ;

Quite thoughtless of their day of death,
That birth-day of their sorrow ;
Knowing it may be distant far,
Nor crush them till—to-morrow.

These are cold, northern thoughts, conceiv'd
Beneath an humble cot ;
Not mine your genius, or your state,
No castle * is my lot :

But soon, quite level shall we ly ;
And what pride most bemoans,
Our parts, in rank so distant now,
As level as our bones.

Hear you that sound ? alarming sound !
Prepare to meet your fate !
One, who writes *finis* to our works,
Is knocking at the gate :

For other works will soon be weigh'd ;
For other judges fit ;
For other crowns be lost, or won,
Than fee ambitious wit :

Their wit far brightest will be prov'd,
Who sink it in good sense ;
And veneration most profound
Of dread Omnipotence.

* Letter to Lord Lyttleton.

Part II.

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Part II. RESIGNATION. 325

'Tis that alone unlocks the gate
Of blest eternity;
O, may'st thou never, never lose
That more-than golden key.*

Whate'er may seem too rough, ~~you must~~ ^{you must}—V
Your good I have at heart:
Since from my soul I wish you well,
As yet we must not part
Shall you and I, in love with life,
Life's future schemes contrive,
The world in wonder not unjust,
That we are still alive?

What have we left? how mean in man
A shadow's shade to crave?
When life, so vain! is vainer still,
'Tis time to take our leave:

Happier, than happiest life, his death,
Who falling in the field
Of conflict with his rebel will,
Writes V I C I on his shield;

So falling man, immortal heir
Of an eternal prize;
Undaunted at the gloomy grave,
Descends into the skies.

O! how disorder'd our machine,
When contradictions mix!
When nature strikes no less than twelve,
And folly points at six!

To mend the movements of your heart,
How great is my delight!
Gently to wind your morals up,
And set your hand aright!

* Alluding to Prussia.

POSTSCRIPT.

That hand, which spread your wisdom wide
To poison distant lands :

Repent, rerant ; the tainted age
Your antidote demands.

To Satan dreadfully resign'd
Whole herds rush down the steep
Of folly, by lewd wits possess'd,
And perish in the deep.

Men's praise your vanity pursues ;

'Tis well, pursue it still ;
But let it be of men deceas'd,
And you'll resign the will ;

And how superior they to those
At whose applause you aim,
How very far superior they
In number, and in name !

P O S T S C R I P T.

THUS have I written, when to write
No mortal should presume ;
Or only write, what none can blame,
Hic jacet—for his tomb :

The public frowns, and censures loud
My puerile employ ;
Though just the censure, if you smile,
The scandal I enjoy ;

But sing no more—no more I sing,
Or reassume the lyre,
Unless vouchsaf'd an humble part
Where Raphael leads the choir :

POSTSCRIPT.

What myriads swell the concert loud ?

Their golden harps resound
High as the footstool of the throne,
And deep, as hell profound;

Hell ! (horrid contrast !) chord and song
Of raptur'd angels drowns
In self-will's peal of blasphemies,
And hideous burst of groans ;

But drowns them not to me ; I hear
Harmonious thunders roll
(In language low of men to speak)
From echoing pole to pole !

Whilst this grand chorus shakes the skies—

“ Above, beneath the sun,
“ Thro' boundless age, by men, by gods,
“ JEHOVAH's will be done.”

'Tis done in heav'n ; whence headlong hurl'd
Self-will, with Satan, fell :
And must from earth be banish'd too,
Or earth's another hell :

Madam ! self-will inflicts your pains ;
Self-will's the deadly foe
Which deepens all the dismal shades,
And points the shafts of woe :

Your debt to nature fully paid,
Now virtue claims her due ;
But virtue's cause I need not plead,
'Tis safe ; I write to you :

You know, that virtue's basis lyes
In ever judging right ;
And wiping error's clouds away,
Which dim the mental sight.

Why mourn the dead ? you wrong the grave,
 From storm that safe resort ;
 We are still tossing out at sea,
 Our admiral in port.

Was death deny'd, this world a scene
 How dismal and forlorn !
 To death we owe, that 'tis to man
 A blessing to be born ;

When every other blessing fails,
 Or sapp'd by slow decay,
 Or storm'd by sudden blasts of fate,
 Is swiftly whirl'd away ;

How happy ! that no storm, or time,
 Of death can rob the just !
 None pluck from their unaching heads
 Soft pillows in the dust !

Well-pleas'd to bear heav'n's darkest frown,
 Your utmost pow'r employ ;
 'Tis noble chymistry to turn
 Necessity to joy.

Whate'er the colour of my fate,
 My fate shall be my choice :
 Determin'd am I, whilst I breathe,
 To praise and to rejoice ;

What ample cause ! triumphant hope !
 O rich eternity !

I start not at a world in flames,
 Charm'd with one glimpse of thee ;

And thou ! its great inhabitant !
 How glorious dost thou shine !
 And dart thro' sorrow, danger, death,
 A beam of joy divine :

The void of joy (with some concern
The truth severe I tell)
Is an impenitent in guilt,
A fool or infidel.

Weigh this, ye pupils of V—taire !
From joyless murmur free ;
Or, let us know, which character
Shall crown you of the three.

Resign, resign : this lesson none
Too deeply can instill ;
A crown has been resign'd by more,
Than have resign'd the will ;

Tho' will resign'd the meanest makes
Superior in renown,
And richer in celestial eyes,
Than He who wears a crown :

Hence in the bosom cold of age,
Is kindled a strange aim
To shine in song ; and bid me boast
The grandeur of my theme ;

But oh ! how far presumption falls
Its lofty theme below !

'Our thoughts in life's December freeze,
And numbers cease to flow.

First ! greatest ! best ! grant what I wrote
For others, ne'er may rise
To brand the writer ; thou alone
Canst make our wisdom wise ;

And how unwise, how deep in guilt,
How infamous the fault ;

" A teacher thron'd in pomp of words,
" In deed, beneath the taught !"

300 POSTSCRIPT.

Means most infallible to make
The world an infidel ;
And, with instructions most divine,
To pave a path to hell.

O! for a clean and ardent heart,
O! for a soul on fire,
Thy praise, begun on earth, to sound
Where angels string the lyre !

How cold is man ? to him how hard
(Hard what most easy seems)
" To set a just esteem on that,
" Which yet he——most esteems."

What shall we say, when boundless bliss
Is offer'd to mankind,
And, to that offer, when a race
Of rationals is blind ?

Of human nature ne'er too high
Are our ideas wrought ;
Of human merit ne'er too low
Depress'd the daring thought.

END OF VOLUME FIRST.



